

Surprise Adoption POG

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/34113844) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/34113844>.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Categories:	Multi , Other
Fandoms:	Minecraft (Video Game) , Dream SMP
Relationships:	No Romantic Relationship(s) , Ranboo & Technoblade & Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF) , Ranboo & Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , Ranboo & Toby Smith Tubbo & Wilbur Soot & Technoblade & TommyInnit & Phil Watson , Niki Nihachu & Ranboo , Niki Nihachu & Ranboo & Toby Smith Tubbo & Wilbur Soot & Technoblade & TommyInnit & Phil Watson , Ranboo & Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF)
Characters:	Ranboo , Technoblade - Character , Philza , Niki Nihachu , Wilbur Soot , TommyInnit , Toby Smith Tubbo , Alexis Quackity , Sapnap , GeorgeNotFound , Karl Jacobs , Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Floris Fundy , Antfrost (Video Blogging RPF) , Luke Punz
Additional Tags:	The Syndicate - Freeform , He/Him and They/Them Pronouns for Ranboo (Video Blogging RPF) , Alternate Universe - Human , mafia , Phil Watson Adopts Ranboo (Video Blogging RPF) , Technoblade Adopts Ranboo (Video Blogging RPF) , various other characters mentioned - Freeform , Ranboo-centric (Video Blogging RPF) , Technoblade and Philza are Platonic Soulmates , Wilbur Soot and TommyInnit are Not Siblings , Wilbur Soot and Technoblade are Not Siblings , Author is a Ranboo Apologist (Video Blogging RPF) , Author is a Technoblade Apologist (Video Blogging RPF) , Other Additional Tags to Be Added , Protective Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , Protective Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF) , Hurt/Comfort , Angst , Emotional Manipulation , Major Character Injury , Torture , Kidnapping , Eventual Happy Ending , Manipulative Dream , Manipulative Alexis Quackity , Blood and Injury , Dehumanization , Aftermath of Torture , Ranboo is Not Okay (Video Blogging RPF) , You're all going to hate me by chapter 12 , Electrocution , Starvation , Touch-Starved , Angst and Hurt/Comfort , Branding , Recapture
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of POG
Collections:	Completed stories I've read , completed mcyt/dsmp fanfics that are pog , The fanfics that had me lying awake at night like omg , Forge's Screaming Extravaganza , Good Reads , thinksmoon's collection of best sbi fics , SleepyBois , fanfics that hurt me but i love them (authors should pay for my therapy)
Stats:	Published: 2021-09-27 Completed: 2021-12-21 Words: 104,185 Chapters: 40/40

Surprise Adoption POG

by [B0N3D4D1](#)

Summary

"Phil, we can't just adopt random teenagers."

"I mean technically we can."

"Let me rephrase that, we morally can't adopt random teenagers."

"You know you wanna adopt him too." Phil had that look on his face, the one that just screamed 'you know I'm right' and it was sadly true.

Mafia AU where Techno and Phil are Mafia bosses and basically adopt Ranboo.
Ranboo is oblivious to everything weird going on around them, slowly being dragged into The Syndicate without even knowing it.

Notes

Howdy!

Basically I got inspired to write another AU, this time a mafia AU!

Of course it's gonna focus on the Boreal Bois, I just love them so much! But other characters will show up, some examples being:: Wilbur, Tommy, Niki, Tubbo, and Quackity.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

First Meeting

One blueberry muffin and a small dark roast coffee. They looked over the order slip once more, making sure he had everything correct. Once they were positive they grabbed the items and walked over to table three, depositing the cup and muffin on the table. The customer thanked them, Ranboo smiled with a nod before heading back behind the counter.

The lunch rush was approaching fast, thankfully Niki's bakery never got overly busy. The teen busied himself with their notebook, writing down a grocery list that they'd use after his shift. Perhaps he'd splurge a bit and pick up those cat treats Enderchest enjoyed, she deserved it for just being a good girl.

They were jolted from their thoughts by the sound of the bell above the door, signifying another customer. Ranboo shoved their notebook into his back pocket, putting on his best customer service smile. In walked a blonde man, he couldn't have been over forty or if he was he had an excellent skincare routine that Ranboo would kill for.

The man looked around before spotting the teen behind the counter, his face morphing into confusion. Ah, he was probably looking for Niki then. The man still made his way over to the counter, a gentle smile on his face.

"Hello and welcome to Just Desserts, is there anything I can help you with today?" Ranboo asked with a smile. They enjoyed working behind the counter, sometimes customers enjoyed talking with him while they wait for their drinks.

"Heya mate, I could definitely use some help." The man replied, leaning on the counter slightly. His voice was soft yet held power behind it, tone obviously carefree. While the blonde spoke Ranboo took his appearance in; medium shaggy blonde hair, a green and white striped bucket hat, a black suit with a dark olive green undershirt, he reached just under Ranboo's shoulder. "I'm actually looking for some tea leaves, Niki has a special brand I usually get."

The man gave three different brands of tea, two Ranboo was familiar with and the last must have been the special brand. The teen turned to the shelf behind them, finger hovering over the small name tags below the tea bags. He grabbed the two they knew before skimming the shelf again for the unknown brand.

"So mate how long have you been working here? Haven't seen you around before."

"Oh I started two months ago, I usually work in the back but Niki wants me to work the counter more." The teen wasn't about to explain the true reason Niki wants them upfront; aka to work on their social anxiety. Ranboo didn't have a problem with talking to people, it was more he had no idea how to hold a decent conversation.

"Ah that makes sense, I visit weekly so I figured you were new or something."

The teen was about to reply but right when they were about to speak he found the tea bag. "Aha!" Ranboo had not meant to say that aloud, but judging by the man's responding chuckle they only made a slight fool out of themselves.

"Uh sorry about that." The teen muttered, bagging up the items before ringing the total up. "The total is um, thirteen fifty. Would that be cash or card?"

The man pulled out his wallet before handing over a black and gold card. "Card please."

Ranboo nodded before taking the card. They went through the motions before handing the card and bag over, saying his usual 'thank you for shopping with us' speech. The man looked him over, and the teen grew anxious. Did they do something wrong? This man was a regular apparently, was he going to complain to Niki about them? Were they about to get fired?

"Thanks mate! Hope to see you around!" The man smiled at them before turning and exiting the bakery. Well, that was weird and terrifying.

The rest of the day proceeded slowly, only a few more customers had stopped by. Niki had offered to let him leave early but Ranboo needed the hours, so they offered to close instead. Niki agreed and left maybe an hour later.

After closing the bakery up the teen made their way to the local Walmart, already pulling out his notebook to check over his list. The list was short and simple, just the way Ranboo liked it. The trip shouldn't be long, maybe an hour to an hour and a half at most.

Ranboo was on the last item, a box of Oreos, then he could pay and leave. The teen was ready to crash as soon as he got home, being on their feet all day was tiring. The aisle was mostly empty, the only other occupant was a man with brightly dyed pink hair. Ranboo should probably pick up dye while he was here, their own sandy roots were growing in. He'd check his bank account after he grabs his cookies, buying both black and white dye could break their budget.

First though he needed his cookies, walking down the aisle revealed their desired snack. There was one small problem, the pink-haired man stood directly in front of the section of cookies Ranboo needed. The teen was about to ask the man if he could move but was stopped as they watched the man reach for something on the top shelf.

The man wasn't short, he was maybe only a few inches shorter than Ranboo. But the man was struggling to reach an item, some other type of cookie snack. The teen couldn't stand there watching the man struggle, so instead they reached for the item themselves. The other moved over slightly, watching Ranboo with an unreadable expression.

"Uh, here sir."

The teen handed over the package, waiting for the man to take it. They looked over each other; the man's pink hair was pulled into a messy bun, he was wearing a pair of gold reading glasses, he wore a white button-up shirt that was slightly wrinkled, and he wore multiple earrings that jingled as he moved.

The man took the package from them, a quick nod being given in return. "Uh, thanks I guess." His voice was monotone and gruff, definitely intimidating to the teen. Ranboo nodded as well, grabbing his own packaged snack.

"No problem." The teen replied, already unsure of what to do next. Would it be rude to just leave? Maybe they should continue the conversation? If they continue it then what are they supposed to say?

"Well bye." And with that the pink-haired man walked away, turning out of sight in a matter of minutes. Oh, guess Ranboo didn't have to worry about this social interaction that much, the man ended it so easily.

The teen finished their shopping, and eventually, they were walking through his front door. Enderchest came running, meowing as she circled his legs. They greeted their furry roommate, picking her up and carrying her to the kitchen. Once everything was put away the teen deposited his cat on the bed before falling onto it himself, only bothering to kick off his shoes before promptly passing out.

Meanwhile, a man entered his home carrying three bags.

"Did you get the cookies mate?"

Looking over revealed the speaker, a blonde man sat relaxing in a large armchair. He held a ceramic teacup in his hands, reading glasses perched on his face. He wore a dark forest green robe, and a pair of mix-matched socks on his feet.

"Yeah, Phil I got your dumb cookies." The man replied, ignoring the offended scoff from his friend. "Be grateful old man, I could have easily not gotten them in the first place."

"But you wouldn't because you love me!" The blonde, Phil, replied with a smirk. The pink-haired man sighed, dropping the cookie package on his friend's lap. "Thanks, Tech!" Phil chirped, already opening the package and pulling out a cookie.

Techno sighed, heading to the kitchen to put away the rest of the groceries. It was quiet for a few seconds, the only sound being heard was Phil's cookie crunching.

"So, I met this kid."

"Oh not this again, Phil how many more kids are you planning to adopt?"

"It's different this time Techno! They were really sweet!"

The taller man sighed, ruffling his hair slightly. "Look Phil I get it, you get attached easily but you've already collected three strays within the past five years." Glancing back revealed the blonde pouting at him, chin resting on the back of the chair as he stared at Techno.

"You're no fun Tech, I'm sure if you met the kid you'd get attached as well."

He rolled his eyes, Phil expected too much from him. Techno didn't get attached easily, hell he was still on the fence about Tommy and Tubbo and they'd been around for two years now.

"Well if I can't talk about the kid then you get to tell me how your day went."

Now that Techno could do. So as he started dinner he talked, explaining his boring day of paperwork and dealing with idiots. When he got to the grocery shopping part he paused, mind flashing back to the teen who helped him. He'd rather not admit that he was too short to reach the item, so he left that part out.

"Yeah so while I was getting your snack this kid showed up. Man had to be at least six three, maybe even taller." He explained, a soft smile on his lips. "The kid was radiating anxious energy, I'm sure they were shaking like a leaf."

Glancing back once more he could see Phil staring at him, the look in his eyes was damning. The blonde was even wearing a shit-eating grin, Techno really didn't want to hear what his friend had to say.

"Tech, you're smiling."

Was he? That was embarrassing. He frowned, he wasn't going to have his friend teasing him for 'going soft' or whatever.

"Wait Tech." The blonde removed himself from the chair, "You said this kid was tall, like freakishly tall?"

Techno nodded, head tilting slightly to the side. "Yeah? He could easily reach the top shelves, very lanky as well."

Phil nodded to himself, eyes closed as he thought. "Did this kid have black and white hair? Brown and Green eyes? Wearing a hideous Hawaiian shirt?"

Technoblade stared at Phil for a second, nodding slowly. Did Phil know the kid? Before he could question the blonde, his friend was already speaking again. This time though he wore a knowing smirk, oh no.

"Techno, my best friend, my platonic soulmate, my-"

"Get on with it Phil." The blonde huffed before continuing,

"Technoblade, that kid you're so fond of-"

"Not fond."

"Attached to-"

"Nope."

Phil glared at him, and in return Techno smirked back.

"The kid you met at the shop, that you tolerate, is the same kid I wanted to tell you about." The pink-haired man raised an eyebrow, so that tall teen was who Phil decided to get attached

to? Techno sighed, moving to the stove to finish cooking. Phil came up behind him, attempting to look over his shoulder to see what the other was making.

"Phil if I let you tell me about the kid can you leave me to my cooking?"

The blonde eagerly nodded, rushing off to his seat at the table. He went on to explain his weekly trip to Niki's, telling how he walked in, and instead of the small pinkette he expected there was the tall teen. Phil explained how anxious the kid seemed but that they were still willing to hold a conversation.

The more the blonde explained, the more Techno understood how his friend got so attached to them in a matter of minutes. Hell now Techno was interested in the kid, he was even starting to want to talk to the kid more. This was dangerous. In their line of work, it wasn't smart to get attached, especially to civilians.

"Tech, Tech, we need to adopt this kid."

If Technoblade was being honest with himself, he'd easily agree, but he couldn't stray from his brand. So instead of agreeing, he sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose.

"Phil, we can't just adopt random teenagers."

"I mean technically we can."

"Let me rephrase that, we morally can't adopt random teenagers."

"You know you wanna adopt him too." Phil had that look on his face, the one that just screamed 'you know I'm right' and it was sadly true.

"Fine, say we do adopt this kid then what? You can't expect me to believe they'd even want to be brought into our lifestyle." The man leaned back in his chair, having moved to the table at some point during Phil's speech.

His friend frowned at him, a pout already forming. Curse him, Phil knew exactly what he was doing and it was working.

"Fine! Fine! But the second this bites us in the ass, I'm blaming you."

"Wonderful! I was thinking we could go to Niki's for breakfast tomorrow and talk with them more!"

A thought occurred to Techno, something he should have asked earlier. "Phil." His friend looked over at him, a happy aura surrounding him. "Do you even know the kid's name?"

"Uh."

Great, they knew barely anything about this kid and they were already attached. This was going to be a lot harder than he first thought

Gathering Intel

Chapter Summary

Ranboo be like:: Scooby-doo without the funny

Chapter Notes

TW's::

Mentions of Murder/Death (Very Minor)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Another day, another dollar.

Ranboo repeated this to himself as he got ready for the day, they despised waking up so early. Now to some people, seven might not be early but the teen just wanted to sleep until noon, maybe even later.

Enderchest meowed loudly at him, circling them and causing the teen to stumble a lot. Ranboo didn't want to accidentally kick or hurt her but she made it practically impossible to get dressed. They couldn't blame her though, she was probably hungry.

Half an hour later Ranboo was on his way to Just Desserts, humming a made-up tune as they walked. The distance between his apartment and their work was maybe five minutes on foot, which meant they could sleep in until the last minute and still make it on time. The teen hated being late, the first week he showed up an hour early each shift, thankfully Niki didn't mind and paid them for the extra hour.

They gave Niki a greeting as they entered the bakery, placing his bag in the staff backroom before changing into their uniform. He uses the term uniform extremely lightly, Niki didn't really care what her employees wore as long as it wasn't offensive, so their 'uniform' was just an apron with the shop's logo stamped on the front.

Ranboo pulled their hair back into a mini ponytail, a few shorter strands falling around his face. They should get a haircut soon, that or actually grow it out instead of this hybrid mullet thing they had going on. Oh well, that could be dealt with later if he could remember it.

The teen was maybe halfway through their morning routine when the bell jingled, startling him enough to make them jump and drop the rag he was holding. They never got customers

this early, looking at the hanging wall clock revealed the time to be seven-thirty. Hell Just Desserts opened at seven, and the earliest they've ever gotten a customer is eight-thirty and then it's just Mr. Johnson. Mr. Johnson was the sweetest old man, always telling stories about his grandkids and giving the employees small flowers from his garden.

Ranboo shook his head slightly, reminding himself that they now had customers and it was rude to ignore them. So the teen turned with a smile, he was not mentally prepared to deal with people yet.

"Hello and welcome to Just Desserts, is there anything I can help you with today?"

They said the line that had been ingrained into his head, they were sure they have said this line at least a hundred times these past two months. Ranboo looked over the two customers who had entered, slight confusion crossing their mind. The blonde man was the same one who came in yesterday and the pink-haired man he'd seen at Walmart last night, weird. Did the two know each other? Probably friends or acquaintances.

"Heya mate!" The blonde greeted with a smile, the other was looking around the shop with a deadpan expression. "We were wondering if we could order some breakfast, do you have any recommendations?"

Ranboo had no idea why the man wanted his opinion but the customer was always right so.

"Well, the banana muffin is my personal favorite but I also enjoy the cinnamon rolls. As for drinks, I'd recommend the half lemonade and half raspberry ice tea."

The teen hadn't had a lot of the items on the menu, preferring to stick to the usual he enjoyed. The blonde man seemed nice but his friend just had an aura that screamed danger, they really hoped he didn't anger the two in any way.

"Oh some cinnamon rolls sound lovely right now, could we order a dozen of those?" The blonde man, Ranboo needed to stop calling them that it was rude, had asked with another warm smile. The teen nodded, making his way back behind the counter.

They wrote down the order before going through the back door that lead to the kitchen. Standing there at one of the counters was Niki, her hands covered in flour as she kneaded dough. She glanced up at the sound of the door, smiling up at the teen who entered.

"What's up Ranboo?" Her voice was soft and sweet, the pinkette radiated niceness.

"I need an order of a dozen cinnamon rolls."

Niki tilted her head at him, probably confused about the order. "That's not Mr. Johnson's regular?"

Ranboo shook his head before handing over the order slip, their boss taking it after wiping her hands on her apron.

"No, uh two men came in and ordered this."

"Oh?"

Niki frowned slightly, eyebrow raised as she looked over the piece of paper. "How about you make this one and I'll man the counter? You need the practice anyway." She didn't wait for an answer before leaving through the door, Ranboo watching her go with a tilt of his head.

Ranboo wasn't super used to actually making the food, sure he knew how to but Niki always made everything better. Oh well, this was better than social interaction anyway.

On the other side of the wall, there was a conversation being held.

"Why are you two here? Techno you never come here, let alone wake up this early. And Phil, you were just here yesterday."

Niki had her hands on her hips, a slight frown on her face.

"Don't worry Niki we're just stopping by before heading off to work, figured your bakery was the best place." Phil replied, hands raised slightly. Techno had his arms crossed as he leaned back in his seat, the two sat near the back so they had view of the door at all times.

"I'm calling bullshit Philza Craft, you've never once eaten before work."

She had a point, neither man usually ate before noon. Yet here they sat waiting for some warm pastries. Phil was about to give another excuse but Techno beat him to it.

"We're here for ulterior purposes." He muttered, gaze falling on the tiny girl standing in front of their table. "Your worker, what do you know about them?"

Niki bristled, she looked ready to either run or fight. Knowing Niki though she'd probably fight, and neither wanted to go hand to hand with the pinkette.

"Easy Niki, it's nothing bad."

"You say that Phil but I don't believe you. You two usually only get interested in someone if they're an issue, and I know for a fact Ranboo isn't a problem."

Techno huffed while Phil raised an eyebrow. So the kid's name was Ranboo, interesting name choice but who were they to judge? Their own names were odd in their own right.

"Niki, I swear we aren't here to cause trouble or anything." Phil started to explain, getting ready to continue but stopping as the back door opened and a two-toned head peeked out.

"Uh Niki, I can't find the sugar."

The teen looked ready to run back behind the door, the kid had too much anxiety to be healthy. Niki shot the two a glare before turning to Ranboo with a bright smile.

"Oh! I forgot I moved it to the third counter on the right."

Ranboo nodded before disappearing behind the door once more, and with him gone Niki's gaze returned to the two men.

"Don't mess with Ranboo." She threatened, glare boring into the two's skulls.

Techno sighed once more, looking over the smaller pinkette with an unimpressed look. "Nemeses we aren't gonna hurt the kid or anything. We're just curious about him."

Phil nodded along, giving a pleading look at the girl. Niki watched them for a moment, neither could tell if she was looking for a lie or just thinking. She eventually sighed gesturing for Phil to move his seat over. The blonde obliged while Niki pulled up another seat.

"I'll tell you about Ranboo, but if anything happens I'm coming for the two of you."

"We know." Techno replied, leaning forward and resting his arms on the table.

"Their name is Ranboo, sixteen, he moved here four months ago and has been working here for two months. They are an amazing employee, I'm actually afraid they'll end up overworking himself if I don't watch over them." Niki sighed, pinching the bridge of her nose. "Ranboo's sweet but they're a bit anxious, he's a ball of nerves basically."

The two men nodded along, eagerly soaking up all the information they were given.

"Did he move here by himself? No parents or guardians?" Phil questioned, frown on his lips. Ranboo was way too young to be living on their own, no good parent would even entertain the thought.

Niki shook her head, "No they came here by themselves." She paused for a second, biting her lip slightly.

"What?" Techno questioned, noticing the subtle change in her attitude.

"Ranboo has memory issues, he'd mentioned barely even remembering their parents. He doesn't like to talk about that though so I don't bring it up."

The two men looked at one another, each understanding the other's thoughts. The kid was raking up pity points and just making the two want them more, at this rate they'd have to legally adopt him.

"What else do you know about them?" Philza asked, curious but also dreading the possible answers. Please don't have the kid be living in a shithole and struggling.

"Uh they have a cat, Enderchest I think is her name. Ranboo loves talking about her. They hate being late, prefer sweet things, no fashion sense, and his favorite flower is an allium."

It was mundane stuff but it helped paint a better picture of Ranboo for the two. Phil was about to ask another question but stopped as the back door opened once more, the teen in question shuffling out while holding a tray.

With all the eyes on him, Ranboo couldn't help but flinch, they did not want all of this attention on them. "Uh, order's ready?" It was said as a question, but honestly it was just nerves talking at this point. They shuffled over before placing the plates down on the table, all three holding steaming cinnamon rolls. The pastries weren't in the typical round shape though, instead they were shaped into paws.

It was decided right then and there, both Phil and Techno would kill for this kid.

"Oh Ranboo these look amazing, you did really good!"

The teen lit up at Niki's praises, smiling as his face flushed slightly. Ranboo soon excused himself, rushing right back into the kitchen.

"Niki, Niki, Niki." Phil whispered dramatically, hand smacking the table. "Where did you get this kid?"

The blonde wore a bright smile watching the pinkette with literal stars in his eyes. Even Techno wore a fond smile, which Niki has only seen directed at Phil and the rest of the Syndicate. Wait.

"That's why you're interested in them." She muttered, a smirk growing on her face. "I can see Phil getting attached but you Tech? Never pictured you actually wanting to interact with a kid, I thought you're whole shtick was killing orphans?"

The man sputtered while his companion laughed, Niki saw right through them.

"It's not like that-"

"Oh it's totally like that, don't take me for a fool Technoblade."

The man grumbled as he held his head in his hands, muttering about his brand and reputation. The pinkette snickered at the other, finding it very entertaining that she could embarrass the other.

"So will you help us?"

Niki glanced over at Phil, he was looking at her with puppy dog eyes. The blonde knew he would get his way, even Techno couldn't say no to this look of his. The girl sighed before nodding.

"I guess I have to, but I'm not going to force them to like you guys or anything. If Ranboo wants nothing to do with either of you two you gotta back down. Deal?" She held out her hand to Phil, knowing he would be the one accepting the deal. It took less than a second before they were shaking on it, a string of 'thank you's' coming from the blonde.

"He gets off at three. Just don't be creepy and Ranboo will be a lot more willing to talk to you."

"Don't worry Niki, we're professionals."

"You two kill for a living, I doubt either of you two know how to talk to a teenager let alone an anxious one."

Neither man wanted to try and argue, technically she was right. Phil was the only one who actively interacted with teens, and that was to recruit them. Ranboo was a separate case, one neither knew how to approach. Something on their faces must have given them away, the pinkette sighing before standing up.

"Just get him talking about his cat and go from there." She explained, turning to walk back behind the counter. "Mention Steve and he'll be putty in your hands, they love animals."

The two nodded, already planning how to engage in conversation with Ranboo. Techno was more than willing to talk about his large Samoyed, and if the kid loved animals they'd have a hay-day with Carl. Hopefully, the kid liked miniature donkeys.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter:: Making Friends for Dummies

An Unexpected Problem

Chapter Summary

Panic at the Disco!

Chapter Notes

TW's::

Yelling

Mentions of Injuries/Wounds (Minor)

Panic Attack (Moderate)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

As the day progressed Ranboo got to know the two men a little bit. They finally had names, Phil and Techno, so now he didn't have to keep calling them blonde man and pink man in their head. The teen also learned that they both had pets; Techno had a dog named Steve and a miniature donkey named Carl while Phil had a parrot named Twitch.

They admit they may have spent a lot of time talking with the two while he was supposed to be working, Niki didn't say anything though so they hoped it was okay. Ranboo got to gush about his cat while also gushing over the other two's pets as well. This was definitely one of their better work days.

Techno and Phil hadn't left the bakery yet, which was weird seeing as it was almost one. Ranboo wasn't going to complain though, he enjoyed conversating with the two. Everything was going really well, their constant anxiety a gentle buzz instead of its usual suffocating feeling.

A bell rang, jolting him out of his thoughts and pulling them back into the present. "Hello, and welcome-" They were stopped as the customer cut him off, already listing off her order.

"I'll take a mocha latte, almond milk, two pumps of espresso, and whip cream."

The teen was scribbling away the order as she spoke, she barely paused between words. She then snapped her fingers, the sudden sound making them jump slightly.

"And make it snappy, I have an interview in ten minutes and can't be late."

Ranboo nodded, not trusting his voice right now, before rushing to the back to prepare the drink. They prayed he had written everything down correctly, they really didn't want to mess up.

The drink took maybe a minute or so to make, the teen making sure he followed the order correctly. When they exited the kitchen with the drink they were met with a glare. He placed the cup down on the counter before attempting to input the prices into the cash register. They didn't get very far because soon a hand was slamming on the counter, causing him to jump. Why was she mad? Did they mess up? No, no they double-checked the order it's definitely correct. So then what was wrong?

"Uh, ma-"

"I said to make it snappy, now because of you I'm going to be late!"

Oh, she was yelling now, that's nice. Ranboo wasn't sure how to reply to that, he worked quickly and efficiently. Before the teen could even utter a word she was speaking once more, smacking the table once again.

"Did you not hear me or are you just incompetent! You know what, get me your manager."

Oh, that wasn't good. Niki had left ten minutes ago to go pick up lunch, she wouldn't be back for another ten minutes at least. They really doubted this woman would be willing to wait for her to return, the only other employee here was Jack. And Jack wasn't a manager, he couldn't really do much in this situation. Plus their pretty sure Jack had already left for the day.

He opened his mouth to reply, trying to find the best way to explain that Niki wasn't here. But before they could even force air out someone appeared at the woman's side, another presence coming to his own side. Ranboo had no idea what was going on now, everything sounded like they were underwater. And huh, it was getting harder to breathe, fun.

Techno and Phil already had a bad feeling when a woman walked in as if she owned the place. She looked like a businesswoman, they had no idea what company she worked at but that wasn't really important right now. The two had deemed it smart to wait, while she was rude she hadn't actually done anything that would need intervention. Well, she hadn't until Ranboo returned with her drink, and that's when she decided to go from rude to a threat.

Even from where they were seated the two could see the teen's breathing picking up. So they both stepped in, Techno going to the kid's side while Phil approached the woman. It was time to improvise.

"Excuse me ma'am, but what seems to be the issue here?" He put on his fakest smile, looking polite but his tone still gave away a bit of his true feelings.

"Are you the manager?"

"Yup."

The woman looked him over, probably trying to figure out how she could make herself out as a victim. She'd have a hard time, Phil was sure it would be practically impossible to make Ranboo out as the bad guy.

"Well then, your employee here has made me late for my important interview! Are you going to do anything about this?"

Oof, she was entitled as well as rude? Yikes. Phil's fake smile turned into something more predatory as he locked eyes with her, oh he was ready to rip her a new one.

When Phil first confronted the lady Techno had lead Ranboo into the backroom, sitting them down in the staff breakroom. He'd been back here enough times to know where a good majority of things were, helpful when bleeding out. Right now though he wasn't dealing with bullet wounds, no now there was a kid having a panic attack.

Techno wasn't sure how to deal with panic attacks, and the things he did know weren't of help right now. Such as; Ranboo was breathing too fast, they were basically unresponsive, and he was sure the kid would pass out soon if this continued. But how does he fix this?

The first issue was the breathing, if Ranboo didn't calm down he would definitely not be conscious for much longer. So he crouched in front of the teen, unsure of how to get their attention. He remembered something about grounding? And since the kid couldn't hear him, or was just unresponsive, that meant Techno had to use a different sense to get his attention. He just hoped this wouldn't backfire.

Techno gently pried one of Ranboo's hands from their grip on their arms. He moved slowly, feeling as if he'd accidentally hurt the teen if he moved too quickly, but eventually he had their hand against his own chest. He exaggerated his own breathing, hoping that Ranboo would match it. Techno wasn't used to being the one caring for others, dealing with Phil was hard enough. Yet here he was, miles out of his comfort zone, being the complete opposite of his unfeeling persona.

Eventually, Ranboo's breathing had slowed to a somewhat normal pattern, albeit slightly faster than normal. Techno's gaze watched them as they slowly came back to reality, seeing the slight glassy sheen leave their eyes. He wasn't sure when but at some point, Ranboo had started crying, which also calmed down to a few sniffles with their breathing. Thank god, Techno had no idea how to calm a crying teenager.

"Hey kid, you feeling okay?"

It was a stupid question, of course, the kid wasn't okay he was crying less than five minutes ago. Techno wasn't sure what their answer would be though, he was even ready for the kid to flinch away from him. Surprisingly Ranboo hadn't flown for the hills the second they spotted Technoblade, instead they just looked confused.

The kid looked like a confused puppy, it was adorable. The man watched their gaze move from Techno to their hand, the hand Techno had pressed against his chest. Ah, he should probably let go now.

He released Ranboo's hand, watching them pull it back to himself. Before either of them could say anything else the back door was opening, both heads snapping to it. In walked Niki and Phil, both wearing smug smirks that were interlaced with hidden fury. Both their expressions shifted though once they spotted the other two in the room, concern soon replacing their prior emotions.

Niki and Phil made their way over to the other two, neither wanting to crowd Ranboo. Phil moved to Techno's side as he stood while Niki crouched in front of her employee.

"Ranboo I am so sorry you had to deal with that witch. No matter what she said I know you didn't do anything wrong okay?" She spoke softly, reassuring the teen in hopes of easing any lingering worries. "Do you want to go home early today?"

Ranboo nodded once, he needed the hours but honestly they just wanted to go home and curl up with Enderchest. He'd just make up the extra two hours later this week. They also wanted to leave because this was embarrassing. He was sitting in the breakroom, breaking down. Heh.

Ranboo pushed himself off of the floor, feeling like his body was one giant bruise, panic attacks sucked. It took maybe fifteen minutes for them to collect his bag and remove their apron, already feeling a migraine coming from the crying. He made his way to the front room, seeing Niki and Phil by the counter while Techno was nowhere to be seen.

Phil was the first to notice him, giving them a soft smile. "Hey mate, hope you're feeling a bit better." It was said softly but still held a tone of concern. Ranboo nodded in reply, glancing over as Niki approached.

"Go ahead and head home, give Enderchest some extra love for me okay? And you take it easy, okay?"

They nodded again, already knowing he'd promptly pass out once home. Niki smiled up at him with a nod as well, telling them to make sure he eats something before he sleeps. They mentioned one time they forgot to eat dinner and now Niki insists on reminding him at the end of every shift. It was sweet.

Phil and Niki watched the teen leave, both still worried over them. Niki sighed while leaning back on the counter, arm thrown over her eyes.

"We never get customers like that, and if we do I'm always the one to deal with them." She grumbled, blaming herself for the whole situation.

"Niki, you can't blame yourself. That woman was a bitch, she was just looking for a reason to start something."

"Still." She insisted, lifting her arm to look at the blonde. "What would have happened if you two didn't step in? What then?"

"But we did, and we handled it. Sure it could have gone a lot better but still." Phil replied with a sigh, placing a hand on her shoulder.

"Okay, yeah you're right. It's just-" She started before groaning, "I just hate that I wasn't here, like if I stayed a few extra minutes maybe I could have prevented it."

"You can't focus on the what-ifs, it's in the past now and can't be changed."

Niki nodded, gaze locking with Phil's. "Is Techno getting information on her?"

The blonde smirked, "Oh of course, why would you think any differently?"

"Ah yes, I shouldn't have doubted you Philza Craft."

"By this time tomorrow, she won't have a job. Highly doubt she'll even be able to get a job here, might have to move cities before anyone will hire her."

"Oh, you are an evil man Phil." Niki said with a smirk which was followed by a snicker. "An evil, evil man."

Chapter End Notes

Sorry this chapter is a bit shorter than usual

I'm so exhausted right now but I really wanted to get this chapter out tonight.

Package Delivered

Chapter Summary

Ranboo makes a new friend!

Chapter Notes

TW's::

Stalking (Moderate)
Cursing (Very Minor)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ranboo was awoken by their phone going off, an eight-bit Lemon Demon song echoing around the room. The teen groaned as he fumbled to grab the electronic, they rubbed their eyes as they looked at the blinding screen. It took a moment for his eyes to adjust to the phone, squiggly lines soon transforming themselves into actual words.

A text from Niki was normal, seeing as she was basically the only one of their contacts that actually message him. But a text from Niki saying she was closing the bakery for a few days wasn't normal. The text said some family issue she had to deal with came up and that she'd be back by the end of the week.

So guess Ranboo had a few days off work, now what was he to do with these free days? They could head to the library and get started on next week's classwork. Or maybe even just find a good book and read for a few hours. He could always stay home with Enderchest. Perhaps she'd like to go to the local pet store, a lot of the employees there loved her.

At least now Ranboo has some ideas on how to spend today, a trip to the library sounded nice. He sent a text back to Niki, giving an 'okay' and a smiley emoji. Well, since they were already awake he might as well get up now. Enderchest wasn't pleased that their movement woke her up, giving a slight glare to the teen as he moved around the room.

The walk to the library would take maybe twenty minutes, depending on how crowded the sidewalks were. They'd put earbuds in and listen to some music on the way instead of all the city noises, he'd rather listen to their Spotify playlist than cars honking. As an added bonus, this would mean he didn't have to talk to anyone.

Soon enough Ranboo was standing outside a large building, stairs leading up to the double doors. They adjusted their bag strap before walking up the stairs. There were a few loose papers pinned to a corkboard right next to the door, they each held either notices or places looking for volunteers. Ranboo would check the board later, mainly curious about what others in the city were up to.

Entering the building the teen was met with a large desk, a few people were standing around it; either checking out books or returning them. Glancing up revealed simple signs, each showing where certain book genres could be found while some showed places to study. Ranboo headed towards the study tables, ready to find one relatively empty and out of the way. Thankfully there was one table that met both requirements, so they headed over to it.

He took a seat before placing his bag on the table and pulling out his laptop. Sure the machine was old and looked prehistoric, but it did what they needed it to do so there was no need for an upgrade. They powered on the computer, the screen lighting up with a little loading circle. While waiting for it to fully turn on, Ranboo rifled through his bag. He moved loose papers around before pulling out his worn notebook, the cover having 'Do Not Read' taped across it. They should probably write down that Niki would be gone for a few days and that the bakery was closed, it would not be fun to forget that and still show up at the bakery.

Halfway through his writing, the laptop made a beeping noise before showing their lock screen, and an image of Enderchest, when she was a kitten, appeared on the screen. The teen smiled before inputting his password, the machine unlocking and showing their desktop. They opened up a word document, opening a file he was working on a few nights ago.

It was some essay about the civil war, they weren't really sure what his professor wanted honestly. Either way, Ranboo was going to follow along with the vague instructions they were given, hoping they'd get a good grade. He read over the instructions before reading over what they had already written, figuring out where they had last left off.

Ranboo was nearly done when a hand knocked on the desk in front of them, his gaze lifting to look at the unknown figure. He was tall, almost as tall as Ranboo. He had curly brown hair with matching brown eyes, and a dark maroon beanie sitting on his head. The brunette wore a pale yellow sweater and a kind smile.

"Hey sorry to bother you, but I was wondering if you had a pencil I could borrow?" The man asked, rubbing the back of his neck with a sheepish smile. He looked to be in his early twenties, probably a college student then.

Ranboo nodded before shuffling through their bag for the writing utensil, finding a spare pencil. It was covered in a pattern of paw prints and the word 'meow', honestly Ranboo forgot he even had these still. The teen handed over the pencil to the brunette who smiled, taking it easily.

"Would it be okay if I sat here? I feel bad asking so much of you."

"Uh yeah, that's fine."

The teen didn't really mind, plus they'd feel horrible saying no to the man. So the brunette took a seat across from them, pulling out a binder and notebook. The two were quiet for a bit, each writing or typing away before the brunette looked up.

"Oh shit, I never introduced myself." The man whispered, looking somewhat guilty. "I'm Wilbur, Wilbur Soot."

"Ranboo Belvoi."

The teen replied returning the other's smile, Wilbur seemed like a really friendly guy. Definitely an extrovert.

"It's a pleasure to meet you Ranboo."

"Likewise."

And this is the part where Ranboo has no idea on how to continue this conversation. Wilbur lead most of the conversation after the first; discussing schools they went to, comparing classes, favorite bands, and for some reason Wilbur's intense hate for anteaters. The brunette even suggested they exchange numbers, so now Ranboo had two people they could text.

At some point during the conversation, a girl took a seat at their table, placing her items around her. The teen only spared her a glance before continuing their talk with Wilbur. Ranboo really like Wilbur, he was nice and super friendly. Wilbur was talking about a video he saw the other day, something about a pigeon that wasn't really a pigeon, Ranboo thought it was funny.

While the brunette spoke Ranboo finished up his essay, emailing it to their professor. With his classwork done they could focus more on the conversation, adding in videos he saw that they found funny. The teen was talking about some dumb video when everything went wrong.

There was a thump followed by a gasp, and then there was smoke rising from Ranboo's once-working laptop. At the first noise, both Wilbur and Ranboo stood, unsure what was happening until it was too late. The girl to his right started apologizing, frantically trying to wipe up her split coffee.

"I am so sorry! Oh my god, I am so so sorry!"

"It's okay, it was an accident."

Ranboo reassured, the girl seemed frazzled and stressed about the whole situation. The teen could understand, he was stressed constantly. They helped wipe up the liquid, Wilbur soon helping out as well with paper towels. He must have run off to get them and bring them back. Between the three of them, it took maybe five minutes before the table was clean of the bitter drink.

"Oh shit, your computer!"

Ranboo glanced down at his laptop, the screen pitch black. Oh, that wasn't good. They attempted to turn on the computer, pressing the power button a few times with no success. The girl was still apologizing to him, which the teen just reassured her it was okay. Eventually, their laptop was deemed dead, fully unusable in its current state.

The girl apologized once more before stating she had to leave, she'd offered Ranboo the cash she had but the teen refused to take her money. It was an accident and he'd feel bad taking her money. Once she was gone they sighed, closing the laptop and shoving it back into his bag.

"Dude that sucks, do you have a backup?"

Ranboo shook their head at Wilbur's question, laptops were expensive and at the time not deemed necessary since he already had a working one. They'd have to email their professor from his phone, explaining the laptop issue, and hope they'd get an extension on any missed classwork.

"No, but I'll figure something out. Worst-case scenario, I write everything from my phone."

Wilbur frowned but nodded, the teen knew there wasn't anything he could do. Now that Ranboo had no real reason to be here since their laptop was more junk than a machine, they decided it would be best to head back home. So he said his goodbyes to Wilbur, promising him that they would send memes later.

As the teen exited the library another figure followed after, sticking just close enough so they wouldn't be spotted. They stopped outside an apartment complex, looking over the nameplates on the mailboxes. After finding what they were looking for they exited the area, pulling out their phone and dialing. The phone rang twice before it was picked up.

"Found him."

The man walked into a nearby alleyway, leaning back on one of the walls.

"Good job Wilbur, what else did you find out?" The voice on the line asked, tone curious yet serious. Wilbur removed his beanie to ruffle his hair, tucking the hat into his bag.

"A lot more than you two did that's for sure." He said with a chuckle, a smirk on his lips.

"Did you know their last name is Belvoi? Fancy sounding, possibly French? Also, he loves the band Lemon Demon, practically worships them."

"What else?"

"No need to rush old man, but if you must know I have their address and phone number."

The line was silent for a second, the only sound was a faint shuffling noise. The person on the other line was probably looking for something to write on.

"Well, Wil are you gonna share?"

"Depends, what's in it for me?" Wilbur said, twirling a strand of hair around his finger.

"I'll have Techno make salmon tonight."

That got the brunette's attention, making him stand straighter. "Oh, now we're talking!" He then proceeded to list off the address and phone number. Should he feel bad about sharing the teen's personal information, yeah probably but after years of doing worse things, it kind of became something like second nature.

"Oh also, I figured out why you two like the kid so much." He said, walking out of the alleyway and heading back towards the library. "Kid's adorable handed me a pencil covered in cat propaganda. I'm all for you guys adopting them, let me know if you guys need anything else and I'll get it."

"Thanks, Wilbur, we'll call you later. Make sure you're not late to dinner or Techno will throw a fit, you know he hates making fish."

"Yeah yeah, I won't be late. See you soon Dadza."

The man chuckled, hearing the other laugh before saying goodbye as well. As he walked he twirled the pencil around his fingers, he'd have to mention the laptop situation at dinner tonight.

The night had been the same as any other; feed Enderchest, feed himself, write the day's big events in his notebook, get ready for bed, and finally go to sleep. The morning had proceeded the same as usual as well; get up, get ready for the day, feed Enderchest, feed himself, go check the mail- Right as Ranboo tried to leave the apartment they tripped over a box that sat right in front of their door. Needless to say, they ended up face-first on the floor.

He pushed himself up and looked at the box that tripped them. Their nose was sore but thankfully not bleeding, it didn't seem broken so that was also nice. The box was blank of any shipping labels, so he had no idea who this was even for. They did know he hadn't ordered anything recently, so obviously it wasn't for them.

Ranboo, being the good guy they were, took the box to their landlord. He explained how the box was probably mis-delivered and that they were unsure what to do about it. The landlord, a nice older man by the name of Mr. Martin, had agreed to hold onto the package until someone claimed it. And with that Ranboo continued his morning.

The teen had left to go grab more cat food for Enderchest, noticing she had been getting low. He may be somewhat broke but they'd starve before letting his cat go hungry. So it was a bit of a surprise to see another unmarked box sitting in front of his door. Did the landlord bring it back up?

They stepped over the box, depositing the cat food bag inside. He stared at the box for a second, curious on why it had returned. Finding no answer they picked it up, bringing it back to Mr. Martin.

Mr. Martin explained that the first box was still back in his office and that no one came to claim it, but he would hold the second as well. Huh. Ranboo had no idea who these boxes

were for but they knew the sender would get concerned when the item didn't arrive to the correct recipient. So this time they left a note attached to his door.

' Hello to whoever is leaving boxes, I believe you have the wrong address. I have given both boxes to the landlord to hold onto, no need to worry about if they are missing for they are safe in his back office. I hope you get your packages to whomever they were sent to. Have a nice day! :) '

Ranboo had soon forgotten the whole box incident until the next morning, opening his door to see another box sitting innocently right in the doorway. This time though it had a note attached, hopefully, it was a shipping address so the teen could give it to the correct person.

' This is the correct address. The contents in this box are yours to do with as you please. -T '

Ranboo reread the note three times, surely this was a mistake. He'd give it to the landlord but judging by this pattern another box would be waiting for them within a few hours. So for now they'd bring the box inside, unsure if they should open it or not. The note said it was for him, but there's always the chance it was meant for someone else and the sender was mistaken.

The teen ruffled their hair with a groan, this was too confusing. They glared at the box, he wasn't actually angry at it but this brought up so many questions. Why was someone leaving a box outside his door? Why do they insist it's for them? Who's T? Do they know a T?

Might as well open the box and find out what this T person wanted to give him, and if it was obviously not for them they'd just re-tape it before handing it over to the landlord once again.

Inside the box sat another box, this one though was the packaging for a new laptop. Oh. Yeah, this definitely wasn't for them then. The laptop was one of the newer models, something way out of Ranboo's price range. He couldn't accept this. Even if this T person says it's for them, this was way too much. Who spends a good grand on some random person who you don't even know? The answer is no one.

Now the question was, what should he do about this?

Chapter End Notes

I do not condone any of the actions the characters make in this fic
Please remember this is fiction and based off of the characters not the content creators
(Please let me know if I accidentally go against any of their boundaries so I can correct the fic as needed)

Gaining Trust

Chapter Summary

Steve

Chapter Notes

TW's::

Cursing (Minor)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The box sat innocently by the door, Ranboo could see it out of the corner of their eye. He really didn't want to accept this gift. They couldn't return it though, there was no return address and he couldn't leave it outside the door in fear of someone stealing it.

The teen ran his hand through their hair, groaning softly. It would be considered rude to return the gift anyway, right? Glancing over he could see Enderchest clawing at the first box, attempting to climb through the opening.

Instead of dwelling on any of this, they decided it would be better to spend his time productively. So Ranboo packed up his small bag, making sure they had everything they would need. Once sure he exited his apartment, remembering to lock the door behind them.

It didn't take long for the teen to reach their destination, the local Walmart. Even though he didn't actually need anything it was still enjoyable to just walk around, see the new products or just people-watch. Today Ranboo decided they'd check out the hair dye, ice cream section, and seasonal section. Depending on the price he may even buy some hair dye, their roots were growing in again.

The walk to the hair products section wasn't long, they only had to turn twice before finding it. The dye area wasn't the most stocked place, the shelves already having holes from the lack of product. Ranboo glanced over the selection, finding a few different brands that carried both black and white.

He was in the middle of reading the instructions off one box when a voice called out to them.

"Ranboo?"

The teen flinched before looking over, not expecting someone to actually talk to them here. There, a few feet away, stood Technoblade. Today he wasn't wearing anything fancy, and instead the pink-haired man wore a simple maroon t-shirt and jeans.

"Hey Techno."

Ranboo replied with an awkward wave, they really didn't expect to meet Techno in Walmart again. The two stared at each other in silence for almost a minute before the elder broke it.

"That's a shit brand, doesn't stay long." He pointed at the box in Ranboo's hand before looking over the shelves and pulling out another box. "This one is a lot better, vibrant color." He then handed the box to Ranboo, proceeding to pull out a white one as well.

"Oh! Is this the one you use?"

"Use to, I get mine done professionally now."

The teen nodded to himself, that made sense. Techno's hair looked extremely healthy and judging by that shade of pink he had to have used a lot of bleach.

"You should also probably get some color-safe shampoo."

Techno nodded to himself, enjoying the opportunity to discuss hair products with someone. Niki would usually talk about this with him but she was currently, occupied.

"But I have shampoo?"

"Is it color safe?"

At Techno's question, the teen shook his head, "Uh, no it's a two-in-one I think." The pink-haired man raised an eyebrow, his expression just read 'really?' and honestly Ranboo couldn't blame him. It was a lot cheaper to just buy that instead of two separate bottles.

"You're going to kill your hair that way kid, hold on."

The teen watched as Techno moved down the aisle towards the shampoo and conditioners, his gaze flicking over the different brands. He grabbed a bottle before returning to Ranboo's side, handing over the bottle.

"Here, I use this and it works decently."

Ranboo shuffled the dye boxes in his hold before taking the offered bottle, yeah they definitely wouldn't be able to afford all of this.

"You should probably also get a moisturizing conditioner-"

"Uh, Techno?"

The pink-haired man hummed in response, his gaze returning to Ranboo instead of the shampoo and conditioner shelves.

"I really appreciate your help, like I appreciate it a bunch, but I can't really afford these right now." The teen muttered, glancing down at their shoes. Man, this was awkward and embarrassing. The lack of response from Techno wasn't helping their nerves either.

"Who said you were buying them?"

Ranboo glanced up at that, uh wasn't that the point of handing them all of this?

"What?"

"I never said you were paying for any of this?"

Now that was even more confusing. If they weren't buying this then who was?

"I'm the one recommending it, so I'll be the one buying it for you I figured that was self-explanatory."

Ranboo just stared at Techno in shock for half a second before immediately trying to politely decline. "Wait hold on. You don't need to do that. I can just get all of this later, no need to buy it for me."

The man smirked at him, arms crossed over his chest. "It's too late kid, I've already decided I'm buying this for you." He raised an eyebrow as if daring Ranboo to try and argue.

Seeing that they wouldn't win the teen ended up backing down. He always felt bad when someone offered to pay for them, he always felt like they were somehow being a burden.

Techno could easily see what Ranboo was thinking, the kid wore their emotions constantly. So he thought up a simple plan that would hopefully help.

"How about this, I buy all the hair stuff and in return, you help me finish up my grocery shopping? I could use an extra pair of hands since Phil wants me to pick up a bunch of stuff."

The teen nodded in reply. That would be more than okay, this way he could help Techno in return for the items. Sure Ranboo would consider helping with Techno's grocery shopping as getting off light, but perhaps they could give an extra pastry or two when the man visited the bakery next time.

They both went towards the front of the store to retrieve a cart, Ranboo insisting they would push it. The two went up and down the aisles, the shopping cart soon filling with different items. The two shared small conversations, most being started by Techno.

The teen answered all the many different questions Techno asked him. Things like; their favorite food, his favorite drink, their favorite fruit, if he had any food allergies, and then any other allergies. Talking with Techno was a lot easier for Ranboo now, at first they had been a bit too intimidated to talk with the pink-haired man. It also helped that Techno had trouble with social interaction as well, something Phil told them on a day the other didn't come to the bakery.

Techno read off the remaining items on the list Phil had given him, glancing over at the teen who was leaning slightly on the cart. The kid was fiddling with the mask they wore, half black and half white like his hair. The mask was a new item, or at least an item the teen didn't wear at work. He wanted to ask about it, was there a reason they wore it, or was it more aesthetic reasons?

"Kid." He called, earning the teen's attention easily. They turned their head to look at Techno, tilting it slightly in question. "What's with the..." The man gestured to his own face, eyebrow raised in question. He hoped Ranboo didn't think he was judging their fashion sense, or worse thought he was upset by it.

Ranboo reached up to their mask, as if they hadn't even realized he was wearing it in the first place. "Oh. Uh, it's a mask?"

"Yeah I got that, but why are you wearing it?"

The teen was silent for a second, trying to figure out how to answer the question. "Because I like it?" It was said as a question, the teen already starting to fidget with the fabric once more.

Techno's eyes narrowed as he looked over Ranboo, the teen in question becoming even more anxious. The man stopped before nodding, "Good reason." He stated before turning back around, "It gives you a more mysterious vibe, I like it."

Ranboo wasn't sure what to think about that reply, was it a compliment? It didn't matter because soon they were back to shopping, subject dropped entirely. The teen was thankful Techno hadn't questioned the mask more, they weren't keen on people drawing attention to it.

The rest of the shopping trip was a success, at least Ranboo thought it was. They got all the items on Phil's list and some extra things Techno had insisted he needed, Ranboo was pretty sure the man didn't need a huge bag of pizza rolls but they wouldn't judge. Checking the items out went quickly, both of them being able to empty the cart onto the conveyor belt easily.

Now the two were carrying multiple plastic bags across the parking lot, Techno leading the way to his car. Ranboo had offered, more like insisted, to help bring the bags to the car. Loading up the car took maybe ten minutes at most, the trunk soon filled with plastic bags and various food items.

The man shut the trunk before looking back at Ranboo, moment of truth.

"So kid." Oh, this was awkward, Techno was sure whenever he'd look back at this moment he'd cringe. "You got a ride home?"

Ranboo shook their head, "Uh no, I walked here." Why was Techno curious about that?

The pink-haired man crossed his arms, leaning back on the car. "Well, you got any plans for today?" The teen tilted his head in thought, they were pretty sure they had nothing planned for today. Niki was still gone, he completed his classwork yesterday, and they didn't need anything.

Ranboo shook their head, "Nope. I kind of came here to kill some time actually." They figured it was better to go out and do something instead of sitting home playing on their phone all day, and so far it has been.

"Wanna come back to mine and Phil's for a bit? Pretty sure Phil's been wanting to show off his tea-making skills, plus you'd get to meet Steve, Carl, and Twitch."

Ranboo was unsure at first, he knew of 'stranger danger' and to not get into someone's car but was Techno still a stranger? They exchanged phone numbers a few days ago, and the teen already considered the other a friend even if they haven't said so out loud yet.

"No pressure or anything, just thought I'd offer since you're free."

Techno really wanted the kid to say yes, he'd been wanting to drag the kid back home with him for over a week now. Of course, he wouldn't force them, even though he could easily, it would be counterproductive if he even tried. Plus he knew the kid would freak and then any and all trust they had gained would be shattered. Yeah no, he'd take this slow and gain Ranboo's trust.

The teen debated with themselves for a moment. They could say no, he was at least seventy percent certain Techno wouldn't be angry at them. Then again they could say yes and see Phil, plus meet their pets which he's been dying to interact with. So he agreed. Judge them all you want but Ranboo wanted to pet a donkey, he's never even seen a donkey up close let alone pet one.

And with that, they were on their way back to Techno and Phil's house. The car ride was a tad awkward, small talk lasting only a few minutes before drifting back into silence. Thankfully the ride wasn't too long, Ranboo would guess around fifteen to twenty minutes.

The house was a nice shade of blue, almost sky blue, with white trimming. It was accented with dark wood, matching the door. The lawn was well maintained, it even had a little fountain and pond to the side. Ranboo was curious if they had fish in there, and if so what did they do with the fish during winter?

The teen's thoughts were cut off as Techno opened the trunk, rushing over to help the man carry the abundance of bags. Once they had both proceeded to carry as many bags as they possibly could, neither wanting to make a second trip, Techno lead the way to the front door. The door was unlocked, the teen didn't think that was very safe but who was he to judge?

"Home!"

Techno called, kicking the door closed after Ranboo entered the house. He then started heading towards the kitchen with the teen following diligently behind. Techno started unloading, giving Ranboo directions on where things went, when the sound of claws on hardwood could be heard. Rushing into the kitchen was the fluffiest dog Ranboo had ever seen, the pictures didn't do Steve justice; he was huge and looked to be ninety percent fur.

The dog had rushed to Techno's side, pushing up against the man who merely chuckled at the animal. Steve looked over at Ranboo before approaching, sniffing at the teen's extended

hand.

"Can I?"

Techno nodded in response, a slight smile showing through his usual cold expression. He got to watch as Ranboo introduced himself to Steve, happily talking to the dog while Steve's tail was wagging furiously and hitting the side of Techno's leg. The kid was crouched while petting Steve, even though he was still wearing the mask Techno could just tell they were smiling.

Soon enough Steve managed to get Ranboo sitting before climbing into the teen's lap, earning a startled laugh from them. He didn't seem to mind much since they continued petting Steve, getting a few sloppy kisses from the excited dog.

While Techno continued putting away the groceries and Ranboo continued to shower Steve in affection, Phil decided to make an appearance. At some point Ranboo had removed their mask, shoving it into their back pocket.

"Hey Tech how was-"

The blonde cut himself off as he noticed the teen currently drowning in Steve's fur. Said teen looked up with a bright smile, barely keeping Steve away from their face as the dog attempted to lick him.

"Hi, Phil!"

The kid was so fucking happy, Phil wasn't sure he'd seen them smile this much. Yeah, Ranboo was theirs now, they were now Phil and Techno's kid in every sense but legally.

"Hey mate! I see you've met Steve."

The teen nodded in response, giving the dog the opportunity to sneak in a few licks to their cheek, earning a chuckle from Techno who was also watching the interaction.

"Looks like you'll be stuck there for a while, Steve's a bit of an attention hog."

"That's okay Techno, I don't mind."

Phil hadn't expected Ranboo to come back with Techno. Sure he knew Techno had run into the kid while shopping but he didn't think Ranboo would return with him, not that he was complaining no he was actually very happy with the current situation.

Once all the groceries were put away Techno managed to pull Steve off of Ranboo. "Let the kid breathe Steve, gods." The teen snickered at this before climbing to their feet, clothes absolutely covered in white fur.

"I'll get a lint roller."

Phil muttered with a fond sigh before exiting the kitchen, returning a minute later with the lint roller. Soon enough Ranboo was fur-free, Steve pushing up against them while the kid pet

his head.

"So Ranboo, wanna meet Carl?"

Chapter End Notes

Steve is the true main character of this story.

Family Bonding

Chapter Summary

Techno and Phil have a literal farm behind their house.
The Homeowner Association hates them.

Chapter Notes

TW's::

None

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Turns out Techno and Phil's backyard was a miniature farm, complete with a small barn and pasture. Ranboo wasn't sure how they managed to get permission for any of this seeing as they live in a suburb.

Techno was leading, Steve close at his heels, while Ranboo and Phil followed. The blonde was telling a story about Carl, something about the donkey eating a hole in his nice jeans?

"And the little shit didn't even look remorseful, just kept chewing the denim. I tried to chase him down but he's a slippery little guy, ended up having to bribe him with a carrot."

The teen snickered behind his hand, Carl was a troublemaker according to Phil. To Techno though Carl was his pride and joy, he eagerly defended the animal.

"That was your own fault Phil, it was Carl's feeding time and you were taking too long. The poor guy was starving and took what he could get."

Phil scoffed, hand on his chest in mock defense. "I had to fill the feed mate, he wasn't starving! He had plenty of hay right next to him!"

The playful banter continued as they entered the barn, a donkey bray being heard once they passed through the doors. Soon enough there was the sound of hooves hitting the cement floor, slowly getting louder as the creature came into view.

Carl was a nice ashy grey, his mane and tail a greyish brown. He wasn't tall, a little wide though, and he came up to Ranboo's hip. Basically, Carl was absolutely adorable and deserved to be spoiled, the teen could easily see why Techno loved Carl so much.

The donkey wore a faded red dog collar, it was pretty loose and jingled as he trotted over. Ranboo would assume it had his name and address on it just in case, perhaps Carl was an escape artist?

The animal ran right to Techno, pushing his muzzle against the man's legs which earned him a hearty chuckle. The pink-haired man ruffled Carl's mane, a small content snort coming from the donkey.

"Well Ranboo here's Carl, he's a bit of a menace."

Carl seemed to recognize his name, head rising up to take in the other two people in the barn. Steve had run out to the pasture, currently chasing stray birds and squirrels. The donkey's nostrils flared as he snorted once more, shaking out his mane before focusing back on Phil and Ranboo.

"Yeah hello to you, you little shit." Phil muttered, a playful glare being sent to the animal. Carl's gaze then focused on Ranboo, the teen unsure if the donkey would hate them or just ignore them altogether. Judging by Techno and Phil's stories Carl seemed to pick favorites, mostly being just Techno and occasionally Phil if the man had a treat in his hand.

"Hello, Carl." Ranboo greeted, giving a smile to him. They hoped the donkey liked him, they really wanted to pet his mane; it just looked so soft. Carl seemed to look over him, honestly, this donkey seemed a bit too human to be normal, before taking a few steps towards the teen.

Ranboo wasn't sure what to do, they'd never really interacted with any equines before, so he'd do what he usually does with animals. The teen crouched so they weren't as tall, only a few inches taller than the donkey. Carl made his way over, nostrils expanding as he huffed. The two seemed to stare at each other, Phil raising an eyebrow as he looked at his friend who merely shrugged.

Ranboo offered his palm to Carl, the donkey shoving his nose against it and sniffing. The teen chuckled at the feeling, his muzzle was slightly cool and had tiny bumps all across it. Carl seemed pleased with the interaction, headbutting the teen in the chest. Ranboo had to place a hand behind him to stop himself from falling, a small 'oof' exiting his lips.

"Huh, seems like he actually likes you." Techno muttered with a tilt of his head, "To be honest I expected Carl to just ignore you." The man had a small smile on his face as he watched the teen and his donkey.

"I also kind of expected to be ignored, but I'm perfectly happy with this outcome." Ranboo ran a hand over the donkey's mane, marveling at how soft it actually was; they were jealous and wanted his own hair to be that soft.

"Wanna give him a treat?" Phil asked, rummaging in his pocket and pulling out a sugar cube. The teen nodded, the blonde handing over the white square. Carl's focus was soon on the sugar cube, his muzzle nudging against Ranboo's hand. "Put it in the center of your palm. Keep your fingers together like you're telling someone to stop, don't want him accidentally biting at your fingers."

The teen followed Phil's instructions, not eager to be missing any fingers any time soon. Carl took the treat happily, his head bobbing up and down with a bray. Ranboo smiled as they watched the donkey, this was truly something he didn't think he'd experience in life.

They didn't spend too much longer in the barn with Carl, the donkey soon leaving to go do donkey things. Once inside Phil offered for Ranboo to meet Twitch, and the teen eagerly agreed. They were beyond happy right now, he had always loved animals so every time they met a new one it was an instant boost of serotonin.

Phil came out shortly after leaving, but this time there was a large black bird sitting on his shoulder. Twitch looked like a cockatoo but instead of white, he was black, the only color coming from his tail. The bird was saying words such as 'pog' and 'dadza', Phil sighed each time the bird spoke.

"Well this is Twitch, I apologize in advance if he says anything rude or offensive. He's been taught some words by two gremlins, and I can't get him to stop repeating them."

Techno snickered behind the teen, the bird bobbing its head with its own laugh. "What kind of words does he know?" Ranboo asked, head tilting slightly to the left.

"Well, he knows names, pretty sure he could mimic any word you say to him by now. Try introducing yourself, he may say your name if he decides to not be a little shit."

Ranboo nodded along as Phil spoke, the bird messing around with the blonde's hair. "Hello Twitch, My name is Ranboo Belvoi." The bird watched them, tilting his head as the teen spoke.

"Boo." Twitch repeats, saying the word a few more times before attempting the teen's last name. "Beloved."

Techno and Phil chuckled at that while Ranboo's face flushed, they had figured his last name would be hard to pronounce but they hadn't expected Twitch to call them 'Beloved'.

"Aw Twitch, do you like Ranboo?" Phil asked, scratching the bird's cheek.

"Beloved. Boo." Twitch repeated, wings flapping before returning to their resting position. The two men laughed while Ranboo groaned, of course, they weren't upset but it was very embarrassing for the teen.

Twitch soon left Phil's shoulder, instead perching on the back of the couch. Phil suggested they all take a seat and he'd get them all something to drink. Techno requested iced tea, and when prompted Ranboo requested lemonade. It didn't take long for Phil to return with three cups, two lemonades, and one iced tea. He handed them out before taking a seat in a large armchair, Techno and Ranboo taking seats on the couch. Twitch hopped over until he was close enough to reach Ranboo's hair, messing with it without actually hurting the teen. The bird repeated 'boo' and 'beloved' which Ranboo was slowly getting used to, it was still embarrassing though so his cheeks remained a dusty rose color.

The three talked about anything and everything like; favorite books, favorite tv shows, favorite movies, what shows they were currently watching, and embarrassing school stories. They talked for hours, only stopping when Techno asked Ranboo if they wanted him to dye their hair. The teen, of course, said that he didn't need to and that it was okay but Techno had insisted that he didn't mind since he needed to dye his own hair and could use the extra help.

Phil also insisted Ranboo stayed for dinner, stating he didn't want the teen going home hungry. The teen wanted to argue but Phil had convinced them to stay, the blonde had stated they were having spaghetti and that was enough for Ranboo to agree. Soon the three were splitting up, Phil going into the kitchen to start on dinner meanwhile Techno lead Ranboo into a hallway bathroom.

Techno had the teen sit on the edge of the tub, looking over the directions for the two dyes. A few minutes into the actual dying process Ranboo spoke up.

"Hey, uh Techno?"

"Yeah, kid?"

The teen sounded nervous, they were fidgeting with their hands on his lap. They kept their head down while Techno combed in the dye, he was currently working on the white. He was redoing the whole white side while the black only needed the roots touched up.

"Uh, man this is awkward." The second part was muttered but the pink-haired man still heard them. "Are, are we friends?"

Techno's hands paused, a slight look of shock crossing his face. Did the kid not think they were friends? The man was about to respond, opening his mouth before stopping. He took in the other's body language; the teen's shoulders were tense and raised, his hands gripped onto each other, and they were staring at the bottom of the porcelain tub.

"Yeah Ranboo, we're friends." Techno watched them exhale in relief, this kid had way too much anxiety for one person.

"Oh good. Good." Ranboo muttered, a tiny smile pulling at his lips. They weren't as fidgety anymore, instead attempting to keep as still as possible. Techno continued his task, combing his fingers through the locks to spread the dye.

"Kid?" The teen hummed to show they heard the other. "Can I ask why you thought we weren't friends?" The man waited for Ranboo to process his words, seeing a frown forming.

"It's not that I thought we weren't friends, I just wasn't sure if you guys thought of me as a friend. I've uh, I've never really had friends. Or well none I can really remember, so I'm not really sure how friends act."

Their voice tapered off near the end, becoming a bit more than a whisper. Techno was sure their heart just broke at that, he'd have to make sure the kid knew how much they cared for him.

"I get that, I don't have many friends myself. Was never great at making them. Phil's actually the first friend that actually stayed at my side." The man confessed, smiling fondly at the memories of his platonic partner and him meeting in high school years ago. "But yes Ranboo, we are definitely friends."

The rest of the time it took to dye Ranboo's hair was filled with light conversations. And when it was Techno's turn to sit on the tub they started talking about what different colors each of them had dyed their hair before. The teen was shocked when the other said they once dyed their hair bright neon green, it was hard for them to even picture it. Ranboo confessed the strangest color they ever had was a firetruck red, admitting at the time he thought it was very cool.

Soon enough the two were washing the excess dye from their heads, watching the colors swirl into the drain. Techno passed the teen a towel, drying his own hair. After a minute the pink-haired man asked for the towel back, Ranboo handing it over in slight confusion.

"You'll never get your hair dry like that, let me." The man gestured for Ranboo to sit down on the toilet so he could dry their hair. The teen sat, still confused about why he had even offered. Techno placed the towel on their head, ruffling his head gently. It was nice. The teen had always liked people playing with their hair, so having not just their hair dyed by someone else but also having Techno dry their hair was very calming.

Phil called them for dinner right as Techno finished drying their hair, the teen's hair already puffing up from the friction. The two returned to the kitchen right as the blonde placed down the plates, giving them both a bright smile.

"Dig in!"

Dinner was enjoyable, conversation and playful banter were exchanged as they ate. Ranboo couldn't remember the last time they had an actual home-cooked meal, it had to be before they moved here though. That thought didn't linger long, the teen soon focusing back on the conversation.

Once dinner was over Ranboo offered to help with the dishes, Phil agreed and the two cleaned up while Techno packed up the leftovers. The blonde flicked water at Ranboo, starting a mini water-flicking fight. The two ended up laughing and their shirts equally soaked. Techno smiled as he shook his head, happy that Ranboo seemed a lot more open around them now.

Sadly it was getting dark and the teen needed to head home. Niki had returned from her unplanned trip yesterday, giving one more day that the bakery was closed so she could unpack. This meant that Ranboo had work tomorrow, which also meant they couldn't stay out too late. The teen tried to tell the other two that he could easily walk home but both refused to even entertain the thought, instead insisting they drive him back to their apartment. Ranboo eventually ended up agreeing.

The drive back wasn't as long as the drive there from Walmart, maybe ten minutes at most. They dropped Ranboo off at the entrance of the building, Techno handing over a bag. The teen assumed it held the shampoo and conditioner the pink-haired man bought for them. Phil

told them that he was welcome anytime at their place. and to come back for dinner soon. Ranboo agreed with a smile, unsure if they'd ever actually show up uninvited but it was a nice thought. They waved goodbye before walking through the doors, Phil and Techno's car driving away shortly after.

Once inside their apartment, they were greeted with a hungry Enderchest, the cat meowing excessively. The teen chuckled as he walked to the kitchen, preparing her dinner. The teen placed the bag they were given on the counter, going to remove the hair care products when they paused. Sitting in the bag wasn't just the shampoo and conditioner but also a tupperware container with a sticky note attached to it.

Ranboo picked up the container, looking at the yellow note stuck to it.

'Thanks for coming over today! It was very fun! -Phil'

The teen smiled at the note, looking over the little doodles in the corners. There was a bird with Phil's bucket hat and a pig who was wearing a crown, they'd guess that was to represent Techno. He hadn't expected to receive food from the two but they were thankful for it. Before they put the tupperware in the fridge they removed the note, instead opening his personal notebook and sticking it on the inside cover. He'd keep it safe in there, and that way he knew they wouldn't end up forgetting today.

Ranboo fell asleep that night wearing a smile, pleasant dreams letting them sleep the night through.

Chapter End Notes

All your comments are highly appreciated, each one inspires me to write!!
Thank you to all who are reading this or any of my other works!!
You're the true MVP!! <3

The Youngest Members

Chapter Summary

Come get y'all's juice!!!

Chapter Notes

TW's::

Cursing/Strong Language

Yelling/Arguing (Minor)

Mentions of Snakes and Spiders

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Days continued on. Ranboo went to work, Phil and Techno hung out at the bakery during his shift, occasionally they'd go to the other's house for dinner or just to hang out, and then they'd cuddle Enderchest. The teen was very happy with their current day-to-day lifestyle.

Today Niki was teaching Ranboo how to make tarts, it was a slow process but he didn't mind. Niki and them were kneading the dough as they spoke, the teen retelling a story of Enderchest and how she managed to get herself stuck on the top of the fridge.

"Isn't that the third time this week?" The pinkette chuckled, holding the back of her hand over her mouth in an attempt to stifle her laughter.

"It is! She just keeps jumping up there and then screaming until I get her down. And then an hour later she's back up there again."

Ranboo sighed, wiping his forehead. They forgot their hands were covered in flour so he left behind a white streak, not that it mattered since both of them had flour sticking all over themselves.

Their conversation was cut short when the sound of a bell went off, someone had entered the bakery. Ranboo dusted off their hands on his apron, it didn't help much but at least they tried.

"I got it Niki, Phil probably forgot something again."

Phil had been there earlier in the day, but he had to leave for work and apologized to Ranboo. The teen didn't mind, though it felt weird without either of the men here since they had been visiting practically daily and staying his full shift.

Exiting the backroom Ranboo was ready to greet Phil, except the person standing by the counter wasn't the cheerful blonde. Instead stood a familiar brunette, this time he was wearing a dark trench coat over his yellow sweater.

"Oh hello, Wilbur!" They greeted, smiling at the other. Ranboo and Wilbur had gone from texting buddies to actual close friends, the two meeting up bi-weekly to get coffee and hang out.

The brunette turned to face the teen, smile brightening. "Heya Ranboo! I didn't know you worked here?" He said with a tilt of his head, the caramel curls bouncing at the movement. Wilbur was leaning on the counter, giving Ranboo his full attention.

"Oh, did I never mention that?" The teen chuckled. "My bad."

"It's fine, I haven't mentioned my workplace either."

That got the teen's attention, he was very curious about where Wilbur worked now. From what they knew about the brunette they had a few guesses. Maybe Wilbur worked at a coffee shop? Perhaps he worked at a bookstore? Or maybe he works a boring job like a cashier at CVS.

"Well since I now know where you work it would only be fair if I tell you where I work." Wilbur said with a smirk, turning to point out the main window. "You see that old record shop?"

The teen nodded, looking over to the store across the street.

"Well I work there, actually own the place!"

"You own a record shop?"

Wilbur nodded with a bright smile, an idea lighting up in his mind.

"Are you free after your shift?" The brunette questioned, leaning forward into Ranboo's personal bubble. That's another thing the teen learned about Wilbur, the man had almost no sense of personal space. It was hard at first but they had gotten so used to it that by now it hardly affected him.

"Yeah, no big plans tonight."

"You should come visit! I could show you what I do at work and we can hang out!"

Ranboo thought about it for a moment, it would be nice to hang out with Wilbur again plus they'd get to look at some cool records. The brunette was staring at them, a plea in their eyes. They snickered at him before nodding.

"Yeah, that sounds fun."

Wilbur's own excitement carried over to Ranboo, for once the teen actually wanted his shift to end quicker. The two talked for a bit before Niki joined them, turns out the two of them are

friends as well. And before any of them knew it Ranboo's shift ended, and the teen eagerly followed Wilbur back to his store.

"Oh, you'll love it! I know you mentioned liking records and old camcorders, sadly I don't have any cameras but I can provide some tunes!"

The two entered the shop, the brunette holding out his hands with a loud 'ta-da!' It made them chuckle, Wilbur seemed to love his own theatrics. The walls of the shop were lined with records and a few guitars, a stray picture here or there. There were multiple aisles containing the music disks, all separated by genre.

Wilbur lead the teen around, showing off everything he deemed cool in the store. As they were making their way back to the front of the store the front door opened, a small jingle being heard before two bickering voices.

"Wilbur! Tubbo stole my shit again!"

"Lies and slander!"

The first voice was brash and loud while the second was a bit softer but still loud to Ranboo. The owners of the voices soon appeared, two teens walking into the store before freezing a few feet in front of Wilbur and himself.

One of the teens was tall, still shorter than himself, and Wilbur, he had blonde hair the tips faded pink. He had ice blue eyes which were narrowed as he looked over Ranboo. The other was brunette, his hair a bit darker than Wilbur's. His hair was all over the place, covering his eyes though Ranboo managed to catch a bit of green under there.

The blonde stomped over until he was a few inches from Ranboo, his chest puffing as he looked over them.

"And who the fuck are you?"

His voice wasn't as loud as before, but not by much. The teen flinched, stopping themselves from taking a step back.

"Uh, Ranboo?"

"Ranboob huh?"

"Uh no, it's Ranboo."

"That's what I said, Ranboob."

The two-toned teen sighed, he really didn't want to continue this but they also really didn't want to be called that. But before they could speak the blonde was talking again.

"Anyway boob boy, how old are you?"

"Uh, sixteen?"

Ranboo wasn't sure why the other teen wanted to know, was that a normal question to be asked when meeting someone new?

"Were you born before or after April two thousand and four?"

"Um. Before, I think."

It was silent, the blonde still staring at them while his friend watched from behind. And then the blonde boy was yelling.

"Goddamn it! I'm still the youngest!"

Ranboo flinched at the increase in volume, not expecting the other to yell so loudly. The blonde stormed off towards the counter, Wilbur following after him while laughing. The other teen and them watched the two bicker for a moment, Wilbur and this blonde teen were close judging by how they interacted.

"I'm Tubbo."

The two-toned teen glanced down at the shorter boy, seeing a bright smile on his face as he held a hand out to Ranboo. They took the hand, giving him a handshake before releasing him.

"Nice to meet you Tubbo, I'm Ranboo. Oh, wait I already said that."

Their voice tapered off, muttering the last sentence to themselves. The brunette chuckled at them, Ranboo's own laugh bubbling up. They already liked Tubbo, the teen seemed nice.

"Sorry about Tommy, he's a bit of an ass sometimes."

Oh so the blonde teen was Tommy, okay Ranboo could remember that. The two had their own conversation while Wilbur and Tommy bickered.

"That's the guy you all are obsessed over? He looks like a pussy."

The blonde had his arms crossed, throwing another glare over at the teen currently talking to his best friend.

"Come on Tommy, play nice. Ranboo's a good guy, they're really sweet."

The blonde huffed before looking back to Wilbur, the brunette was frowning at him while leaning back on the counter. Tommy didn't know what four of the most powerful mafia members saw in this lanky teen. They didn't look strong at all, Tommy was sure he could snap their arm like a twig. Maybe he was super smart? Doubt it. So what then?

Glancing back over at the other two he could see them both laughing, Tubbo was probably trying to figure out why this Ranboo guy was so important to the other Syndicate members just like he was. The two-toned bitch had their arms wrapped around their stomach as he laughed, whatever was said had the teen nearly crying as they laughed.

"Tommy."

The blonde looked over at Wilbur, seeing the man raise an eyebrow with a look on his face. Wil wanted him to play nice with this guy like this was all some big play date and they were toddlers. Tommy tried to stare down his pseudo brother, only lasting a minute before he was groaning.

"Fine Wilbur, I'll play nice with them but don't expect me to actually like the guy."

Wilbur smiled at him, happy with his response. "Now go talk to them, I'm positive you two will be friends."

Tommy groaned as he walked around the counter, taking his sweet time as he made his way over to the other two teens.

"And then, Tommy just- he just started screaming while I held onto the bucket of snakes! He's been scared of them ever since!" Tubbo cackled as he spoke, each word being slurred by his own laughter. Ranboo was also laughing, wiping away a few stray tears.

"Oi, I am not scared of snakes!"

Tommy bellowed as he approached, the two-toned bitch flinching at his voice. Yeah, this guy was definitely a pussy. Tubbo smirked at him while crossing his arms.

"Oh yeah? Then explain why you avoid the reptile section at Petsmart?"

"I just don't like them, doesn't mean I'm scared of the fuckers."

Tommy was not going to be made fun of in front of this literal stranger, so he did what he did best; insult.

"Well what about you, huh? You look like you'd shit yourself if you say a snake boob boy."

Tommy smirked as he watched the other recoil a bit, oh yeah this Ranboo fella was a pussy if they couldn't handle a bit of yelling.

"Uh, actually I like snakes." The teen muttered, rubbing the back of their neck. "I think they're cute, they're little noodles."

Tubbo snickered at that, "See Tommy, snakes aren't that bad if even Ranboo likes them."

The blonde grumbled, no way boob-boy actually liked snakes. They were probably just trying to seem tough, well Tommy thought they were doing a shit job. An idea popped into Tommy's head, a somewhat condescending smirk appearing on his lips.

"Well if you like snakes then you gotta like spiders too right?" Checkmate bitch boy.

Ranboo tilted his head in thought, they didn't mind the eight-legged creatures some he even found cute. Like the tiny fuzzy ones, or even the ones he occasionally finds in their apartment.

"I don't hate them, I think they can be cute."

Their answer wasn't the correct one judging by Tommy's reaction, a dark glare being thrown at him. Did Ranboo do something to Tommy to receive this anger?

The blonde scoffed, "I bet if you're lying, you look like you'd faint at the sight of a spider." Ranboo frowned at that, they didn't lie.

"Uh, I don't think I-

"Oh oh! What if we proved it!" Tubbo exclaimed from between the taller boys, smile wide and only slightly unhinged. "Tommy what if you brought in Shroud tomorrow and then we can see if Ranboo will faint!"

"Tubbo, you absolute mad lad! You're a genius!" Tommy smirked, patting the smaller teen on the back. "You hear that boob boy! We're gonna test your mental strength tomorrow!"

Ranboo was very confused, he was pretty sure they just got dragged into something they didn't really want to be a part of. Glancing over they saw Wilbur watching the three of them, and when he caught Ranboo's eye he just gave them a smile and a thumbs up. So Wilbur wasn't going to get them out of this, guess the best thing to do would be just to go with the flow.

"Okay? I have work tomorrow though so it would have to be after three." The teen replied, stuffing their hands in his jeans front pockets. The two other teens looked at each other before nodding, both turning back to Ranboo with matching smiles. They didn't really like those smiles, the way the two were smiling just spelled trouble.

What did Ranboo just agree to?

Chapter End Notes

Each main character has now been introduced!!!
(Excluding a few who I will not be disclosing just yet)

New Revelations

Chapter Summary

psssst
New chapter alert!!

Chapter Notes

TW's;;

Cursing
Yelling/Bickering (Minor)
Spiders (Moderate)
Stalking (Implied)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ranboo awoke that morning with just a tad more excitement than usual, could you blame them? He couldn't remember having friends his own age, so getting the chance to hang out with Tommy and Tubbo again was very exciting to the teen.

First though they needed to get ready for work, Niki had given him a key the other day saying they could start opening up the bakery. Of course, Ranboo was a bit unsure about this new responsibility, what if they opened up wrong? Or misplaced the key? What if they forgot what days he was supposed to open?

The teen shook their head, literally shaking the thoughts off. Niki wouldn't have trusted him with the key if she didn't think they could handle it, he should stop doubting himself. The thoughts still lingered in the back of Ranboo's mind as he got dressed.

They pulled on a pair of faded jeans, a black t-shirt, and of course one of their many Hawaiian shirts; today's being bright pink with white and yellow flowers. He glanced at their nightstand, his black and white mask sat innocently on the wood while the teen mentally debated with himself.

Niki had said it was okay to wear it, after Techno mentioned it off-handedly and Ranboo had explained why he didn't wear it to work. One of the first things Niki had taught him when they started working there was to always greet the customer with a smile, so a mask would obviously not be allowed seeing as it blocked off the lower portion of their face. Niki, the

angel that she is, had told him that it was okay to wear it since she knew they would always treat the customer with the utmost care.

Ranboo grabbed the mask, he'd wear it but the second they deemed it necessary they would remove it, there simple. The teen ran a hand over Enderchest's back while she ate her breakfast, earning a soft 'mrow' before she was once again stuffing her face. The teen chuckled before grabbing his keys, didn't want to forget those again.

While the teen was locking their door his mind wandered. They need to pick up some groceries soon. Oh, they also forgot to eat breakfast, but Niki would surely let them take a pastry, and then Ranboo would sneak the correct amount into the cash register when she wasn't looking. Rent was due today as well, they'd have to stop by Mr. Martin's office when they get home and pay it.

Ranboo let their thoughts tumble through any and everything they could, making the trip to Just Desserts that much quicker. Opening up the shop was easy, mostly because he helped Niki open almost every day anyway. They cleaned tables, set up the chairs, bring out some of the pastries to put on the display shelves, counted the money in the cash register before writing it down on their little work notebook, and he even swept the floor.

Soon enough Mr. Johnson was walking in, greeting Ranboo with a wide smile and waved. The teen had his order already prepped, the man never deviated from his usual so Ranboo always prepared it right before Mr. Johnson came in. They made light conversation, mostly about his grandkids or how well his garden was blooming. He paused in his rambling before pulling out a purple flower from his small bag and handing it over to the teen.

"I remembered you mentioning your favorite flower being alliums, and it just so happens that this little guy bloomed today. I think it would rather spend its life with you instead of sitting in my garden all day." Mr. Johnson said with a chuckle, seeing the teen light up at the gift.

"Oh thank you, Mr. Johnson, I'll be sure to give it a fulfilling life."

Ranboo took the flower, positioning it so it sat comfortably in his breast pocket. The purple really popped against the pink, adding even more color to the monochrome-haired boy.

Mr. Johnson didn't stay too much longer, saying he had plans with his grandkids today and couldn't be late. He paid before waving goodbye to the teen, leaving shortly after. Now Ranboo was left alone in the shop, they'd usually not get any more patrons until ten so he had roughly an hour to kill.

Niki said she was coming in late today, noon at the latest, due to some more family business she had to attend. Ranboo figured one of her family members was either ill or they were planning some big event, like a wedding or something. She never really went into details, plus it wasn't really any of his business so they shouldn't think too hard about it.

The next hour was spent rushing around the bakery looking for any chores to do and doodling in the corners of a page in his personal notebook. They were currently drawing a little crown when the front door's bell rang, their head snapping up to see who entered. Niki walked in with a bright smile and wave, heading right for the counter and herself.

"Morning Ranboo, I hope you were able to manage everything alright."

The teen nodded with a smile, "Yeah, only Mr. Johnson came in. Oh, but he wanted me to give his greetings to you." Niki smiled before heading to the backroom, probably to get ready for the day.

The rest of the day proceeded like usual, Phil had shown up around one and spent the rest of Ranboo's shift there. The teen would stop and talk with Phil while they weren't busy, occasionally playing a game of tic-tac-toe on some napkins. Niki grumbled at them that they were wasting napkins, of course she was teasing because soon she was joining in on the games. And then the clock struck three, ending Ranboo's shift.

He ended up staying a few extra minutes just to talk with Phil a bit more, they enjoyed talking with the older man; the blonde was just super cheerful and it was infectious. Eventually, though they left the bakery, crossing to the record shop. He hoped he wasn't late or interrupting either Wilbur or the two other teens when they entered.

Wilbur glanced up from behind the counter, guitar resting in his lap as his fingers strummed the strings. "Oh, Ranboo! Welcome!" The brunette wore a bright smile, eagerly patting a stool next to himself. Ranboo walked over and took the seat, curious if they'd get to hear Wilbur play. The brunette had talked about his love of music and how he knew how to play at least three different instruments, he even promised to play for Ranboo one day.

The next few minutes were filled with gentle strums and soft lyrics from the man, the teen quite literally on the edge of their seat while they listened. Wilbur should be a famous singer according to Ranboo, the brunette's voice was just so calming. The soothing atmosphere was broke as two loud teenagers entered the building, Tommy complaining about something while Tubbo was teasing him. When the two spotted Wilbur and Ranboo they rushed over, Tommy placing a small container on the counter.

"Tommy, did you really bring Shroud to my shop?"

"Yes Wilbur, Shroud is very well trained and could even bring in more customers! Just think; record shop with a mascot spider! You'd make millions!"

Tubbo pulled up a stool while Tommy explained his money-making plan, taking a seat next to Ranboo.

"Heya bossman, have a good work day?"

"Yeah, it was really nice actually."

The two continued their conversation, tuning out Tommy and Wilbur as the two bickered. The blonde soon butted into their conversation, inputting his own opinion while hanging slightly on Tubbo.

"You ready to meet Shroud big man?"

Ranboo nodded, they weren't really sure who Shroud was but using context clues he could guess they were some type of spider. Tommy opened the container, sticking his hand in. He was still for a few seconds before removing his hand from the box, hands cupping to hold something.

"Get ready to faint boob boy, for this is Shroud!"

Tommy opened his hands, revealing a fuzzy tarantula. The arachnid climbed across the blonde's hand, slowly heading to climb his arm. Both Tommy and Tubbo had their focus on Ranboo, they had probably expected the other teen to either scream or faint but instead he just watched the spider.

"Oh, hello Shroud." The teen replied, leaning forward a bit to get a better look at the creature. He looked soft, that or prickly Ranboo wasn't completely sure which.

"Pay up big man." Tubbo muttered while pushing his elbow against Tommy's stomach. The blonde grumbled before pulling out his wallet, placing the spider on the counter. He pulled out a twenty-dollar bill and handed it to the smug brunette, shoving his wallet back into his back pocket.

"Well, I bet you won't hold him!" Tommy bellowed with a smirk, thinking he'd win their second bet. Ranboo glanced up at the blonde, eyes flicking between him and the spider.

"Can I?"

The blonde smirked, shoving a hand over his friend who was about to protest. Tubbo grumbled but remained silent, instead watching Ranboo place their hand on the table. Shroud took a second before crawling onto the extended limb, the teen's eyes widening. Shroud was definitely soft, they didn't know spiders could be that soft.

Ranboo raised his hand up slowly, not wanting to accidentally have the arachnid fall. They looked over the spider, he was a dark chocolate brown accented with deep reds. The teen thought he was pretty cute, and Ranboo decided they liked Shroud.

"Oh come on! Really Shroud the one time you don't bite someone and it's Ranboob!"

Tubbo was snickering at Tommy's outburst, the blonde fuming as he glared at the spider. Shroud didn't seem to care, instead he continued crawling over Ranboo's hand. The two-toned teen was confused, was Shroud supposed to bite them? And if so why was Tommy disappointed if he didn't?

Tubbo seemed to read his mind, answering their questions without even needing to be asked. "Shroud tends to bite new people, not sure why but both me and Wilbur have gotten bit by him. I'm pretty sure Wilbur still gets bit when holding Shroud." Well, that answered their first question but what about the second?

"So why is Tommy upset? Isn't it a good thing I'm not getting bit?"

"Yeah it's a good thing but Tommy placed a bet with Wilbur that Shroud would bite you while Wilbur disagreed, so now Tommy owes Wilbur money."

That made sense, the blonde was currently shoving bills into Wilbur's hands. The brunette was smirking and saying 'I told you so.' while Tommy grumbled more. He didn't look as upset as he sounded, plus his attitude changed after a few minutes, Tommy soon laughing at a joke Tubbo had said.

The three sat behind the counter for a bit, letting Shroud walk across the countertop. They were talking about random things, mostly stuff to get to know Ranboo. Tommy was asking some weird questions such as; what's the worse swear you know? Or how tall are you really? Tubbo asked more normal questions like; what's their favorite color? And what their favorite season was. It was nice talking to the two, even if Tommy was loud and a little rude. They even exchanged phone numbers, Ranboo's once empty contact list now having multiple numbers.

At some point Tommy said he was going to grab some dinner, dragging Tubbo and Ranboo along with him. The blonde lead them to the local McDonalds, demanding Tubbo go claim a seat while he and Ranboo ordered. The two relayed their orders, Tommy ordering for Tubbo as well, and Ranboo went to pull out their wallet. He was stopped by Tommy though, the blonde smacking their hand lightly.

"I got this boob boy, you keep your money."

"But-"

"Nah man, just go sit with Tubbo and I'll bring the food over."

Ranboo stared at the other for a second before nodding slowly, he walked over to the booth Tubbo had chosen; one of the huge half-circle ones that usually sat big families. They'd have to slip the money to Tommy later. The brunette smiled at him before patting the seat next to him.

"Sit next to me Ranboo, that way I can steal some of your chips when you aren't looking!"

Ranboo would be keeping a close eye on his fries, though he may hand Tubbo a few of them anyway. They sat down, leaning on the table and staring ahead.

"Hey, Tubbo?"

The brunette hummed in response, kicking his legs under the table; his feet not reaching the floor.

"Does Tommy hate me?" Tubbo paused with a slight frown on his face as he looked at Ranboo, the teen looked confused and upset. "Like did I do something to him? Or maybe said something?"

"Nah, Tommy is just like that. Think of him like a chihuahua, all bark and no bite." Tubbo explained, seeing Ranboo turn slightly to look at him. "He likes to act tough and mean, he's

just doing it a lot towards you right now because you're new and he's showing off."

The teen nodded, still looking somewhat upset; but it was hard for Tubbo to tell due to their mask. Before Ranboo could question anything else Tommy was walking over with two trays, placing them down before handing out the empty cups.

"You guys gotta get you're own drinks, I refuse to make your weird ass concoction." The last part was directed at Tubbo who just stuck his tongue out. The brunette shuffled out of the booth, Ranboo soon following after him. The three got their drinks; Tommy got Coke, Tubbo got a strange mix of Fanta and Root Beer, while Ranboo just got Fanta.

The three were soon seated once more, Tubbo in the middle while Tommy and Ranboo sat on his sides. The brunette was sneaking fries from both of them, Ranboo didn't stop him and it seemed like Tommy didn't even notice. There was a small conversation between them, a few laughs here and there, at some point Tubbo ended up laughing while trying to take a drink and it ended with him spewing the liquid across the table.

The three stayed at the fast food joint even after they had finished their meals, Tommy was currently showing off his 'many wives' and 'bitches' which were actually just some badly photoshopped pictures of the blonde with a bunch of random women. Ranboo was sure he even saw the queen of England in there at some point.

"I'm gonna go take a piss, don't have too much fun without me!"

Tubbo said loudly, earning a few looks from other patrons though the brunette didn't care, and proceeded to the bathroom. Tommy and Ranboo were left alone now, the taller teen still unsure if Tommy truly hated them or not.

"So..." Ranboo had no idea what to talk about with the blonde, at least with Tubbo he could just go along with the conversation instead of starting one.

"You like flowers Ranboo?"

Ranboo tilted their head slightly, why'd Tommy ask that? At his confused look the blonde pointed to their chest, looking down revealed the allium still tucked there from this morning.

"Oh, uh yeah I do. What about you?"

Tommy seemed to ponder this for a second before shrugging, "I guess they're alright, sucks they don't last long."

"But that makes it better." The blonde raised an eyebrow, encouraging Ranboo to continue. "Well because they don't live long you have to appreciate them while they last. It just makes them more precious."

Tommy watched the other, huh he hadn't thought of it like that. The blonde didn't expect the next event that happened though. Ranboo had plucked the flower from his pocket and handed it over to Tommy, a soft smile on his face.

"Here, I think you should have this flower."

The blonde was very confused, still he took the flower from Ranboo. He twisted it between his fingers, watching the flower spin slowly. What was he supposed to do with it?

"Uh thanks, I guess."

Ranboo was interesting, to say the least, the teen looked and acted like the biggest pussy Tommy has ever seen; yet somehow they got the attention of everyone important in the Syndicate. The blonde would never admit it but he is jealous of the teen. Phil gushed about them constantly, Niki talk about him a lot, Wilbur would mention them occasionally, and even Techno would get this small smile whenever any of them talked about Ranboo. Now Tubbo was even talking about them, so yeah Tommy is jealous of Ranboo.

Or was.

None of the other members were kidding, the two-toned bitch was overly nice. They were nice to everyone, even Tommy. The blonde was trying to actively get Ranboo to hate him, and see the teen's true colors, but instead all he got was a concerned look and now a flower.

He was drawn out of his thoughts by Ranboo speaking again, "Um, Tommy can I ask a question?" The blonde looked at him before gesturing to continue. "Okay uh, did I- did I do something to make you upset?" The blonde was confused now, huh? He didn't get a chance to answer because soon the teen was continuing. "It's just that, well you don't seem to like me. Which is fine you don't need to like me or anything! It's just, you seem really angry with me a lot of the time and I'm not sure what I did to cause that. So basically, I'm sorry. I'm sorry for whatever I did, and I hope we can become friends if that's okay. It's okay if it's not! Just thought I'd ask."

Tommy stared at Ranboo, now he was even more confused. Doing something wrong? The two-toned teen hadn't done anything wrong though, so why were they apologizing? Yeah, Tommy was playing up his jealousy, and maybe a twinge of anger but he didn't hate the guy.

"Uh, you don't need to apologize big man. You didn't do anything wrong, I'm not angry at you." Ranboo looked ready to cry, shit Tommy didn't want to make them cry. "Woah! Hey don't cry it's fine! I'm not mad or anything! And yeah yeah we can be friends!" The blonde had started panicking, hands hovering around the other unsure what to do in this situation.

He was luckily saved as Tubbo appeared behind their booth, hands on each of their shoulders.

"Glad you guys worked that out! See Boo, told you Tommy wasn't mad or anything." Ranboo nodded with a slight smile, Tommy was just relieved.

Wait.

Was this how the others got obsessed over them? Ranboo just being nice to them? Ah yeah, he can see now how this random teen got all their attention. Now Tommy had fallen to their charms. And Ranboo didn't even know the power he held! They could probably ask for anything and the Syndicate would hand it over willingly.

The blonde sighed, watching the other two teens talking about which condiment was best paired with chicken nuggets. Tommy smiled softly, guess he'd make room in his friend corner for the boob boy, but that doesn't mean he's going to actively tell the world about it. Nah he'll just be a bit nicer to them.

The three ended up sitting in that McDonald's booth for hours, talking and laughing with each other. Of course, they ended up getting kicked out but that didn't stop them, instead of going back to the record store they walked the streets. Tommy and Tubbo reminiscing about prior pranks they committed, about ninety percent of them ending with either one or both of them grounded.

Soon evening turned to night, and the three friends decided it was best they went their separate ways now. The two waved goodbye to Ranboo as he headed to their apartment, the teen content with how their day went.

Walking into the lobby Ranboo remembered that they needed to pay their rent, so he knocked on their landlord's door. Mr. Martin answered it with a smile, letting the teen into his office easily.

"Evening Mr. Martin, I figured now would be the best time to pay so I don't end up forgetting again." They said, pulling out their wallet and counting the bills. He was stopped as the man spoke.

"Nah don't worry about it Belvoi, it's already been paid."

Now that was confusing, Ranboo was positive they hadn't paid yet. Plus the amount of money he did have meant the rent wasn't paid. At the teen's look of confusion, the man smiled, going behind his desk and rummaging around for a minute. He found what he was looking for before handing it over to Ranboo, the teen taking the folded piece of paper. They unfolded it to see a small note, it read;

'To whom it may concern,

Here is the payment for apartment number sixteen, Ranboo Belvoi. Another payment will be issued after four months.

-T & P'

Well, that was concerning. Ranboo figured the T person was the same as the one who sent the laptop, but now there was a P person? And they paid his rent? Why?

Ranboo looked up at Mr. Martin, the man shrugged. "Found that attached to an envelope with the money in it. Figured you knew who they were, either way they paid your rent for the next four months."

"Uh no, I don't know who they are..."

"Well take my advice kid, be grateful for the kindness of these strangers. Not a whole lot of people get their rent paid off by good Samaritans."

Ranboo nodded slowly, refolding the letter before being escorted out of the office. Mr. Martin said goodnight before closing his door, leaving the baffled teen alone in the empty hall.

First an expensive laptop and now four months rent? Why did these people do these things? Did Ranboo do something to get the attention of someone powerful? Oh, what if it was the mafia or something.

The teen chuckled at that, yeah right like someone from the mafia would actually pay attention to them. It was an entertaining thought though.

For now, though they headed up to their apartment, questions still lingered in their mind. Maybe they should tell someone else about these T and P people? Yeah, maybe they'd bring it up next time they went to Techno and Phil's place for dinner.

Ranboo didn't think about the note as much after that, instead focusing on his nightly routine. Eventually, all thoughts of the note washed away and the teen drifted to sleep, Enderchest soon joining them on the bed.

Chapter End Notes

This chapter ended up being a lot longer then planned.
Whoops.

Also please note that new tags are being added, keep these in mind for future chapters.

The Package has been Secured

Chapter Summary

You're going to laugh
You're gonna laugh I swear

Never trust me.

Chapter Notes

TW's;;

Kidnapping
Drugging (Chloroform)
Implied Stalking

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Days turned to weeks which turned to months, and before anyone really noticed it had become winter. Ranboo was pretty used to their chaotic life by now. Tommy and Tubbo became his best friends, the two bringing them along when they play pranks on Wilbur. The brunette was a good sport about it and didn't get too mad, and if he did get mad about it he never stayed mad for long.

At some point, Ranboo found out that both Techno and Phil knew Wilbur and the other two teens. Turns out Phil and Wilbur were close, the blonde had even referred to Wil as his son. Tommy and Techno had an interesting friendship. The pink-haired man would repeatedly tease the blonde teen, usually by holding things over his head so that Tommy couldn't just reach. Ranboo had been very happy to learn that all their friends knew each other, it definitely made planning big events a lot easier.

The teen was still getting gifts from the mysterious T, and occasionally P. So far Ranboo had received; a laptop, rent for eight months, a new cellphone, many bags of MnM's, fancy cat toys, and an antique camera. He still felt bad for accepting all of these gifts but it was slowly becoming normal, plus anytime they tried to reject the gift it would just get sent back again the next day.

Ranboo has resigned themselves to his fate, they'd have to live with the random gifts. Their friends had also started gifting him things, even though the teen had told them multiple times it wasn't necessary. He'd received a PlayStation from Tommy and Tubbo, the two refusing to let them decline the offer and instead insisting this way they could play games together. Niki had given them a huge array of baking tools, saying how they needed to practice at home as well as in the bakery. Ranboo mentioned one day how he wanted to get Lemon Demon merch, the next day Wilbur gifted them two Lemon Demon sweaters and a Lemon Demon beanie.

Techno and Phil gave the most gifts though; anything from clothes to books. It was a lot harder to try and argue with those two, so Ranboo would end up accepting every gift they gave. Like right now the teen was sure seventy percent of his outfit was from gifts that the two gave him.

Today the two-toned teen wore a white and black sweater, the colors cut diagonally across their chest, a pair of dark faded jeans, a pair of black converse, and his Lemon Demon beanie. They even got a new mask, it was still half black and half white like his old one but this one had a small crown embroidered on the side.

Apparently, that became their icon or something, Phil liked to give everyone little images to associate with them. Phil's was the crow with his bucket hat, Techno's was a pig with a crown, Niki's was a muffin, Wilbur's was a guitar, Tommy's was a music disk, and Tubbo's was a bee. Ranboo had gotten used to the little doodles on notes he got from Phil, and then one day the blonde asked them if the crown would be okay to use for them.

Ranboo had been hanging out at their place a lot more often, it also happened to be where everyone else went to hang out. The teen had been reading on the couch, Techno having left to go grab dinner.

"Hey mate, quick question."

The blonde made his way over, hanging slightly over the back of the couch. He had his hair pulled back by a headband, he said he had been busy reorganizing the bookshelves and his hair kept falling in his face.

"You know those little pictures we use?" The teen nodded, he liked the cute little images that were always added to notes between them. "Well, I wanted you to have one too! I just wanted to make sure this one was okay."

Phil held out a sticky note, a little crown drawn on it. Ranboo loved it. They agreed with a bright smile, and then their crown started appearing on notes around the house. The teen had even considered getting one of those dumb Party City crowns just because they haven't yet but he still considers it.

After a few weeks of hanging out and such Ranboo stayed the night at Phil's and Techno's, Tommy and Tubbo also stayed. The teen didn't know how sleepovers work so they were unsure if he'd even enjoyed it. Turns out he didn't need to worry, they ended up having a blast. Tommy and Tubbo insisted on building a fort in the living room, making Techno move furniture around.

Phil ordered pizza for them, they only got slightly teased when they asked for Hawaiian pizza by Tommy. So in retribution, they shoved a pineapple chunk in Tommy's mouth, the blonde stopped teasing him after that. The rest of the night was spent awake and talking, Tommy insisting they tell scary stories. Turns out Ranboo could tell a good scary story, the two other teens were shaking by the end of it.

It became a regular occurrence for Ranboo to stay the night there, Phil and Techno had even let him bring over Enderchest. She seemed to enjoy her time there, eagerly exploring and chasing barn mice when they visited Carl. Soon their guest room became Ranboo's room, the teen tried to reject the kind offer but neither Phil nor Techno seemed willing to back down.

Sometimes everyone would come over for dinner, the house filled with laughter. It honestly felt like a giant family get-together, Ranboo loved every second of it. Sure sometimes they bickered with each other, mainly Wilbur and Tommy, but they never stayed angry for long. The longest Ranboo had seen one of them angry at another for was a week, after that everything was back to normal. Ranboo liked his new normal.

Today the teen was spending the day at Phil and Techno's, the plan was to relax and then help Phil with dinner. The blonde enjoyed cooking and Ranboo liked to help whenever they could, today Phil had offered to teach him how to make potato stew. They learned that Techno's favorite food was the potato, eating almost anything that involved the vegetable.

The teen decided to stop by the bakery first, it was his day off but that didn't mean they couldn't stop by and say hi. The bell chimed over their head, and a man at the counter looked over before waving.

"Hey Ranboo, thought it was your day off?"

The teen returned the wave before walking over. "It is, just wanted to stop by. Figured I'd pick up a gift before heading to Phil and Techno's, I think they'd enjoy some of Niki's pastries."

Jack nodded, taking the teen's order before heading to the back to grab the baked goods. Ranboo had made sure to remember each of his friend's favorite pastries, they always wanted to make sure Just Desserts always had at least one of each ready for them. Today they just picked up a lemon tart for Techno and a slice of butterscotch pie for Phil.

He didn't have to wait long before Jack came back carrying a bag, they'd assume that was their order. Their coworker rang him up before handing over the bag.

"Oh, Niki slipped in a slice of Oreo cake for you, said it was on the house."

Oh, that was nice of her, she really didn't need to do that. Still, Ranboo thanked Jack, asking him to send their thanks to Niki as well. The teen was getting a bit better at accepting gifts, if they were small he could accept them but bigger gifts were still a bit too much.

The rest of the walk to Techno and Phil's was relaxing, they barely had to pay attention since he had memorized the way. They shoved their free hand into his pocket, the wind was chilly today which meant it would just get colder after the sun went down. He'd have to leave a bit

early so they wouldn't freeze on their walk back. Both the older men would offer them a ride but Techno said his car was currently in the shop, he said someone hit it while he was out grocery shopping. So they were left carless for a few days, which wasn't bad seeing as almost everything was within walking distance.

The teen pulled out their phone, setting up an alarm for six so they wouldn't forget. Ranboo was sure the two would insist he stay the night but they promised Enderchest extra playtime tonight, she wouldn't let him live it down if they missed that. That cat had an attitude whenever she didn't get her way, and Ranboo really didn't want to have to deal with that again.

They were taken from their thoughts as they walked up to a dark wooden door, knocking three times before taking a step and waiting. The door opened a moment later, a somewhat tired Techno greeting them. He probably didn't sleep again last night, he had mentioned how work had been keeping him busy and up late. Poor guy.

"Ranboo, you know you can just come in. You don't need to knock."

"I know, but that's impolite and I won't be doing that."

The pink-haired man gave a fond sigh before gesturing for the teen to enter, closing the door behind them. The two walked to the kitchen where Phil was currently, he was doing a crossword puzzle at the kitchen table.

"Hey mate." The blonde greeted before noticing the bag Ranboo carried. "Ooo whatcha got there?"

The teen chuckled before handing over the bag, Phil took it happily. He made a happy noise before unloading the pastries onto the table.

"Techno! The beloved has gifted us baked goods!"

Ah, it seemed that nickname was still being used. After the first get-together Twitch had decided to scream out 'Boo' and 'Beloved'. It was now a running joke to call Ranboo their beloved, at least the teen thinks it started as a joke. Nowadays it has kind of become a normal nickname. Just like how Tommy and Tubbo call Phil Dadza or Techno the Blade.

"A worthy offering."

Techno mumbled, accepting his tart before walking back into the living room. He did stop to ruffle Ranboo's hair, giving a 'thanks kid' as he passed.

"Here come take a seat, maybe you can help me figure out this damn word."

The teen took a seat next to Phil after grabbing two forks, knowing if they didn't Phil would attempt to eat the pie without one. The blonde accepted the utensil before pointing out some words he was struggling with. The next hour was spent with them writing in words randomly because they had given up, at some point they had moved to the word search which was a lot easier for them to complete.

The rest of the afternoon was spent with Ranboo on the couch reading while Techno did paperwork next to them. Occasionally the elder would ask Ranboo some math questions to solve, they were never super hard problems so the teen solved them fairly easily. Eventually Phil called Ranboo back into the kitchen, saying they need to start soon or they'd be eating late.

Phil walked them through the steps to prep everything; grabbing the vegetables, filling the pot, salting the water, grabbing stirring spoons, and grabbing a cutting board. After that the two chopped the vegetables up, sliding them into the pot. Phil pulled out a thing of premade broth, saying he was only adding some for extra flavor.

While the stew was cooking Ranboo volunteered themselves to clean the dishes they had used, Phil agreeing while complaining about his back. Techno had called him an 'old man' from the living room, earning an offended squawk from the blonde before he went on a rant about not being old. The teen couldn't help but chuckle as the two continued to playfully bicker.

Dinner went by quickly, the stew ended up tasting great which was something Ranboo was worried about. This time Techno and he were washing dishes, and the pink-haired man was talking about getting a chore board. He stated that since so many people basically lived there they should help with chores, when Ranboo offered to help more Techno shot them down; claiming 'you already do most of the chores anyway, you should actually be doing less.'

A few minutes after the dishes were down Ranboo's alarm went off, Bonetrousle playing loudly. "Oh. I should head home now before it gets too dark."

"Want one of us to walk you back mate?"

"Nah I'm fine Phil, thanks though."

The teen left shortly after saying goodbye, promising to see them tomorrow at the bakery. The teen walked down the sidewalks humming, today was nice; a lot more relaxing than usual but still nice. He fiddled with the locket they wore, a gag gift but Ranboo loved it anyway. It was a silver heart locket, inside held a picture of them all; taken during an outing at the zoo. The other side of the locket held a little note, Phil had written 'Beloved' on it before doodling everyone's icon around it. It was sweet and thoughtful and Ranboo treasured it greatly.

His thoughts came to a halt at the sound of shuffling, they glanced around but the streets were basically empty. A few shops were still open so people were still around but this shuffling sounded a lot closer to them than any of the people around him were. Huh.

The noise sounded again, this time the teen could figure out where it originated from. Not too far ahead was a small alleyway, it was pretty short and the teen usually used it as a shortcut to the bakery when he stayed at Techno and Phil's. Now Ranboo wasn't dumb, they knew it wasn't a smart idea to investigate the sound. Techno had mentioned that they needed to pay more attention to his surroundings, so Ranboo followed that advice.

Instead of walking through the alleyway they instead were going to walk past it, that was a lot smarter than going in and possibly getting mugged or something. So he started to briskly

walk past the opening of the alleyway, getting about halfway before their arm was grabbed. They attempted to scream but cloth was soon placed over his mouth and nose, their arm being held behind him awkwardly so they couldn't escape.

A sweet scent engulfed them, the teen hyperventilating due to panic. It was getting dark and Ranboo was getting more and more tired, that definitely wasn't a good sign. His struggling had almost fully stopped, all their focus being on keeping his eyes open. Ranboo mentally begged to stay awake, to get away, for help, for anything. But soon darkness took over their vision, the last thing he remembered was feeling himself fall back on whoever was behind them.

And then nothing.

Chapter End Notes

I'm not sorry.

(¬_¬)

Rescue Mission

Chapter Summary

Who's ready to cry?

Chapter Notes

TW's;;

None

(If I miss any please let me know)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"We need to tell them."

The blonde sighed, running his hands through his hair. "I know mate, I know. It's just..." He groaned, pushing the palms of his hands against his eyes. "I just really don't want to tell him."

Techno watched his friend, feeling the same hesitation. Neither wanted to tell Ranboo about their actual jobs, how do you even tell someone you are one of the bosses of the most powerful family in the state?

"You know they'll find out eventually, it would be best if we were the ones to tell him instead of them finding out by accident. There's been way too many close calls, the kid is gonna find out."

Techno had a point, but still why did it have to be this hard.

"I know, I just worry that something will go wrong. That Ranboo will hate us, or leave, or just cut us all off. I don't want that, and I know you and the others members don't either."

Phil bit at his nail, curling up on the couch. The pink-haired man pulled his friend into a side hug, squeezing the blonde's shoulder.

"It'll be a lot worse if we don't tell them. Then he could think we were lying to them. Our best course of action is to sit them down and explain everything, after that it's Ranboo's decision if he wants to stay or leave."

The two grew silent, each lost in their own thoughts. On one hand, they could continue with hiding, lying, and avoiding the subject or they could tell the teen. Techno was right, it would

be best to tell them before he found out. That didn't make any of this any easier though.

"It's getting late, we can plan more tomorrow before we stop at the bakery."

Phil nodded before shuffling off the couch, his platonic partner soon following. He knew neither of them would sleep well tonight, one Techno was already struggling with sleep and Phil's mind was too active. Hopefully, they'd get a few hours of restful slumber before either of their alarms went off.



Phil was rudely awoken by his phone, the shrill ring piercing the once silent room. Techno grumbles at his side, shoving his head into his pillow. Phil would have laughed at the sight, but he was grumpy and his phone was still going off.

The blonde rolled over and silenced it, it was probably some scam call or a prank call. Right as he closed his eyes to fall back asleep the phone once again rang, Phil groaned before grabbing it. This better be important, who calls at eight in the morning?

He didn't bother looking at the caller id, already knowing the light would blind him and he wouldn't be able to read it anyway.

"Hel-"

He was cut off by the panicked rambling from Niki, he could barely understand her.

"Woah, Niki calm down. What's going on?"

Phil sat up, his stomach flipping. It took a lot to freak Niki out, and she definitely sounded freaked out. His tone must have worried the pinkette next to him because soon Techno was sitting up and watching the phone in Phil's hand.

"Put her on speaker."

He mumbled, rustling around on his nightstand to grab a hair band. Techno pulled his hair up into a half-ass bun. He removed himself from the bed and started pulling out clothes for himself and Phil.

The blonde complied and pushed the speaker button. The baker was still rambling, her words just barely slow enough for the two to understand her.

"-nd he's not answering! Phil they're never late for work, like ever! I've tried calling them, I must have called at least thirty times in the past hour!"

"Niki, Niki, you need to calm down. Who's not answering?"

"Ranboo!"

Neither of the two men were prepared for her reply. Phil ended up dropping the phone onto the bed, Techno froze while pulling pants on. It felt as if they had swallowed lead, the weight rendering them motionless for a few seconds. Niki continued though, explaining everything she knew.

"Ranboo was scheduled for seven, like usual! I figured maybe he was running a little late! But then fifteen minutes turned into thirty and then an hour. I tried calling them after twenty minutes and I went straight to voicemail!"

"Could their phone be dead?"

Techno questioned, moving closer to the phone so he could be heard better. The girl on the other end of the phone whined before replying.

"That's what I thought at first! So I tried calling his apartment's landline! They still didn't answer!"

That was very concerning.

"Okay, have you called the others yet?"

"No, no I called you guys first. I can call Wil if you call the other two?"

Phil agreed, glancing over to see Techno already dialing on his own cell phone.

"Don't worry Niki, I'm sure it's nothing."

Even though he said that didn't help his own panic, the blonde's own mind whirling with every possible reason why Ranboo didn't answer the phone. Niki hung up with the promise to call Wilbur as soon as she hung up.

"Finally, look we have a situation."

Phil looked over at Techno, the pinkette was currently pacing as he spoke on the phone. His voice while still monotone held concern and worry, it wasn't an emotion Phil saw from him.

"No, I don't care that I woke you up. I need you to go check on Ranboo."

He paused before gesturing for Phil to get up and ready, the blonde rushing out of bed and shoving whatever clothes Techno had pulled out for him on.

"Niki said they didn't show up at the bakery today. He's also not answering their cell or house phone. Yeah, now I need you two to go check out his apartment, see if they'll answer the door."

Techno ended the call shortly after that, texting someone before grabbing Phil's wrist and dragging him out of the room. The blonde didn't fight him, and the pinkette's grip didn't last long.

"A car's coming in a few minutes, have you heard from Niki or Wil?"

Just as he asked Phil's phone buzzed, and a text from Niki showed up on the screen. He read over it quietly before repeating it to Techno.

"She said she and Wil will keep trying their phones, Wilbur suggested they stay at their shops in case he shows up."

"That works, I sent Tommy and Tubbo to the kid's apartment."

"So what are we going to do? We can't just walk around town and hope we spot them."

"Phil, we aren't doing that. We're going to the headquarters and getting as much information as we possibly can. We will find Ranboo."



"Why do you think they aren't answering?"

The brunette questioned as they walked down the hall of apartment doors, heading for number sixteen. The blonde beside him shrug, and even though he looked unbothered Tubbo knew his best friend was worried.

"Who knows. Maybe he slept in, forgot to charge their phone, broke his phone, or a million other reasons. But that's why we're here to check on the boob boy."

Tubbo sighed but nodded, his stomach kept flipping with every step. That is until they reached their friend's door, then his stomach dropped. What of Ranboo didn't answer? What if something happened? Similar questions ran through the brunette's head, each one getting progressively worse.

"Knock knock Ranboo!"

The blonde called loudly, knocking his fist against the wooden door as he spoke. The two waited for a second, when all that was heard was silence they looked at each other. Both teens wore expressions full of concern and worry. Tommy tried again, receiving the same answer.

"They're not answering. Now what?"

"You text Techno and Phil, while I-" The brunette dug around in his pocket before pulling out a homemade lockpicking tool. "-commit some minor crime."

So while Tommy relayed his information to their bosses, Tubbo started picking at the deadbolt on the door. It took maybe a minute but soon there was the audible click that told them the door was now unlocked. The brunette stood before glancing at Tommy, the blonde nodded to him, and then they were walking into the apartment.

The apartment looked the same as it had the last time they visited, except for a few items being moved around. Once Tommy shut the door behind them there was a loud cat meow before a black blur was rushing toward them.

Enderchest circled their legs, screaming at the top of her lungs. Yeah, that wasn't normal.

"Hey hey, shh girl it's okay."

Tubbo whispered, picking up the distressed cat. He frowned as he stroked her fur, Enderchest still meowing loudly at him.

"You check the bedroom and I check the kitchen?"

Tommy nodded at his suggestion, heading off towards the bedroom. Ranboo's apartment wasn't big mainly consisting of four rooms; the living room, the bedroom, a bathroom, and the kitchen. The living room was already clear so that only left three rooms. Tommy would be able to check the bathroom since it was connected to the bedroom, so Tubbo focused on the kitchen.

Entering the room the teen couldn't see anything out of place, the only thing that was moved was Enderchest's bowl. Ranboo kept it up on the counter since they felt bad making Enderchest eat from the floor, he really loved this cat. But instead of the bowl sitting on the counter, it was knocked to the floor.

Tubbo picked up the bowl and Enderchest's meows got even louder, she started to struggle from his hold before jumping out of it and onto the floor. She circled him once again, stopping to occasionally stand with her paws on his jeans. Was she hungry?

The teen placed the bowl back onto the counter before checking the cabinets for her food, said cat jumped onto the counter to continue pestering him. Once he found it he scooped out some before dropping it into her bowl. Tubbo has never seen a cat eat so fast. Did Ranboo forget to feed her?

No, they may be forgetful but Ranboo always feeds Enderchest before himself. So why was she acting like she hasn't eaten in days?

Meanwhile, Tommy was searching the bedroom. Everything looked the same, only a few stray clothes littering the floor. Their bed was even made, what kind of teenager makes their bed these days?

The blonde looked around a bit, making sure to check the bathroom as well but it was still empty. He even checked Ranboo's phone charger, testing it with his own phone. It worked so they didn't have a faulty charger to blame for a dead phone, so why wasn't he answering?

The room held no answers, he had to hope Tubbo's search had ended better than his own. Exiting the room he spotted the brunette watching Enderchest as she ate, a frown on his face.

"Bedroom's clear, no sign of them."

"The kitchen's clear too."

Tommy stood beside Tubbo as they watched Enderchest, was that why she was screaming? Because she was hungry? But Ranboo never forgets to feed her, the teen even has alarms on his phone just in case.

"I'll text the others and let them know Ranboo isn't here."

Tubbo nodded, leaving the room and going to one of the hall closets. He wasn't going to leave Enderchest alone, Ranboo would be distraught if they knew she went hungry. So instead he'll take her with them, and if Ranboo isn't in danger he can come pick her up from Phil and Techno's. But first, he needed to find that damn cat carrier.

Finally, he found the thing, the only problem was that it was currently sitting on the highest shelf. Curse Ranboo for being so tall.

"Tommy come grab this for me while I grab Enderchest."

And within ten minutes they managed to get the cat into the carrier with only a few scratches. Tommy had received a text from Techno and Phil to meet them back at headquarters. First, though they would be dropping off Enderchest at their house, both teens knew bringing a feisty cat to headquarters again wasn't the smartest idea.



Niki had been pacing in the backroom, biting at her nails as she kept glancing at the clock. It was now almost nine and still no word from Ranboo. She had called their cell another dozen times before Wilbur took over, telling her to breathe.

The pinkette had closed the bakery right after calling Phil and she knew Wilbur did the same with his own shop. They each stayed in their respective stores in case Ranboo showed up. Niki had never been very good at being patient though, especially when she was worried.

She was jolted from her thoughts by the sound of the bell that hung on the front door, she rushed out. She prayed that when the back door opened she would be met with her anxious employee. They'd apologize for being late with a sheepish smile, offering to work overtime to make up for it.

But when she opened the door the two-toned head she had been hoping for wasn't there. Instead, it was a head of curly chocolate hair mostly hidden by a beanie and worried honey brown eyes.

"Got a text from Tech."

Wilbur said, handing over his phone to the baker. Niki took it with shaky hands, scrolling through the messages.

"He had Tommy and Tubbo check their apartment, Ranboo wasn't there. They said it didn't look like anyone broke in, well besides them at least. But the bosses want us back at headquarters, I think they wanted to set up a search party."

The pinkette handed back the phone, nodding solemnly. She headed back into the break room to grab her things before following Wilbur out of the bakery.



The six sat around a large table. Protesilaus and Zephyrus at the head, Nemesis and Harpocrates to their right, Theseus and Perses on their left.

"Ranboo still hasn't shown up, the last time any of us saw them was six fifteen p.m. last night. It's unclear if he ever returned home last night, we are going to assume they didn't based on Theseus and Perses' investigation of their apartment."

Protesilaus was the only one standing, hands pressing into the wood of the table. There were many sheets of paper scattered over the table; a few maps of the surrounding areas, a few notes, and some other important-looking papers.

"We're currently getting access to any traffic cams that would show Ranboo's usual route. Perses I want you in charge of overseeing that, don't let anyone outside this room know why we need them."

The brunette nodded seriously, fists clenched together as they rest on the edge of the table.

"Theseus, you're on crowd control. Make sure the rest of the members stay ignorant of any of this, we don't need anyone going public about this matter; that will just paint a target on the kid's back."

Theseus nodded, his gaze locked on the pinkette at the head of the table.

"Harpocrates, I need you to do some research. Find out who's been snooping around our territory and any other gangs that have been spotted in the last few months."

"You got it, boss."

The brunette replied, giving a salute to the man.

"Nemesis, we need you to track the phone. If it's currently off and you can't find the signal you're to help either Harpocrates or Perses with their missions."

The pinkette nodded, her hands clenched around her phone in hopes it would ring, and on the other side would be Ranboo.

"I and Zephyrus will go have a talk with Sam about getting police access and power. Everyone keeps their phones on and within reach at all times."

Everyone nodded along, Theseus and Perses turning their phone's volume up.

"Good, now everyone get to work."

The four filed out of the room quickly, each going to do what was asked of them. Phil stayed back with Technoblade, the latter taking a seat with his head in his hand. The blonde squeezed his shoulder lightly, his friend leaning into the touch ever so slightly.

"We'll find them Tech. We will find Ranboo."

Chapter End Notes

Quick little chart for anyone confused::

Protesilaus - Technoblade

Zephyrus - Phil

Nemesis - Niki

Harpocrates - Wilbur

Theseus - Tommy

Peres - Tubbo

Alone

Chapter Summary

Hey guys~
It's me again.
Are you ready??
:)

((Seriously though please be careful reading this chapter, it gets dark very fast. I'll put a brief summary in the end notes.))

Chapter Notes

TW's;;

Kidnapping (Major)
Dehumanization (Major)
Abandonment (Mentioned)
Yelling (Major)
Gaslighting (Major)
Manipulation (Major)
Hair Pulling (Moderate)
Kicking/Stomping (Moderate)

Brief summary in the end notes!! (In case this is too much)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It was dark and there was a throbbing pain behind his eyes, slowly increasing the more they became aware. Squinting, they opened their eyes to take in his surroundings. It was fuzzy but Ranboo could tell he was in a dark, scarcely furnished room; the only furniture being a few chairs by the far wall and a table a few feet to their right.

They attempted to reach a hand up and put pressure on their head hoping to ease his growing migraine, but their hand refused to budge. A pressure appeared around their wrists, it was then he noticed the stiff wood behind them. He was currently sitting on a wooden chair,

splinters already poking at their back. The teen glanced around, attempting to look behind himself, and noticed their hands were bound behind the chair's back.

A lot of emotions surged forward, the most prominent being fear. Ranboo attempted to free his wrists, only creating stinging rope burns. Struggling was only getting them more pain, but adrenaline was starting to fuel him so they continued their escape attempts. The teen couldn't remember how he even got into this situation, the last thing they remember was walking downtown and then darkness.

"I see our guest of honor is awake."

Ranboo jumped, head snapping towards the voice. They hadn't heard the other enter at all, too focused on his attempted escape. A man was walking up to them, a smug smirk on his face. A large scar ran from his eyebrow to his chin, it looked painful. He had dark hair, the exact color was hard to determine with the dim lighting.

The teen watched as the man made his way over to them, confident in every step. The man stood over him, chest slightly puffed out. Ranboo wanted to question where he was and why they were even here but fear held their tongue, keeping his mouth shut tightly. They tried to lean back, wanting to stay as far away from this guy as they could, but the chair didn't budge. Ranboo was stuck.

The man looked over them, a smirk growing. Ranboo was terrified of this man, he had no idea what this guy wanted from them.

"You scared?"

The man leaned closer, eyes full of amusement as he watched the teen. Ranboo remained quiet as they stared at the man with wide eyes, of course, he was scared they had no idea what was going on. Less than a second later there was a hand roughly gripping his face, pulling their head up to make eye contact with the man. His smirk had turned into an angry frown, eyes glaring holes into Ranboo's own. The teen whimpered, unsure what had caused this outburst.

"I asked you a fucking question!" The man yelled, his grip tightening. "Now I'll ask you again and this time you better answer me. Are you scared?" The teen nodded as much as he could in the other's grip, tearing up as fear clawed at their throat. "Good." He released Ranboo, the teen was still staring at him with wide eyes in fear. "Next time I expect a verbal response, understood?"

They started to nod again before forcing words out, a quiet 'yes' was whispered by the teen. The man smirked again, hand ruffling their hair somewhat roughly. "That's better, now I'm sure you are wondering why you're here." It wasn't a question, so the teen didn't answer and instead kept their head down.

The man didn't seem to care about their silence, instead continuing to talk. "Well kid, I got some intel that the Syndicate got a brand new pet. And color me surprised when I saw one of the big bad bosses hanging around some random teenager." The man grinned as he circled

Ranboo as a shark would, it was terrifying the teen. He paused in front of them, hand reaching out. The teen flinched and shut his eyes, was this guy going to hurt them?

"I see they even gave you a collar, how cute."

Opening their eyes showed the man holding onto their locket, he had opened it and was looking at the items inside.

"Pffft, the Beloved huh? I don't personally see it. Anyway, I had my boys do a little digging, to find out some things about you."

He pulled at the locket, the thin chain digging into the teen's throat before it broke. A few chain links fell to the ground, the man held the locket before dropping it on the cement floor. He then proceeded to slam his foot down on it, denting the metal and breaking pieces off. The teen flinched at the noise, they wanted to plead for the man to stop but his fear kept them silent. The man destroyed his locket, crushing it until it was no more than a piece of metal. They watched as he kicked the once heart-shaped locket across the room, hearing the metal chime as it slid across the cement. It soon disappeared into the shadows.

The man walked back over, wearing a smile one could almost believe was kind. He was petting their head now, the movements just instilled more terror into the teen. The teen felt like they were going to be sick, each time the man stroked his hair just amplified the feeling. Ranboo had no idea what this guy was even talking about, Syndicate? Boss? What?

"You'd be surprised what you can find on the internet these days; names, phone numbers, even addresses. So Ranboo, want to know what I found out about you?"

They flinched, the man knew his name and they were positive they didn't give it to him. Ranboo must have waited too long to answer again because the next thing he knew his head was being wrenched upwards, a stinging sensation of pain against their skull. The man had his hand entangled in their hair, they were sure he had ripped out at least a few strands. The man was standing behind him now and leaning forward so his face was just on the edge of Ranboo's vision.

"I asked a question Ranboo." It was said calmly but the teen could see the rage in the man's face.

"Yes. Yes." They croaked out, terrified of another outburst. The man smirked once more before releasing his hold on the teen's hair. Breathing was getting harder as panic started to take over, any and every worst-case scenario starting to play in their head.

"Good." The man said as he resumed petting their head, the teen let out a quiet whine which the man paid no mind to. "Well Ranboo, I learned a few things about you. Like your last name, where you work, where you live." He paused after that, intently watching the teen's reaction.

Ranboo wasn't sure when it started but they were now shaking, tears starting to fall down their cheeks. He was terrified and didn't know what to do, they couldn't run or escape. They were trapped.

"I also found out you've gotten close to some very important people, important people I'm interested in." The man continued, a smirk returning to his face. He removed his hand from the teen's head, and instead gripped their shoulder. His nails dug into Ranboo's shoulder, the teen whimpering in response. "Now here's where you come in. You see I've got a past with these people, but since they're so important I can't easily get to them. So I found another way."

He spoke like he was trying to make a child understand his words, a sickly sweet tone coating his voice.

"See with you I can get their attention, I'm sure they would hate it if their precious stray was damaged. It would get their blood boiling but they wouldn't be able to stop me, not when I have you. So you're going to be staying here for a while. I can lure them here using you as my bait, and get the power I deserve." The man spoke with a smile, but his eyes screamed in fury. "So Ranboo I'm going to have to ask you to cooperate for a bit." He tapped Ranboo on the cheek, the teen bit the inside of their cheek while trying to not flinch away.

"Aw no need to cry, who knows you might make it out of this alive. If you listen to me." The man ran a thumb under their eye, wiping away a tear. "Now I've got some things to tend to, you just stay here and I'll have someone come check on you later. Understood?"

"Yes." It was barely audible but the man seemed to take it as an answer. He stood before walking past Ranboo and back to where he had entered from. "Oh and Ranboo, I hope you and I get to become close friends." And then he exited the room, the door slamming behind him.

Ranboo jumped at the noise, staring at the door. His jaw tensed as they attempted to hold back their emotions, new tears forming and falling as their breathing got harsher. They were going to die here.

Their stomach dropped as he let out a sob, shoulders pulled up as much as they could be while his head fell. They stared at their lap as the tears fell and hit the denim of his jeans, he had no idea why they were truly there. The man had explained but Ranboo didn't understand him, they were just as confused as when he first woke up.



The next time the man entered the room he was seething. It had been a few hours by then, the teen wasn't completely sure how long exactly though since there were no windows in his tiny room. Ranboo's attention fell on the man as he stomped into the room, the teen's dulled panic came back tenfold. The man grabbed one of the empty chairs, flinging it across the room. The sound of the chair hitting the wall had Ranboo tensing, body soon trembling in fear. The man was angry, no he was furious and they prayed his rage wouldn't fall onto them. The man continued stomping around for a bit, mutters falling from his lips just quiet enough that Ranboo couldn't make out the words.

Their prayers weren't answered, the man's gaze soon finding their own. His rage seemed to grow even more, Ranboo had no idea why seeing as they had been in the same spot for hours and had done nothing since the man left. The man stormed over to them, roughly grabbing their hair to yank their head forward.

"Guess what Ranboo!" The man practically bellowed in their face, the teen's eyes shutting in pain as his hair was pulled again. "They fucking responded! And you know what they said?!" Ranboo didn't want to know what they said, if it had the man this angry he really didn't want to know.

"Well, I'll tell you what they said! They don't want you! Technoblade and Philza said they didn't even care if you died!" That got the teen's attention, his eyes snapping open to stare at the man. Techno and Phil? What did they have to do with this? Why would they say that? Were they these important people this man had spoken about? None of this made any sense to the teen.

"They abandoned you! I wasted my time taking you, they don't even care that you're gone!" The man was in Ranboo's face, glaring at the teen who was trembling under his hold. "And now I'm stuck with a useless kid that's of no use to me!"

The man yelled in Ranboo's face, his grip tightening before pulling them forward. The chair tipped before it was roughly shoved backward, falling back onto the ground. The teen cried out as they landed, arms squished beneath himself and the chair. Next thing they knew the man's shoe was pressing against their ribs, the pressure forcing a grunt.

"Want to know their exact words?" He yelled pushing harder on Ranboo's chest, they attempted to answer but all that came out was a choked-off whimper. "They said; We don't care Quackity. You can kill him for all we care! They're useless to us, they're a burden if anything! You'd be doing us a favor Quackity if you got rid of him for us!"

Each sentence was followed by another stomp onto their ribs, he was positive there would be a shoe print bruise on their chest if this continued. Ranboo had started begging for the man to stop, pleading for their freedom. The man, Quackity, pressed down harder. "And you know what, I think they're right!" The teen was barely processing the words, trying desperately to escape from this man. Their attempts were useless, the man was still stomping on his chest leaving them stuck on the ground. The only thought in their mind was a repeating mantra of; I'm going to die.

After a few more stomps the man removed his foot, glaring down at Ranboo. The teen kept his eyes shut, wheezing for air as tears fell across their face. Everything was quiet for a moment before a foot was connecting to their side, earning a shriek from the teen. They were pushed a bit by the force of the kick, only moving a few inches before Quackity was standing over them again.

He crouched down so he was closer to Ranboo, looking at the boy with a sneer. "You know kid, I pity you." His voice was a lot calmer than it had been a few minutes ago. "You got abandoned by you're so-called 'friends' just like I did. My fiancés' left me too, deemed me a burden and ran off together to gods know where."

Quackity ran a hand through their hair, the teen jerking in an attempt to escape his hold. "But you see Ranboo," The man gripped his hair, turning their head so the teen was looking at him. "That's where you and I differ. I made myself useful while you, you are just useless. But I can change that, I can make you better."

His voice was softer but his grip remained strong, not releasing the dual-colored locks as the teen struggled. Ranboo was terrified, they wanted this to stop. No, they needed it to stop. He didn't want to be useless or a burden, they just wanted to go home and curl up with Enderchest on the couch. They wanted to sit at Techno and Phil's kitchen table, drinking tea while they discussed their favorite books. He wanted to bake cookies with Niki again, listen to Wilbur's music again, and play pranks with Tubbo and Tommy again.

They wanted to go home, he just wanted to go back home.

Chapter End Notes

Brief summary for anyone who can not read this chapter but still want to know what happens::

Ranboo wakes up tied to a chair, a man shows up and explains to them why they are here. The man tells Ranboo they caught his eye because they had information that they were involved with the Syndicate. Ranboo is very confused, he doesn't know who the man is talking about. The man gets upset with Ranboo and hurts them, eventually leaving them alone for a few hours. The man comes back furious, throwing furniture and such. Ranboo learns the man's name is Quackity. He screams at Ranboo and tells him that Techno and Phil abandoned them. Ranboo is beyond confused and terrified. Ranboo gets hurt a lot more while Quackity gaslights them. Quackity treats Ranboo like a dog, less than human. The chapter ends with Quackity saying he will 'fix' Ranboo, and Ranboo just wishing to return home.

Hurt

Chapter Summary

(｡_｡_｡)

Who's ready to have their heart ripped out?

Cuz this chapter is gonna do that to you.

You're all going to hate me after this!

But remember, I tagged it with an eventual happy ending!

The beloved will get better... eventually.

((PLEASE BE CAREFUL WHEN READING THIS CHAPTER))

Chapter Notes

TW's;;

Kidnapping

Torture

Manipulation (Major)

Gaslighting (Major)

Electrocution (Major)

Starvation (Major)

Dehumanization (Major)

Disassociation (Moderate)

Physical Injury (Major)

Wounds/Bruises (Major)

Mental Manipulation (Major)

Conditioning (Major)

Major Character Injury (Broken Arm)

Mentions of Death (Minor)

Let me know if I miss any, I don't want to accidentally trigger someone because I missed one

((PLEASE BE CAREFUL WHEN READING THIS CHAPTER))

((There is a brief summary in the end notes))

Silence

It was always quiet in Ranboo's little cement room, the only noise came when Quackity did. The man would constantly talk, usually about himself or how much of a burden Ranboo was. The teen had grown accustomed to his words, they've heard them so much that the words are probably engraved into his skull.

Now though? Now it was quiet again. They never liked the quiet until now, the silence was a lot more comforting than Quackity. Speaking of, where was Quackity? The man left a while ago and has yet to return. Ranboo feared him but the man was the only social interaction the teen got these days, so they ended up craving any positive attention he could get.

The teen attempted to cram himself even farther into the corner of the room, they faltered when a stabbing pain came from their arm.

Oh yeah, they forgot about that. Quackity had brought a metal pipe down on their arm earlier, the man said they deserved it because they broke one of the rules again.

Ranboo was given a list of rules on his third day here; they only remember a few of them now though. One; don't speak unless spoken to. Two; refer to Quackity as Sir and nothing else. Three; don't do anything without permission. There were a few more but Ranboo had forgotten them a while ago, they probably broke one of those forgotten rules then.

His arm doesn't hurt much as long as they don't move it a lot, which was easy enough. There wasn't much to do in the room other than sleep or stare at the wall for hours.

At some point Ranboo was released from the chair and bindings, he had attempted to escape but the door was locked. They don't remember much of what happened next but what they did remember was waking up sore, bruises littering his sides and chest.

The teen has no idea how long they've been here, if he had to guess they say at least a month; it was hard to tell the days apart in a dark room. They stopped hoping for help a while ago, Quackity repeatedly told him no one was coming for them anyway so what was the point?

The sound of a lock turning grabbed their attention, he turned to watch the door open. Oh, there he is. In strolled Quackity, he had a plastic bag hanging from his arm. The man looked to be in a good mood, Ranboo hoped he would stay that way.

"How's the little stray doing today?"

Ranboo knew not to answer that one, Quackity never wanted an answer for that question. So he remained quiet while watching the man from their corner. He set the bag on the bare table that had been pushed up against the wall, rummaging through it before pulling out whatever he was looking for.

"Eat."

Quackity tossed them a granola bar, the teen fumbled a bit but ended up catching the small item. Opening wrappers was hard with only one functional arm, so they used their teeth instead. They could hear Quackity laughing at them, the man took joy in Ranboo's suffering.

Ranboo got to eat in silence while Quackity kept digging in his bag, they never knew what the man was going to pull out next. Sometimes it was more food or water, but sometimes it was some hard object the teen would eventually be hit with.

Turns out today was a good day, Quackity ended up pulling out a water bottle. "Catch." Was the only warning Ranboo got before the bottle was hurdling towards him. It ended up hitting their shoulder before falling to the ground. They picked it up before opening it, using their teeth once more to unscrew the cap.

Ranboo took small sips, they wanted to chug it, but he learned his lesson after making himself sick from drinking or eating too quickly. Plus the smaller the sips meant the more they could ration out, Quackity never cared if they saved some of the food or drinks that were given to them. The man actually preferred it, he told Ranboo one day that since they had food already then he didn't need to give them more.

It almost felt like praise and the teen thrived off of it. The teen learned if they behaved they got praised and if he didn't behave they only got pain. It was fairly easy to remember this.

Quackity placed three objects on the table, each some random chip bag. Ranboo watched him like a hawk, the man was planning something and they needed to listen, or else he'd fail whatever test this was.

"I'm leaving. Don't touch these."

And then Quackity was leaving, the deadbolt locking behind him.

Ok, Ranboo could follow those instructions. Quackity had tested them on this before, he had failed at first; driven by hunger. But now it was a lot easier to ignore the gnawing pain in their stomach.

The next few hours went by quickly. The pain from their arm was now just a throbbing pain instead of a piercing one, his throat wasn't as dry anymore thanks to the water, their stomach hurt a bit more though; obviously wanting more food that Ranboo just couldn't give it. The teen wouldn't dare touch those bags, any momentary relief they'd get would not be worth the punishment afterward for disobeying.

The door was opening again, the teen once again turning to watch the man return. Quackity didn't look at them, instead, he observed the bags still sitting on the table. He smiled, it was like a proud smile and a condescending smirk had a child.

"Good job mutt."

Quackity didn't praise them much, so every time he did, it meant Ranboo did something really good. He picked up one of the bags before walking over to the teen. They knew not to try and escape from Quackity, he always got dragged back so there was no point.

The man dropped the bag into their lap, a hand petting their head gently. The touch burned, but the teen also leaned into it. The feeling was confusing, it hurt but they also craved it. Quackity continued to pet his head for a few minutes before walking back to the table.

"Don't eat those yet. You can eat them tomorrow when I come back."

Okay another easy command to follow, why was Quackity giving them easy tests? Usually, the man gave him much harder tasks to perform. Like, stand still while he hits them with various objects; Ranboo always fails that one. Quackity was probably planning a hard test for later then, something he knew Ranboo would end up failing.

"Tell me Ranboo, what are you?"

Oh, they knew the answer to this one.

"A useless burden sir."

"Good, and why are you here?"

Another easy answer.

"So you can make me better sir."

"Correct."

Ranboo's voice was rough and scratchy, talking hurt but staying silent would end up hurting a lot worse. Quackity smirked at him before bagging the two remaining chip bags, turning to face the teen.

"Stay quiet and behave. I'll be back tomorrow."

"Yes sir."

Quackity nodded at him before leaving once more, and once again the deadbolt was locked behind him.

Ranboo was left with their thoughts now, the silence almost suffocating. His first thought was that they should probably sleep, but that was soon rejected. Sleeping was hard enough already, trying to force himself to sleep would just wake them up more. They could pace around the room? Again the idea was rejected. The teen knew the second he tried to push himself up off the floor their arm would scream in pain and he would be sent crashing back down. So no, they would be staying in their corner.

He could count the ceiling cracks again, it kind of lost its charm once they remembered how many there were; thirty-two. They weren't touching the bag of chips, that would be the worse decision he could make. Guess they'd stare at the wall again, drift away from reality for a while.

He wasn't sure how long they stared at that wall, but he knew their eyes felt dry which meant they had disassociated for a while. Ranboo blinked a few times quickly, they ended up

closing his eyes as their head leaned back against the wall. His free hand moved up to fiddle with the literal dog collar around their neck.

Quackity had brought it back one day, ordering Ranboo to wear it and not remove it. He said it was so Quackity could control them better, he was definitely right on that front. The man just had to grab the thing and the teen was unable to get away without choking himself, it was humiliating at first but now it was a normal almost comforting pressure around their neck.

The collar wasn't stuck on him, no it could be easily removed if they wanted. The only problem was if he took off the collar Quackity would be furious. The command stated that Ranboo wasn't allowed to remove it, so removing it would end in punishment. And the last thing the teen wants is that.

Quackity's punishments weren't always physical beatings, the man seemed to enjoy telling Ranboo how worthless they were and how without him they would be nothing but a waste of space. It's kind of hard not to believe those words when that was all they heard, Quackity would point out to him daily their many flaws and why they were abandoned. But after each punishment Quackity would comfort them, explaining why he did what he did. It was to make them better, make them useful, fix them.

At first, Ranboo didn't believe him, nowadays it was getting harder to deny the truth. It was a lot easier to just accept it and listen to Quackity instead of trying to fight against him.

They were awoken by the deadbolt clicking, he didn't remember falling asleep. The door slammed open, the teen flinching and causing a shot of pain to travel up their arm. Quackity must be angry today. When Ranboo looked over at the man they could see the fury rolling off of him, today was not going to be a good day.

Sometimes Quackity would just come to let his anger out on the teen, with no rhyme or reason other than needing an outlet. Ranboo dreaded these days. There was nothing they could do to stop Quackity, no matter how good they were the man would still punch, kick, or beat them.

The man made eye contact with Ranboo, the teen lowering their gaze. Another thing Quackity didn't like was when Ranboo made eye contact, not that Ranboo enjoyed it either, he had told them to keep their gaze lower than his own. Something about Ranboo being below him and how the teen wasn't his equal. They followed the command anyway.

"Ranboo. Up."

The teen complied, biting the inside of their cheek to stifle the cry of pain from their arm. It took a second, one he hoped Quackity would excuse, but they were soon standing.

"Come here."

Again the teen listened, walking over to the man. They stopped in front of him, hunched to appear smaller. Quackity didn't like how tall they were, he didn't like it when Ranboo was taller than him.

"Sit."

Ranboo sat. The quicker he performs these commands the quicker this was over, and then they could go back to his corner. They were basically kneeling at the man's feet, legs tucked underneath him. Quackity placed his hand on their head, stroking the now tricolored hair. The petting didn't last long, the man soon wrenching Ranboo's head back to expose their neck.

"Do you know why I'm upset Ranboo?"

"No sir."

The teen wasn't sure if they did something to cause this anger or if it had nothing to do with him. Occasionally Quackity would get mad at one of his men and take it out on Ranboo, the teen was used to getting punished for no reason.

"Turns out we might have a mole. Do you know what that means?"

"No sir."

They had learned a few terms that Quackity used a lot, mole was a newer one. The teen doubted he was talking about the rodent though.

"It means, someone is betraying me!"

The man yelled at them, giving a harsh tug on their head. Quackity hated traitors, he once found out there was a traitor in his ranks. Ranboo got the full story of how they killed him, they couldn't sleep for days afterward.

Quackity released his head, it easily fell forward until their chin hit their chest. They could hear him walk away, only a few feet to the left, before returning.

"Head up."

Ranboo lifted his head.

"Bite."

Quackity held out a piece of leather to their mouth, and the teen bit down on it. If he was having Ranboo bite this then today was going to be a lot worse than just some punches.

"Stay. Don't move."

The teen didn't move, not that they would have even without the command. Quackity didn't like chasing him around the room.

The man went to the table, picking up a long stick. He pressed a button on the handle, the pole soon making a buzzing sound. Yeah, Ranboo wasn't looking forward to this. They tensed as Quackity got closer, he repeated the command before pushing the stick against their arm.

Ranboo couldn't suppress their cry, it hurt a whole lot worse than being kicked. The shock left their muscles twitching and his heart racing, instincts told them to run, to get away, but he remained kneeling on the ground. Quackity repeated this process for a while, only giving the teen a few seconds to breathe before pushing the cattle prod against their arms and legs again and again.

He paused at one point, glancing at the door. Ranboo could barely hear anything over their own gasping breaths, breathing was a lot harder with something in their mouth. Quackity turned off the stick before placing it back on the table, he then crouched in front of Ranboo with his hand out.

"Drop it."

It took a second for the teen's muscles to cooperate but eventually, they unclenched their jaw and released the leather, the item dropping into Quackity's awaiting hand.

He stood before glancing back at the door again. Just barely Ranboo could hear yelling from behind the metal, a whole lot of yelling and banging. Never a good thing to hear.

"Stay. Do not move."

Okay, that was easy, Ranboo wasn't even sure they could move right now even if he wanted to. His body was still twitching and jerking every other second, their muscles tensing and relaxing at random. Still, they remained stationary while Quackity walked to the door. He left quickly, slamming the door shut behind him.

The teen waited to hear the deadbolt click but the sound never came. Quackity never left the door unlocked, did he forget, or was whatever going on out there more important? Ranboo wasn't dumb enough to think this meant he could escape, for one they weren't sure how much control over themselves they had right now, and secondly outside that door were at least a dozen men and Quackity. Yeah, Ranboo wouldn't make it past the door frame.

The yelling and shouting continued, only slightly muffled by the door. It was maybe a few minutes later when Quackity returned, a huge grin on his face. Did something good happen?

"Stand up. We have guests."

Ranboo complied, his body listening to them and only twitching occasionally. They weren't sure why having guests had anything to do with them but he wasn't about to question Quackity. The man dug through his bag before pulling out one of those chain dog leashes, Ranboo didn't like this.

"Lean down."

The teen leaned down until their neck was level with Quackity's chest, the latter attaching the chain to their collar. He tugged at it, Ranboo had to hold back the urge to cough at the added pressure. Apparently, Quackity deemed the leash efficient enough since his smile just got bigger.

"New rules Ranboo. Don't speak, don't even utter a word. Stay by my side, you're not allowed to go more than two feet from me. And remember, without me you're nothing."

Ranboo could do that, the only real new command was the one to stay close. The others were just reworded rules he already knew, and all three were easy enough to follow.

"Yes sir."

"Good, now come on."

Chapter End Notes

Basic summary::

Ranboo has been trapped with Quackity for at least a month, they are unsure how long exactly. During this time Ranboo has been tortured almost daily. Quackity has Ranboo following 'rules' that are very messed up. Quackity has conditioned Ranboo into behaving and listening to any order he gives them. Quackity treats Ranboo like a dog, including having them wear a collar. Quackity has been gaslighting Ranboo and physically hurting them, he has also been basically starving Ranboo. Quackity sets up 'tests' to see how well Ranboo listens to him, Ranboo mentions they fail these a lot but have learned better now. Quackity comes back the next day with a new item, a cattle prod. He orders Ranboo to sit still while he uses it on them, Ranboo obeys and doesn't fight back. Quackity stops when he hears something from outside the door, leaving only to return with a wide grin. He tells Ranboo to get up and follow him, they have guests.

Forty-seven

Chapter Summary

47

FORTY-SEVEN

47

Chapter Notes

TW's::

Kidnapping

Mention of Death/Murder (Moderate)

Implied Torture (Moderate)

Dehumanization (Minor)

Cursing

Guns

((I don't think this one needs a summary but if someone wants one I will gladly provide it))

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Forty-seven days.

It's been forty-seven days since Ranboo went missing. Not a single member of the Syndicate got a full night's sleep since then, they'd each be lucky if they could sleep for even four hours straight before being awoken by nightmares.

Niki had tried to track their phone, she tried so hard, but in the end, it didn't matter. She couldn't find his phone, it was either dead or destroyed. So instead she helped Wilbur with his research, so he would have the best luck out of all of them.

Tommy was able to keep the lower-level members from finding out, he was an excellent distraction. Anytime someone got interested in what the bosses were doing he showed up, getting them to talk about the most random of topics. It worked really well.

Tubbo was having trouble gaining access to the traffic cams, firewalls, and government blocks kicking him out whenever he got too close. Even with Sam's help, it took two weeks

before they got the footage, but it was the best lead they had gotten.

Wilbur's research was going well, he had always been the best person to send on recon missions. He was able to track down seven different gangs and families that were causing trouble in their territory. Each one ended up being a bust. So he started looking for people who had a grudge against them, this was a lot harder. The Syndicate had a lot of enemies, narrowing it down would take time they just didn't have.

Techno and Phil were pulling in all the favors they could, willing to spend whatever amount needed just to get their kid back. At some point 'the' kid became 'their' kid, they were a member of the family by now anyway. And the Syndicate doesn't leave any family members behind.

After Tubbo got the traffic cams they were finally able to see what happened that night. The angles were horrible and the video feed was grainy, but they could make out Ranboo easily. They watched as he paused before an alleyway, head tilted as if they were listening to something. Ranboo soon continued to walk past the opening, they didn't get far before they were being pulled back into the shadows.

There were no cameras in that alleyway, why would there be? And no traffic lights faced the alley enough to see past the building's shadows. They couldn't see the kidnapper's face at all, this just frustrated them more.

Techno slammed his fist on the table, causing the rest of the Syndicate to jump. Tubbo held his tablet a little closer, they had been watching the footage on the machine. This was a lead but it also gave them little to no information, only more questions.

All they knew now was that Ranboo was taken, which made matters worse. Why hadn't they gotten a ransom note? Some form of contact from the kidnapper or kidnappers? Why was Ranboo targeted? Were they aiming for them or someone random?

"Tech, calm down. Getting angry isn't going to help."

Phil, the saint he is, spoke softly to Techno. He rested a hand on his shoulder, gently maneuvering him until the blonde's arms could wrap around him. The pinkette hugged him back, taking deep breaths to calm himself. The Syndicate didn't need him falling apart, if they saw him break they would as well. He was the rock, the unmovable boss who couldn't lose his cool so easily.

"We're going to find him."

Tommy's voice held so much determination that no one could argue with him. They were all losing hope every single day that passed, the young blonde's upbeat attitude was one of the only things keeping them afloat. Tommy knew he had to remain positive, not like any of these fuckers were. Sure they wanted Ranboo back just as much as he did, but they were focusing on the worst-case scenarios. So it was his job to fix that. He'd stay as positive as he could, even if he had to fake it.

Niki was scared, she had never been this scared before. She had always cared about her employees, wanting to make sure they had a happy work environment, but Ranboo was different. He wasn't just an employee at her bakery, he was family now. They were like the little brother she never had, the sweetest teen she had ever met. Niki was scared of not finding Ranboo, but she was terrified to find their lifeless body even more.

Tubbo was overworking himself, he knew he was but that wasn't stopping him. He'd search for days, for any other camera feed that showed that fucking alleyway, with little success. He tried to enhance the still images of the man and Ranboo, it didn't help much. He never got a hair color, eye color, height, clothing, or any distinguishing attribute. The brunette wasn't giving up though, he needed to find something, anything that could lead them to his friend.

Wilbur was tired, he was so exhausted. Nothing they did worked, what was the point of being the most powerful and influential family if they couldn't find one teenager?! Every single time he thinks he found a lead it ends up leading him to another dead end. Every. Single. Time. Wilbur wasn't sure how many people they interrogated by now, he stopped counting after thirty. He would still keep trying, he knew he'd find a lead if he just kept going.

Phil was slowly watching his family fall apart. He did what he could to keep them from snapping at each other, to keep them all calm and focused. It felt almost impossible at times, like nothing he did would help them find his kid. The blonde was furious, but instead of the red, hot, inferno that Techno wore he was more like a freezing blizzard. Whoever took Ranboo would pay, they'd be wishing they were dead by the time the Syndicate got to them.

It wasn't until a week later that they finally got a promising lead.

Tubbo burst into the meeting room, the kid looked like he hadn't slept in the last two days. His hair was a rat's nest, and Phil was pretty sure that was a coffee stain on his shirt. He came rushing over with his tablet, almost slamming it down on the table in front of them.

"I found one."

"Found what Perses?"

"I found a clue on our mystery kidnapper!"

That got everyone's attention, each stopping their current tasks to stare at Tubbo. The brunette typed on the tablet before zooming in on one of the frozen frames of the traffic cam, it was extremely blurry and pixelated.

"Here look, see that insignia! I almost missed it but I recognized it!"

Sure enough, if they squinted they could make out a small pattern on the man's breast pocket.

"I checked with every family's crest, and only one came close to this one. But you're not going to like the answer."

"Spit it out Tubbo."

"It's Quackity's crest."

It was silent after that, the tension in the room so high it was almost hard to breathe. The Syndicate had run-ins with Quackity and his men, but last they heard the man ran off to Las Navadas or something. Why was Quackity's crest showing up on the opposite side of the country? It didn't make sense.

"Harpocrates, have any of Quackity's men been snooping around recently?"

Did they miss something? No Techno had full faith in his member's abilities so why are they only finding this now?

"No, no one I've investigated has even had ties with Quackity. Are they somehow flying under our radar?"

That wasn't good, if Quackity and his men had evaded them this long or longer that meant the Syndicate's defenses were weak. And if no one had seen the man or his crew, where were they? They had to have been close to grab Ranboo, but that didn't mean they were still in the area. Quackity could have taken them anywhere, even out of the country.

Shit.

"I want everyone looking for any sign of Quackity and his men, this is now the priority."

They all agreed, each trying their hardest to find the dark-haired brunette.

It took another week of endless searching before they got a second lead, this one much more promising than the first. They found one. They managed to find one of Quackity's underlings. Now they just needed to get information off of him, easy enough.

With enough money and intimidation, anyone can be swayed. So now they had a mole, a person on the inside. Foolish was very helpful, detailing everything he could about what Quackity was up to. He hadn't gotten to actually see where Quackity was staying, only meeting with the man at predetermined meeting spots.

His information didn't go to waste though. Quackity was narcissistic and loved bragging, so it wasn't long until he slipped up and revealed a bit too much information. Foolish's report that day had given them a lot, things that helped pinpoint where Quackity was.

He was close downtown, most likely down by the docks in one of the empty warehouses. The problem was they couldn't just go down there, guns blazing. No, if they choose the wrong warehouse Quackity would know they were onto him, then they'd lose their mole, and any information they had would be void. They needed more details, an exact place before they could strike.

Their answers came two weeks later. Foolish was able to go to the place Quackity had made his headquarters. They were correct in their thinking that he was staying in one of the warehouses by the docks, he had chosen an old factory plant. The Syndicate was ready to strike.

Foolish stopped showing up shortly after that, Techno knew this meant he was caught. Quackity would know they were coming, they needed to move now or risk having Quackity leave. So the plan was to strike in the morning, it was already midnight so this gave them the perfect amount of time to prepare.

Only the main six members of the Syndicate would be taking this mission, they couldn't risk any possible betrayals. No, they would get their family member back with their own hands, this became personal the second Quackity targeted Ranboo.

Forty-seven days.

Quackity had Ranboo for forty-seven goddam days. He wasn't going to make it out of here alive if Techno had his way, he was positive the rest of his family would agree. He was getting his kid back today or he was going to die trying.

But.

Technoblade never dies.

They took two cars, not wanting to shove themselves and weapons into a single car. Wilbur and Tubbo rigged up some bombs, each able to cause a good amount of damage once hit. Tommy and Niki were armed to the teeth, any weapon they could fit on their person was there. Techno and Phil didn't carry as much but that didn't make them any less deadly.

The plan was simple, bust in and demand an audience with Quackity. If the man refused to see them then they would start shooting, and then they would hunt him down until he gave up Ranboo.

The plan was going off perfectly, they were able to break the doors down and had the dozen or so men there frozen with guns aimed at their heads.

"You, get Quackity!"

Techno gestured to one of the men with his gun, he needed Quackity to know they were here. The man ran off, exiting through a metal door near the back wall. There didn't seem to be any other doors or rooms, the main floor they were currently standing in was mostly bare. A few chairs and tables were scattered around the place, nothing to fancy, it was definitely not a place they were planning to stay long at.

The door opened once again, this time Quackity walked out. He was wearing a frown, he looked upset about something. His attitude changed drastically as he looked over at them, a wide grin forming almost immediately.

"Ah, the Syndicate! I was wondering when you would all be showing up."

He was cocky, hands shoved in his pants pockets while he leaned back slightly. He knew why they were here then, this was a planned attack on them; not Ranboo.

"Enough formalities Quackity, You know why we're here!"

Techno was pissed, the only thing keeping him from putting a bullet through the man's skull was that he still had Ranboo. After Ranboo was safe he was dead, Techno would be making sure of that.

"Where is Ranboo?!"

He wanted to scream at Quackity and demand his kid back, but he had to act calm and collected. Techno was expecting a lot of things; confusion, an innocent act, lying, anger. But he hadn't expected Quackity's already large grin to expand, the man clapped his hands.

"Oh, let me go get him for you then!"

And then Quackity was heading back through that door again. There was no way Quackity was going to give up his hostage that easily, no the man must be planning something. The Syndicate and his men were still at a standstill, each having guns aimed at the other.

It was maybe a minute later when that door opened again. The sight Techno saw made him absolutely sick, he could hear the shocked gasps from Niki and Phil. He heard Tommy growl from behind him, he wasn't sure how Wilbur or Tubbo responded but he knew they were equally upset.

Quackity had exited the doorframe, his smirk still plastered on his face. In his hand, he held a chain, attached to that chain was his kid. His kid, his kid that Quackity was leading around like a show dog.

Ranboo was gone for forty-seven days.

Quackity had tortured his kid for forty-seven days.

Technoblade saw red.

Chapter End Notes

The next chapter is a lot more intense!!

Please be prepared for it!!

I'll have the TW's at the beginning like usual and a brief summary in the end notes of chapter 14

Hopefully, this chapter answers a lot of your questions, if it doesn't feel free to ask them in the comments and I'll answer what I can without giving away future chapters!!

EDIT (2-15-22)::

The mole who was originally Charlie has been changed to Foolish to avoid confusion in future chapters

Free?

Chapter Summary

slaps fic

This bad boy can fit so much hurt/comfort in it

((PLEASE BE CAREFUL READING THIS CHAPTER))

((There is a brief summary in the end notes))

Chapter Notes

TW's;;

Kidnapping

Torture

Violence (Major)

Cursing (Moderate)

Blood/Injury (Minor)

Dehumanization (Major)

Disassociation (Minor)

Guns (Major)

Gaslighting (Major)

Yelling/Arguing (Major)

Mentions of Suicide (Minor; Russian Roulette)

Conditioning (Major)

Knives (Moderate)

Hostage Situation (Major)

Mentions of Death/Murder (Major)

Gambling (Moderate; Russian Roulette)

Manipulation (Major)

((PLEASE BE CAREFUL READING THIS CHAPTER))

((There is a brief summary in the end notes))

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Outside the room is bright, almost blinding to the teen. They didn't get much time to adjust to the lighting, Quackity tugging them along behind him. Ranboo kept his head down, watching their and the man's feet as they walked. Quackity stopped them at another door, opening it before once again yanking on the leash attached to them.

Walking into the room they were met with the sound of people gasping, and then someone was yelling.

"What the fuck did you do!?"

Ranboo shrunk back a bit, the hostile tone was never a good one to hear directed at you. The voice was familiar, though they had never heard that much anger in it. The teen risked a glance up, just to confirm their suspicions.

On the other side of the room, were six people. Six people Ranboo knew. Technoblade stood in front, hand clutching a gun tightly while he stared at himself and Quackity. Philza stood next to him, his expression screamed in fury; he was the one who yelled. Wilbur and Niki were on either side of the two men; The brunette was glaring at them, his hand wrapped around a pistol. The pinkette had her hands covering her mouth, staring in shock and fear at them. Finally, there was Tommy and Tubbo, both staying near the back. It was harder to see their expressions due to distance, but the teen knew they weren't happy expressions.

His thoughts were halted by another jerk of the leash, pulling their head back down. Quackity muttered a command; 'eyes down' before he relaxed his grip on the chain. Okay Ranboo could do that, they just needed to listen and everything will be fine. The teen had no idea why their former friends were here, let alone why they looked distressed.

"Whatever could you mean Philza?"

Quackity replied, a smirk evident in his tone. He was teasing them, egging them on for whatever reason. The room was charged with anxious energy, Ranboo wasn't sure if it was caused by themselves or someone else.

"You know exactly what I mean you piece of shit!"

The teen mentally cringed, Quackity wasn't going to like that. And currently, the man was too close for comfort that any outburst would end up resulting in some type of pain. He clenched his jaw as Quackity took a step forward, Ranboo following right behind him.

"Oh? You mean this?"

He lifted the hand that held the leash, the teen's anxiety spiking as even more eyes were on them. There were too many people here; the six in front of them, Quackity, and a dozen of Quackity's men. Being isolated for a month or so made it fairly hard to be around so many people.

"I just trained your stray for you, what's wrong with that?" The man spoke with a tone that reeked of honey, he obviously knew why they were so rightfully mad. "Here, I'll show you."

Ranboo mentally prepared themselves for the next set of commands, hoping they would be easy ones to follow.

"Ranboo. Sit."

The teen fell to his knees quickly, remaining still and waiting for the next order. They ignored the gasps of shock from the six ahead of them. Quackity seemed to revel in it though, a large grin forming on his lips.

"Arm."

Ranboo raised their arm, the one that wasn't currently screaming at him in pain. Quackity grabbed their wrist, turning their hand until their palm was facing upward.

"Stay quiet and don't move."

And then the man was pulling out a pocket knife, slicing the blade across their palm. The teen flinched slightly before remaining still, biting the inside of their cheek to stifle the cry of pain he instinctually tried to make.

"See, your once unruly mutt has become a loyal pet."

Many things happened in the next few seconds. Quackity released their wrist, a command shouted at them to stand, being yanked in front of Quackity and then staring down the barrel of a gun.

Techno had rushed forward, aiming a gun at Quackity before the man pulled Ranboo in front of him. The teen wore an expression of acceptance and it shattered Technoblade's heart, his kid wasn't supposed to look like that.

The second Quackity had first brought Ranboo out Techno's vision turned blood red, the man wanting to make the ravenette suffer as much as possible. The teen's state was a lot worse than they were expecting or hoping for. Their right arm hung loosely at his side, the whole forearm bruised and swollen. Ranboo wore multiple cuts and bruises, and those were just what could be seen; who knows what kind of injuries lay beneath his clothing.

Ranboo was wearing a loose-fitting t-shirt, it was dirty and stained with dried blood. The sweatpants they wore were in a similar state, he was barefoot as well. And Quackity had them on a literal leash. Techno wanted this man to bleed.

Phil had been the first to yell, fury and fear layering his voice. He knew the other Syndicate members weren't able to keep their composure either. Tommy and Tubbo looked almost feral, Wilbur was death glaring Quackity, and Niki looked ready to cry.

And then Quackity shows Ranboo off like they were some dog, a literal animal. And Ranboo listened to him, following whatever Quackity told him to do.

The only thoughts in Technoblade's head right now were to protect Ranboo and get them away from this madman. So he charged, aiming to shoot Quackity right through the skull. But the bastard merely pulled Ranboo in front of himself, using his kid as a meat shield.

The pinkette grits his teeth, lowering the gun but keeping his finger hovering over the trigger. He wouldn't attempt to shoot with Ranboo so close, he couldn't risk accidentally hitting his kid.

When Techno charged it became a full-out shooting war. Quackity's men opening fire on the Syndicate members, the remaining five firing back just as quickly. The three of them were far enough away that Techno didn't have to focus on the gunshots and explosions behind him, instead, his gaze was focused on the man who currently held the leash attached to his kid.

"Well Technoblade, looks like we're at a stalemate."

Quackity's tone was full of amusement, he clearly thought he had won this little game of his. Ranboo hadn't said a word since they appeared, eyes returning to the floor below them.

"You see Technoblade, or is it Protesilaus? Which would you prefer I call you?" Quackity smirked as he watched the pink-haired man in front of him. Techno didn't answer, his fury was only being held back because Ranboo was still stuck between them. "Well it doesn't matter now does it? I mean you didn't even tell Mr. Belvoi here anything about your day job. But don't worry I explained everything to them, even that part where you left me for dead."

"Get to the point Quackity."

"No need to rush." The ravenette man said with a sigh, he was acting as if he was scolding a disobedient child. "Since you're in such a hurry, I guess we can skip the pleasantries."

Quackity reached up and grabbed the teen's hair, pulling it back until their throat was exposed. Techno moved to react but froze when the other held his pocket knife to Ranboo's neck.

"Easy Blade, don't want my hand slipping do we?"

Ranboo didn't move, keeping his breathing even to not give away their panic. The pinkette growled at Quackity, but he didn't move any closer.

"Let's talk business. I have something you want back, meanwhile, you have something I want."

The ravenette man smirked, gaze flicking to the teen in his hold. Ranboo kept their eyes closed, attempting to ignore this whole situation altogether.

"See, the plan was to just borrow your beloved pet here. But then I thought about how much I hated you and how much I wanted to see you suffer. So I scrapped my original plan!"

"Quackity-"

"Quiet! I'm not done!"

The teen jumped at Quackity's yell, the pocket knife cutting the bottom of their chin from the movement. The other merely smirked at the thin line of blood that started to drip onto the cement floor.

"As I was saying, I figured I needed to rework my plan a bit. I can't defeat you Technoblade, we already know this, but you're still human and that means I can still hurt you. So if I can be

in control of someone you care about, then I have control over you. So I decided to keep Ranboo for a while, give them a little of the old Las Navadas hospitality!"

Quackity yanked their head back more with a chuckle.

"Isn't that right Ranboo, we've had a wonderful time getting to know each other!"

The pinkette hated watching this, he wanted Quackity's hands off of his kid. Techno needed to get the other's attention off of Ranboo and back onto himself.

"What do you want Quackity?"

The ravenette glanced back at him, his smirk faltering a bit.

"Isn't it obvious?! I want you to suffer as much as possible!"

The more Quackity yelled the more Ranboo flinched, and soon the teen was trembling. Techno had to end this fast.

"You want revenge?"

"Exactly! And they said pigs aren't smart. How about this? You and I play a game, gamble a bit? Winner gets what they want. Seem fair?"

Quackity was scheming something, the pink-haired man knew whatever game he was talking about would be rigged somehow.

"What game."

Techno growled out his response, only faltering when the teen flinched slightly.

"Russian Roulette, a game of chance and luck."

It would be practically impossible to cheat at that, but Quackity could have a gun rigged so when Techno agreed he demanded they use his gun. Quackity agreed as well, watching as Techno set the gun up. Five blanks and one bullet.

"Would you like to start or should I?"

The pinkette handed the gun over to Quackity, he had a second gun he could easily draw if the man tried anything funny.

"Let's add a rule first, we both aim at each other's chest instead of ourselves? I don't want you accidentally killing yourself, there's no fun in that; plus I know you'd love to put a bullet through my ribs."

Technoblade agreed, he would rather have the honor of killing Quackity versus if the man did it himself.

And then the game started. Ranboo was moved to Quackity's side, out of the line of fire. The gun was raised and pointed at Technoblade's chest, the trigger was pulled with a click.

Blank.

The gun was handed over to Techno, he wasted no time in firing it at Quackity. Another click, another blank.

Click.

Blank.

Three shots left, two blank and the other would hit. It was Techno's turn now, he held the gun tightly. Quackity was smirking confidently, in his mind he had already won. The pink-haired man inhaled deeply before pulling the trigger.

Click.

Bang.

The gun went off, the bullet slamming itself into Quackity's chest. The man stumbled back, a look of pure shock and terror on his face as he looked down at his chest. Technoblade had won their game.

Quackity collapsed onto the floor, hand clutching his shirt. He was gasping and yelling, screaming that he couldn't lose. Techno paid him no mind, his focus solely on Ranboo. The teen was just watching Quackity squirm around on the floor, they looked confused and slightly concerned.

At the sound of the gunshot, Ranboo jumped, he's heard gunshots before. Quackity shot him in the leg once, so the noise wasn't unexpected it was more the fact that it wasn't Quackity holding the gun that confused the teen. The man who held so much power over them was now writhing on the ground in pain, yelling his head off. Ranboo wasn't sure how to feel about this. Any of this.

The rules of the game said the winner got whatever they wanted, so what did Technoblade want?

The teen remained stationary while Techno stared at them, his gaze only moving at the sound of explosions behind them. Glancing back revealed the rest of the Syndicate members winning their own fight, the explosions coming from Wilbur and Tubbo throwing homemade bombs.

Those two would end up destroying this place if they stay any longer, they needed to leave now. So Techno did what he needed to, the teen would probably hate him after this but he'd rather have an angry Ranboo than a dead one.

"Ranboo, hold on."

The pinkette didn't give Ranboo a chance to respond, instead picking the teen up. He held his kid close, one arm behind their back and one under their knees. They jerked at the contact, Techno could feel them trembling in his hold.

"Protesilaus! You fucker! This isn't over!" Quackity was screaming at the pinkette, a hand gripped over their chest; right over the bullet wound. "You better keep an eye on your beloved stray! You hear that Ranboo! You'll be back under my control again, and next time there will be no one to rescue you! I'll make sure of it!"

Ranboo was hyperventilating, they had no idea what was going on. Were they disobeying Quackity right now since they were more than two feet from him? But they couldn't break from Technoblade's hold. And Technoblade said to hold on, which is a command, so Ranboo needed to listen to that as well.

Technoblade couldn't focus on Quackity right now, first, he needs to make sure his family gets out of here, his whole family, before the ceiling comes crumbling down. The pinkette started running, passing the other Syndicate members.

"We're leaving! Let's go!"

Chapter End Notes

Summary::

Quackity brings Ranboo out to greet the Syndicate, the six Syndicate members are shocked and upset about the state that Ranboo is in. Phil yells at Quackity asking what he did, Quackity acts like he doesn't know what Phil means. Quackity proceeds to show how well 'trained' Ranboo is, making them sit and cutting their hand. Techno charges to shoot Quackity but the man uses Ranboo as a shield, the rest of the Syndicate start shooting at the rest of Quackity's men. Quackity explains that he told Ranboo all about The Syndicate and what they do since none of them bothered to tell the teen, he also implies that Techno and him have a history and that Techno left Quackity to die. Quackity threatens Techno by holding a knife to Ranboo's neck. Quackity teases Techno, telling him about his plans. Quackity's original plan was just to use Ranboo as bait, but it changed into using Ranboo as a way to get back at Techno. Quackity wants revenge on Technoblade. He suggests they play a game of Russian roulette, but they shoot each other instead of themselves; the winner gets whatever they want. Techno agrees and they start the game. Quackity ends up getting shot, losing the game he thought he was going to win. Technoblade grabs Ranboo before sprinting off, the ceiling is currently falling around them; due to Wilbur and Tubbo's bombs. Quackity screams at Techno and Ranboo, saying this isn't over and that he will be getting Ranboo back. The chapter ends with techno ignoring Quackity and yelling to the rest of the Syndicate that they need to leave now.

Some things I want to point out that I don't think many people will get::

- Ranboo only refers to Techno and Phil by their full names, not nicknames (This is because he is under the impression that they are no longer friends, and to Ranboo, only friends should be allowed to call friends by their nicknames) This comes up in more chapters so I wanted to explain it here first.
- Ranboo does not think they are getting rescued. He has no idea why the Syndicate are here, but they 'know' it isn't for them. This is why he isn't super excited to see them, to Ranboo having the Syndicate is more like rubbing salt into a wound. They can't even entertain the thought that the Syndicate came for them.
- Techno agrees to the game (even though he could use his second gun and kill Quackity) because this way he knows for sure Quackity won't just use Ranboo as a hostage again. He's not willing to risk any more harm to his kid.

Why?

Chapter Summary

Ranboo doesn't have a fun time, instead, they are filled with confusion and fear.
Will Techno and Phil be able to convince Ranboo that they are safe now?
Read this chapter to find out!!

((PLEASE BE CAREFUL WHEN READING THIS CHAPTER))
(Brief summary in the end notes)

Chapter Notes

TW's;;

Kidnapping
Past Torture
Mentions of Wounds/Injuries (Moderate)
Conditioning
Hospitals
Cursing (Minor)
Manipulation
Implied Abuse
Mentions of Death/Murder (Moderate;; Towards Quackity)

((PLEASE BE CAREFUL WHEN READING THIS CHAPTER))
(Brief summary in the end notes)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"We're leaving! Let's go!"

He had to trust that the others would follow him out, right now his only thought was to head straight for the cars. Behind him were hurried footsteps, Techno knew it was the rest of the Syndicate. Glancing back he could see Phil right behind him, Niki right at his heels, Wilbur wasn't far behind either, Tommy and Tubbo were the farthest back; the brunette was throwing revamped cherry bombs back into the crumbling building.

"Zephyrus, in the back with me! Harpocrates, you're driving! Nemesis, take the other car and follow us. Theseus and Perses go with Nemesis!"

He called out orders quickly, reaching the first car in record time. Phil ran up to him and pulled the back door open, Wilbur rushing into the driver's seat. Soon the car was rumbling as the engine started, Phil shuffling across the seats before reaching over to help Ranboo into the car.

The teen was very confused and distraught about everything that was currently going on. One moment they're watching Quackity curse in pain on the floor and then the next he was being lifted and held by Technoblade. Ranboo wanted to recoil from the contact, but they knew better than that. So instead of struggling, they shoved down the instinct to escape, remaining as still as possible.

Why was Technoblade even taking them? Quackity had told them, multiple times, that Technoblade and the others had abandoned them. But now they were being kidnapped from their previous kidnapper. Ranboo would laugh at the irony if they could.

They were jostled from their thoughts, quite literally, the pink-haired man carrying them stopped suddenly and in turn, it jostled Ranboo. Another piercing pain started up in his arm again, they bit the inside of their cheek while trying to ignore it. They could taste blood, at least now he could focus on that pain instead of their arm.

They were being moved again, the piercing pain shifting to a burning pain as he was transferred from Technoblade's hold to the backseat of the car. Philza was maneuvering them, the teen had to force himself not to try and escape the blonde's hands. The teen clutched their arm to his chest, the urge to hide the injury away was almost overwhelming. Ranboo was deposited next to Philza before Technoblade squeezed in next, slamming the door shut.

"Get us out of here."

The brunette slammed on the gas, the car lurching before speeding off. Techno glanced behind them, watching as the warehouse crumbled in on itself. Anyone left inside that building would not survive, be it from the initial destruction or from the falling debris. The pinkette was confident Quackity didn't survive, he'd still send someone out to check just in case; you never know with that slimy bastard.

Ranboo attempted to make themselves as small as possible, which was hard to do when he was currently sitting in-between two other people in a somewhat cramped car. Philza was talking to him, they should probably be listening to him.

"Shit mate, we need to get you to a hospital. Wilbur head straight for the nearest hospital!"

The blonde had turned away to talk to Wilbur before his gaze was once again on Ranboo. Technoblade was even watching him, both wore frowns that the teen couldn't determine the reason for.

They must have blanked out for a minute because the next thing he knew there was a hand approaching their neck. Ranboo jerked away, they knew they shouldn't have moved but the teen didn't know what to expect from these two. They ended up backing up against Technoblade, jerking away just as quickly.

The teen's mind was racing. Did Quackity's rules still apply here? Was this some big test? Were they going somewhere and Quackity would be there? He had no idea what was happening or what was going to happen, they were running on instincts now, and those instincts were screaming to escape.

Phil recoiled when Ranboo jumped, he hadn't meant to freak them out he just wanted to remove that god-awful collar and leash. The blonde's heart only broke more when the teen jerked away from Techno as well. Ranboo still hasn't said anything, the only sound they get from the teenager is harsh breathing and the occasional hiss when they accidentally jostle his arm.

Just from looking at it, Phil could tell it was broken or at the very least fractured. The teen wasn't looking at either of them, gaze locked on their lap as they tried to take up as little space as he could. The blonde looked up at his friend, he had a terrified expression on his face which Phil was sure mirrored his own. They couldn't do anything yet, Ranboo needed medical attention first. Who knows what other injuries he has that they just can't see.

The car was soon pulling into a hospital parking lot, Wilbur hitting the brakes right in front of the emergency-only doors.

"Niki has already called Ponk and let him know we were coming, they'll meet us inside."

The two men nodded to the brunette, Phil opening his door first and trying to coax Ranboo out as well.

"Come on mate, we need to get your arm checked out."

Ranboo just stared at Philza, that wasn't a command or at least not a correct one. And Ranboo wasn't supposed to listen to half commands, they were always a test and the teen had failed them many times. He remained seated, feeling the car move as Technoblade exited it.

Philza frowned at them, did he expect Ranboo to listen and fail the test? They knew better than that, he figured that was shown with Quackity earlier.

"Ranboo, can you please get out of the car? You're hurt."

Again Ranboo didn't move, Philza was really trying to get them in trouble, wasn't he? They grit their teeth, he knew the second they attempted to exit the car he'd fail.

"Ranboo."

The teen's head snapped to Technoblade, he was frowning at them too. They couldn't tell if that was an upset frown or an angry frown. They remained silent and still, gaze flicking between the two men at either door.

"Ran, I don't want to have to drag you out and possibly hurt you more. Just get out of the car."

There it is.

The teen scrambled out of the car, heading towards Technoblade since he was the one who said the order. The pinkette seemed surprised at their sudden movement, isn't that what he wanted though? A quick response?

"Easy Ranboo, you're going to hurt yourself."

Why did that matter?

Technoblade had a hand on his uninjured arm, the touch burning but they didn't move away from it. In a matter of minutes, he was being led into the building, there were way too many people just in the lobby. Ranboo didn't want to be here, they'd much rather be back in their cement room. At least there things made sense and they knew what would happen, here though was confusing and terrifying.

People were looking at them, and the teen shrunk in on himself. Technoblade's hand was now resting on their upper back, it still stung. Ranboo wasn't sure if that hand was there as a reminder that they couldn't escape or just for appearances, either way, it gave them something to focus on other than the overwhelming amount of noise surrounding them.

Philza was talking with someone, they were wearing a colorful mask and one of those white lab coats you see in movies. They nodded before Philza started following, Technoblade took a step forward as well. Ranboo followed right after, that seemed like the right call because the hand on their back didn't grip or claw at him.

The three were led to a room, the assumed doctor holding the door open for them. It was a lot quieter here, people still walked past but at least it didn't sound like fifty people were yelling in his ears. The teen was led into the room before being maneuvered to sit on the bed, were they supposed to stay here, or was this another test? If it was a test they should remove themselves from the bed and sit on the floor. But if they were supposed to stay here, then moving would be the wrong answer. Why weren't they telling him what to do?

Philza and Technoblade were talking with the doctor, they looked angry. But also worried? Ranboo wanted to ask so many questions, and demand answers but their mouth never opened. If Quackity's rules were still in play then speaking without permission meant punishment, but would they get hurt in a literal hospital? They weren't willing to take the chance.

Philza came over to him, moving slowly until he was sitting next to them on the bed. Was this the part where he tells them to sit on the floor? Or stand out of the way?

"Hey mate, can you tell me what hurts?"

Ranboo just watched him. Another test? They really wanted Ranboo to fail huh?

Philza frowned, his eyes taking in Ranboo's form. The teen was still clutching their arm to his chest, hunched over way too much that his back must be killing them, and they still looked tense. He couldn't blame the kid for being tense though, they were probably terrified right now. Ranboo remained silent though, just staring at Phil's chest without making a sound.

"Boo, what hurts?"

He'd ask again, hope to any gods above the teen would answer. If they didn't answer then Ponk and the other medical staff would have to poke around, it would just cause more stress and pain for his kid.

"E-everything."

It was rough and scratchy, barely loud enough for the two other people in the room to hear. Techno's head turned so fast Phil would think he just gave himself whiplash. Ranboo flinched again, lowering their gaze even more, now looking down at his leg.

"Can you be a bit more specific?"

That wasn't an order, it was more of a question. Questions were always harder; some Quackity wanted them to answer while others he was supposed to stay quiet. Which one was this? The only way to find out would be by testing it.

"Arms, legs, back, chest, head, and hand."

The fewer words the better, talking still hurts their throat, plus the fewer words they say the less pain they get in return. The other two people in the room were watching them now, did he fail the test?

The teen clenched his hand around their wrist, if they failed this test then what would happen? Quackity would have hit them by now, what would Philza do? They risked a glance up, hoping to read the blonde's mood so they knew what to expect.

Instead of anger or a smirk, Philza was wearing a concerned expression. What? Why was Philza concerned? Did Ranboo do something wrong?

The blonde kept trying to get the teen to answer more questions, he only got silence from them though. When asked if they wanted to lay down, he got silence. When asked if they were thirsty, again silence. When asked if he could remove the leash and collar, he got tense shoulders and silence.

Eventually, Ponk informed them that the nurses needed to check over the teen to make sure nothing else was broken or life-threatening. Technoblade told Philza to stay while he went to talk to the others, he had messaged Wilbur when they first entered the building to keep the rest of the Syndicate away for now.

When Technoblade left the room three nurses took his place. There were now five people in the room, excluding himself. It was five too many. Philza remained by their side as the three nurses approached, he tensed once they got close. They started saying commands, and Ranboo was supposed to follow those so they listened.

Phil watched the whole interaction, he was ready to remove the nurses at the first sign of Ranboo's fear. He'd protect his child, even from medical professionals; he trusted Ponk but not these people. He watched as the nurses asked Ranboo for things, the teen complying

immediately. Something was different though, the teen had ignored them when they asked for things but now he was doing whatever they said.

Wait.

Phil and Techno kept asking them to do things, these nurses weren't asking they were telling Ranboo what they wanted. Quackity didn't ask Ranboo to do anything, no he commanded the teen like they were a well-behaved pet. Shit, Quackity even said he 'trained' them. Was this what the training entailed?

It didn't explain why Ranboo didn't apply the same 'training' to questions, was there something stopping them?

He waited until the nurses were done poking and prodding at bruises, the teen rarely reacting; the most being a flinch or hiss through clenched teeth. Once they and Ponk left to go get the x-ray machine set up, Phil was going to get some answers.

"Ranboo."

The teen looked over at him, still keeping their gaze low. He didn't want to order them around or anything, but he needed to know what they were dealing with. Otherwise, Ranboo could get hurt worse, and no telling how their mental state was.

"Boo, tell me what Quackity told you to do."

That was going to be a hard order to follow, there was just so much and his throat was still stinging from the previous questions.

"Follow the rules, follow commands, stay quiet."

"What are the rules?"

Ranboo didn't want to elaborate, of course, they had no choice in the matter but still.

"One; don't speak unless spoken to. Two; refer to Quackity as Sir and nothing else. Three; don't do anything without permission. There are others but I can't remember them."

Shit, shit, shit, shit.

Phil wanted to resurrect Quackity just so he could kill the slimy bastard himself. What kind of person makes someone follow any kind of rules, especially those. There were still more things Phil needed to know, but goddamnit he wanted to just hug Ranboo and keep them safe.

"Last question Ran, what happens when you don't follow a command?"

"Punishments."

The blonde inhaled sharply, the teen next to him tensing as their gaze fell to the floor. Death was too much of a mercy for Quackity, he deserved a lot worse than a bullet to the chest.

Techno soon returned, hair pulled back into the loose ponytail; meant to keep it out of his face. The pinkette's gaze fell onto Ranboo almost immediately, moving slowly as he walk over. The teen was watching him, only tense when Techno was within reaching distance. They were scared of him.

Technoblade has had many people fear him in the past and not a single person's terror bothered him. But now his own kid is scared of him, that was world-shattering. He paused, not daring to get any closer. The pinkette wanted to comfort Ranboo, reassure them that he was safe.

"Ranboo, Technoblade and I aren't going to hurt you. You're not going to be punished for anything, you're okay."

Phil whispered, sending a look to Techno that read 'we need to talk later'. The pinkette was horrified by what Phil said, what had he found out that he needed to specify that they wouldn't be punished? Ranboo remained silent and still, his stiff shoulders lowering ever so slightly.

"You're okay now, we aren't going to let anything hurt you again."

Techno promised, no he swore he'd kill anything that dared to hurt his kid. He knew Phil felt the same, he wore the same face of righteous fury as the pinkette.

"Never again."

Chapter End Notes

Summary::

The Syndicate escapes from the crumbling warehouse; Techno, Phil, Wilbur, and Ranboo are in one car while Nikie, Tommy, and Tubbo are in the other. Ranboo has no idea what's going on, they question why Techno and Phil took them (in their mind). Phil has Wilbur head to the hospital, he attempts to remove the collar and leash from Ranboo but the teen jerks away from him. Ranboo is terrified and doesn't know what to do in this situation. They start to think of this as a big test, one they don't want to fail. Once at the hospital Phil tries to get Ranboo out of the car, the teen doesn't move since Phil has yet to order them to leave the vehicle. Technoblade eventually says something that Ranboo takes as a command, and they leave the car. The three head into the building while Wilbur stays back with the other Syndicate members. They meet up with Ponk, one of the doctors there, and she brings them to an empty room. Phil sits Ranboo down and tries to get them to talk, asking what hurts? Ranboo doesn't answer at first, but after Phil rewords his question the teen finally answers. Phil asks another question and Ranboo hesitates, they are unsure if they are allowed to answer this question. He takes a risk and answers, giving the general areas that feel painful. Phil tries asking more questions but Ranboo remains silent once more. Phil realizes that Ranboo is responding

to the nurses and doctors much more than Techno and himself, he figures out that it is because the nurses aren't asking for anything and instead telling Ranboo what they need. Once they leave Phil questions what Quackity told Ranboo to do, Ranboo answers. The teen explains the rules they had to follow and what would happen if he disobeyed. Technoblade returns and is upset that Ranboo is scared of him, he becomes even more upset when Phil tells Ranboo that neither of them will hurt him. They both promise that they won't let anything hurt Ranboo again, never again.

((Feel free to ask any questions in the comments, I will do my best at answering them!
))

Abandoned

Chapter Summary

I don't wanna be abandoned
I don't want to curse your name
I don't want to feel the sadness
Pretending that I'm still the same

- Alexander Rybak;; Abandoned

((Brief Summary in the end notes))

Chapter Notes

Tw's;;

Aftermath of Kidnapping

Aftermath of Torture

Hospitals

Drug use (Medical)

Abandonment

Aftermath of Manipulation

Panic Attack (Moderate)

Mentions of Death/Murder (Towards Quackity)

((Brief Summary in the end notes))

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The next few hours rushed by quickly, Ponk having Ranboo looked over by multiple medical professionals. The teen was very uncomfortable with all of this. They were moved around a lot, be it to different rooms or just other areas of the hospital. Philza and Technoblade were constantly by his side, he didn't know why.

Soon enough they were covered head to toe in bandages, wearing a pair of light blue loose-fitting sweatpants, a matching t-shirt, a pair of fuzzy socks, and he even had a cast around their arm. It was white, one of the nurses asked them if he wanted a color; Ranboo didn't answer so they got white. The teen didn't think the color mattered anyway, it wouldn't change how quickly their arm healed.

Now they were sitting on the bed once more, Philza and Technoblade were outside the door talking with Ponk. They liked Ponk, she worded her questions in a way Ranboo knew he could answer, plus they were extremely gentle when messing with his injuries. They were alone now though, left in this big room with a door on one wall and a large window on another.

Ranboo hated it.

Out of the four corners in the room, not a single one was safe. Any one of them would leave him exposed to either the door or the window, no they needed one that was the farthest away from both possible entrances. There was a bathroom attached to the room though. A small room with only one entrance, it was perfect.

But there was a problem. The teen had no idea if they were even allowed to move. Quackity gave him free roam of the cement room when the man wasn't there, was that allowed here? Ranboo wasn't sure, Philza and Technoblade hadn't punished them yet but that could always change.

It was a risk.

Ranboo took the risk.

He scrambled off the bed before rushing into the bathroom, shutting the door behind himself. It didn't have a lock but still, the solid four walls were a lot more comforting than the big room. Ranboo squeezed himself into the farthest corner, the back of the shower. He hadn't bothered to turn on the light, they were more used to the dark these days; plus the hospital lights were way too bright.

They could already feel their frantic heartbeat slowing, it was blissfully quiet in here. He couldn't hear Technoblade or Philza, or anyone really. Ranboo sat on the floor of the shower, curled up as much as they could be.

What would happen next?

The question terrified him. Were they taken from one prison just to be put in another? What did Philza and Technoblade want from him? What about Niki? Or Wilbur? Or Tommy? Or Tubbo?

Were they going to be abandoned again?

Ranboo wanted to trust them, he really did. They were his friends, right? At least they were at some point right? But they lied to them. Was their whole friendship a lie? The teen didn't want to believe that the happiest moments of his life were just lies.

His thoughts were paused at the sound of rushing footsteps outside the bathroom door. Ranboo was kind of hoping they wouldn't find him, they didn't want to be dragged back into that big room; he felt so much safer here. The teen started picking at the bandages, they didn't end up tearing the fabric wrapping though; that would have been a waste and Ranboo wasn't stupid enough to waste bandages.

Phil and Techno thanked Ponk once more for his help, she merely waved them off insisting it was their pleasure. When the two re-entered the room they were met with an empty bed, one they knew they left Ranboo on. Ice-cold fear gripped them, their kid couldn't be gone. Not again, please not again.

The two ran around the room, looking for any sign of the teenager. Were they taken again? How did someone get past them, they were literally standing in front of the door!?

Phil was the first to spot the bathroom door, it was closed which was weird since he was sure they left the door open. The blonde knocked hesitantly, would Ranboo even answer if he was even in there?

"Ranboo? You in there?"

Techno had made his way over to the door as well, figuring out that Ranboo was most likely in there. They waited, the silence was making their fear even worse. What if Ranboo wasn't in there?

"Boo, I'm coming okay?"

Techno waited a second for a response, but none came. He opened the door slowly, the room was almost pitch black. The pinkette could just barely see a figure in the farthest corner, curled up and sitting on the floor.

"Ranboo?"

He tried to keep his voice quiet and calm but still, the teen flinched, curling up even more. Ranboo was hiding, his kid was still scared, of course, they would hide away. Techno glanced back at Phil, the blonde was biting his thumb nail while he looked between Techno and the dark room.

"Give me a second with them."

He whispered, Phil looked like he wanted to argue but one look at the pinkette got him agreeing. Backing up until he was sitting in one of the visitor chairs by the bed. The pinkette took a deep breath before entering the room, the second his shoe passed the doorframe Ranboo began shaking. Shit.

Techno made his way into the room slowly, Ranboo didn't move from his spot. Once fully in Techno shut the door, he left the lights off figuring the teen kept them off for a reason. He maneuvered around in the dark until he made it to the shower, finding the back wall. The pinkette sat down next to the frightened teen, he was within arm's distance but didn't dare try and touch Ranboo.

Anyone who touched him ended up making them flinch, Phil and himself noticed this every time a nurse got a little too close. Techno wasn't sure what Ranboo needed, the teen would barely say three words when questioned let alone say anything without prompting.

"Hey, kid."

Techno tried to ignore the stutter in his kid's breathing, he tried not to take it personally. He knew Ranboo wasn't just scared of him, no the teen reacted the same to everyone around him.

"It's okay. No one here is going to hurt you. You're safe now, but I can also see you don't believe me. And that's okay, that just means I need to prove it to you."

He was rambling, filling the silence with his words in hopes they could comfort his kid. He'd talk about anything and everything if it would help them, he'd even tell Ranboo every single embarrassing thing that's ever happened to him.

Eventually, and many rambling stories later, Ranboo seemed a lot calmer. Techno's eyes had adjusted a bit to the dark, just enough to be able to make out shapes. The teen wasn't as curled up as before, no longer shaking as well. Somehow he was able to coax Ranboo out of the bathroom and back onto the bed, they still remained silent but at least they weren't as tense as before.

Phil and Techno talked about anything they could think of, trying to get Ranboo to calm down even more. They had varying success rates. A few stories seemed to catch the teen's attention more than others, still, they remained painfully silent.

Ponk had returned an hour or so later, informing them that she wanted to put Ranboo on some proper pain medication. They talked to Ranboo through the whole thing, explaining exactly what he was doing before doing it. Ponk soon had them hooked up to an i.v., explaining to Techno and Phil that this drug would make the teen drowsy and a bit out of it, but not to worry as it was normal.

The two were still worried, but they were also thankful. Ranboo was a lot more relaxed now, they had even gotten him to lean back a bit on the bed.

Techno had left the room, saying he was grabbing food and he wouldn't be long. He also told Phil to text him if anything happened, the blonde agreed before waving him off. And then it was just Phil and Ranboo left in the room, the blonde had moved to the end of the bed instead of the plastic hospital chair.

Phil was checking his texts, seeing some from the other Syndicate members, and responding to some of them when he froze. His head snapped up so quickly that he was sure he heard his neck crack, his gaze was soon locked on Ranboo. The teen was sniffing and whimpering while trying to hold back tears, they were gripping the sheets below him so tightly that Phil thought they may just rip holes into the fabric.

"Shit, Ranboo! What's wrong?! Does something hurt?!"

The blonde scrambled closer to the teen, his parental instincts taking over. He needed to fix whatever was wrong, but he didn't know what was wrong so how could he fix it? Ranboo made a low keening noise from the back of his throat as they stared at Phil, tears ready to overflow from their eyes.

"Phil..."

It was scratchy, it was rough, and it was said with such desperation that it shattered Phil's heart. His instincts screamed at him to comfort his child, they were calling for him. The teen in front of him just looked so broken, so hurt that his entire soul screamed at him to comfort his child.

The blonde didn't think. He moved as close as he could before pulling his kid into his embrace, tucking them into his chest. He expected them to flinch or push Phil away, but instead of either of those two things, Ranboo clung to him. The teen's sniffles turned into full-out sobbing, face buried into Phil's chest as they clutched the blonde's shirt.

Phil ran his hand over the teen's head, whispering reassurances to them on repeat. The blonde had no idea what triggered this, one sec they were drowsy and relaxed, and then they were wailing into his chest. It was then that Phil realized Ranboo was talking, no they were pleading.

"-be good I swear! Please don't leave!"

"What? No, no Ranboo shh. We aren't leaving you, we would never."

Phil was shocked, why would Ranboo even think they would leave him. What did Quackity do to their child to cause this?

"I'll be useful! He said you left me because I was useless, but I'm useful now! I'll be better, I'll listen, I'll do whatever you want just please, please don't leave me again!"

Phil felt like he couldn't breathe, Ranboo thought they left him. That they abandoned them. Quackity lied and used them to hurt Ranboo. The blonde felt sick to his stomach.

"Ranboo, sweetheart, we never left you! We looked for you the whole time I swear, we were worried sick! That bastard lied to you, you're not useless. You don't need to be better, or obey us, or do whatever Quackity told you to do."

Phil was crying now, hugging his child as if letting them go would make them disappear again. He kissed the top of Ranboo's head, whispering even more assurances to the teen. Ranboo was hurting so much more than they originally thought, and Phil was sure this was just a piece of the pain the teen went through.

Neither heard the door open, nor the pinkette walk in. Techno was shocked by what he saw, Phil had Ranboo tucked into his embrace while both clung to each other. Both of them were crying, he was only gone for maybe five minutes what the hell happened?

"Wha-"

He didn't even get to finish asking his question, Ranboo was squirming in Phil's hold. The blonde loosened his grip on the teen, figuring they no longer wanted to be held. Instead of leaving though Ranboo just reached out for Techno, pleading with him as well.

"Tech! Please I'll be good! Don't leave again! Please!"

The pinkette rushed forward, dropping the plastic bag full of prepackaged convenience store food, and pulling Ranboo into an embrace. Phil released the teen easily but remained as close as he could. Techno looked at Phil, his eyes begging for an explanation.

"They think we left him mate."

The teen wailed in his hold, clinging to his shirt while shoving himself as close as possible. Techno was horrified, they should have found Ranboo quicker. They should have walked him home that night. Techno should have kept his kid safe.

He failed.

"Ran, we never abandoned you. We were terrified when you were taken, we never stopped looking for you."

Ranboo was still crying, begging them to not leave. Insisting he was useful, that they were better now. That they were fixed. Techno wished he could have made Quackity experience ten times the amount of pain he gave Ranboo.

This continued for a while; Ranboo sobbing and begging for them not to leave him while Phil and Techno reassured their kid that they would never leave. Eventually, Ranboo cried himself to sleep, he had been jumping between their holds until they were both hugging the teen. They ended up leaning mostly on Techno but had a death grip on Phil's shirt, neither were willing to move him and risk waking their kid who finally looked somewhat peaceful.

Techno was running his hand through their hair, chin resting on top of their tricolored hair. Phil was leaning against the pinkette's side, the two had ended up curled around the teen. Almost as if they could protect Ranboo from the world if he was hidden between the two, kept safe in their arms.

"What happened?"

Techno kept his voice soft, not wanting to accidentally disturb Ranboo's sleep. The blonde glanced up at him before lowering his gaze back to the teen.

"I'm not sure, I was replying to one of Wilbur's texts and then I heard Ranboo. They looked so broken, I didn't think and just hugged him. That's when they started crying, saying all that stuff."

The blonde clenched his jaw, he hated seeing Ranboo like this. Their once sweet and happy kid was taken from them, the teen they got back was like an empty shell. Phil wished he could fix this, take Ranboo's pain from them, make them happy again, or at the very least see his smile again.

"Quackity told him we left them there, that we didn't want him."

Phil whispered out, eyes never leaving the sleeping teen in their hold.

"They think..." He paused, sighing softly before wiping away one of the lingering tears still on their kid's cheek. "He thinks we hate them."

"Then we need to show them that he's wrong. We prove ourselves to Ranboo, we show them that he can trust us. Just like before."

"This isn't like before though. We don't even know if Ranboo can trust us anymore, to them we are no better than Quackity maybe even worse."

Techno sighed before bumping his head against Phil's, the blonde made valid points. If Ranboo did think they left him with that bastard then to him they were no better, maybe even worse.

"Doesn't mean we don't try."

Chapter End Notes

Summary::

Ranboo is looked over by doctors, getting wrapped up in many bandages. They are left in the hospital room while Phil and Techno talk with Ponk, he decides he strongly dislikes how big and open the room is. Ranboo mentally debates with himself before deciding to go hide in the bathroom, where it's more secure and dark. Techno and Phil return to an empty room and proceed to panic, thinking something happened to Ranboo. Eventually, they figure out that the teen is hiding in the bathroom. Techno enters the bathroom to comfort Ranboo, keeping the lights off and shutting the door after he enters. Techno sits beside Ranboo just talking, he says that he knows Ranboo doesn't believe that they are safe yet but that it was okay, he would just prove it to them. He starts rambling, talking about anything he could to get a response from Ranboo. Eventually the two exit the bathroom. Ponk returns to put Ranboo on some pain medication. Techno leaves to get food while Phil stays with Ranboo. The teen is able to relax because of the pain reliever, but they also start to break down in tears. Phil is startled and doesn't know what to do until Ranboo says his name. Phil breaks and pulls Ranboo into a hug, trying to comfort his kid any way he can. Ranboo starts pleading with him to not leave again, that they are better now. Phil tries to reassure Ranboo that they never left him, that they don't need to be better. Ranboo isn't listening and continues to plead with the blonde. Techno returns with food but is frozen at the sight in front of him. Before he can even question what was going on Ranboo starts calling for him as well, pleading with Techno just as they had with Phil. Techno drops the bag of food to pull Ranboo into his embrace, the teen clings to him while sobbing. Phil tries to explain why Ranboo is pleading, explaining how they think they were abandoned. Techno tries to reassure Ranboo just like Phil did but it still doesn't seem to work, the teen still begging them to not leave. Eventually, they end up crying himself to sleep, being held by both Techno and Phil. Techno asked Phil what happened, Phil explains how Ranboo said Quackity told him that they had been abandoned and that Ranboo thinks they hate him. Techno states they just need to show Ranboo that they are wrong, Phil thinks it'll be a lot harder than just that. The chapter ends with Techno saying; "Doesn't mean we don't try."

((Again any questions you have please leave them in the comments and I'll try my best to answer them without spoiling future chapters!!))

Home

Chapter Summary

For you lil readers,
A crumb of comfort

REEEEEEEEEEE

Chapter Notes

TW's;;

Aftermath of Kidnapping
Aftermath of Torture
Hospitals
Medical Drug Use (Pain Reliever)
Conditioning
Injuries/Wounds (Moderate)
Cursing (Minor)
Mention of Death/Murder (Towards Quackity)

((Brief summary can be found in the end notes))

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Techno and Philza did their best to keep the other members away, having to make sure Tommy and Tubbo didn't try to sneak into the room multiple times. Ranboo was still wary around both of them, remaining silent unless prompted.

They were starting to figure out which questions Ranboo would answer and which ones he wouldn't. Basically, any questions that suggest they do something are ignored, any questions that had the words; can, should, could, or would were also met with silence. Techno and Phil needed to have their questions worded just right to get a response, they also needed to make sure they didn't accidentally order the kid to do anything.

Ranboo seemed to only relax after getting another dose of the pain medication, but they also broke down again before passing out. They'd beg for the two to not leave him, insist they were useful, cling to either Phil and/or Techno, or a mixture of all three.

When the teen woke from these episodes they were just drowsy enough to not immediately push away from the two, it was obvious when they were fully awake though. Ranboo would freeze and their breathing would be almost nonexistent, that's when Phil and Techno would reluctantly release him.

At some point, Phil was able to get the leash off of his kid, but Ranboo always looked terrified whenever he asked to remove the collar. He may hate the thing, but he wasn't going to force the teen to let him remove it. Occasionally Phil would notice them fiddling with the thing, it seemed like it was an anxious habit and would help them relax a bit.

Ponk had pulled them out on the second day to explain the extent of Ranboo's injuries. The two were not looking forward to the results.

"So I'll start with the obvious; Their right forearm is fractured in two parts, he has multiple lacerations, some were infected, they have fresh electrical burns on both their arms and thighs, they have a few bruised ribs, bruised collarbone, he has a gunshot wound on their upper right thigh, their knees are covered in scrapes and bruises, and his left wrist is sprained."

The two were both furious and distraught, what kind of person could do this to a literal child?! Quackity was lucky he was already dead, Techno was sure he would have had to go hunting for some duck otherwise. But Ponk wasn't finished.

"Ranboo is also severely underweight, dehydrated, and sleep-deprived. It's unclear how bad his mental state is, but it is obvious there are some psychological issues as well."

She then insisted that Ranboo would need extensive amounts of therapy, recommending one of his associates; Cara Puffy. He gave the two her number, telling them to talk with her about the best ways to help Ranboo.

Getting Ranboo back home after a week in the hospital was a lot harder than they originally thought. Moving the teen to the car only had them struggling a little, mostly because they tried to avoid the more populated areas of the hospital. The car ride was the easiest, Techno drove while Phil sat in the back with Ranboo. It was getting inside the house which was a lot harder.

Techno went ahead to send Steve outside, not wanting the dog to accidentally trample Ranboo before he could even get past the door. Phil struggled to get them to enter the house, the teen was extremely hesitant to cross through the doorway. Once Phil could coax the teen inside and to sit down on the couch, things got a bit hectic. They had forgotten about Enderchest.

The black cat came running from the guest room, meowing up a storm. Ranboo had jumped up, startled by the sudden movements and noise. He looked ready to run. Enderchest ignored the other and went straight to him, yowling up at them as she weaved between their legs.

"Shit! Ranboo it's okay."

The blonde grabbed Enderchest, holding her to his chest. Phil hoped she didn't accidentally upset Ranboo too much.

"She just missed you is all, sorry mate."

He gave the teen a sheepish smile, Enderchest was still making as much noise as she could in Phil's hold. The blonde glanced from the cat up to Ranboo, noticing that they were staring at Enderchest.

Ranboo had been terrified by the sudden noise, their first thought is that someone else was in the house. His worried thoughts stuttered to a halt at the sight of Enderchest though, she came running to them immediately. The teen was frozen, his cat was here and desperately wanting their attention. Why was she even here? Were Philza and Technoblade taking care of her now? Half a second later Philza had picked her up, apologizing for her as he held her.

The teen gripped the hem of his shirt, they wanted to give as much affection as humanly possible to the feline. But they refused to move, Philza never said he was allowed to pet her. Would he even let them pet their cat?

Phil glanced from the cat to the teen a few times, Ranboo looked like they were debating with themselves. It was becoming a common look, it usually only came up when either Techno or himself asked them a question; sometimes they would get an answer while other times they didn't. What was Ranboo hesitant about now?

It didn't take long to realize what it was. His kid loved animals, he spoiled this cat rotten, Ranboo probably wanted to pet her. But they were holding themselves back for some reason. This was another common occurrence, though this usually only happened when he was presented with a choice, and usually, they remained silent until someone else made the choice for him. Now though Ranboo looked pretty distressed, still watching Enderchest.

"You're allowed to pet her mate, she's your cat."

Even though Phil said it softly Ranboo's head still snapped up at him as if he yelled it. The teen looked terrified, almost as if he expected Phil to get mad at them for even wanting to pet Enderchest.

"It's okay Boo, you're allowed to want to pet her."

Ranboo kept glancing between Philza and Enderchest, hesitant to believe the blonde's words. That wasn't an order but it was permission, so that made it okay, right? But what if it wasn't? What if Philza ripped Enderchest away the second Ranboo reached over to pet her? What if this was a trick and Philza didn't let them pet his cat ever again?

He said it was okay though, so that had to mean it was okay. The teen bit the inside of their cheek again, not hard enough to bleed this time but enough to feel the grounding pressure. Their want was outweighing the need to remain still, she was just so close and he missed her so much.

The teen watched Philza as they slowly lifted their arm, he let it hover between themselves and Enderchest. Philza hadn't moved yet, still holding Enderchest close enough for Ranboo to touch her. The blonde was smiling at them, it wasn't a smile of amusement or one that held any malice.

Ranboo was hesitant, they didn't want to get close enough just to have Philza grab him or anything, but Enderchest was right there. She was trying to sniff their hand, leaning closer to the teen and farther from Philza. One second his gaze is on Philza and the next there is the feeling of soft fur pushing against their hand.

The teen flinched slightly, gaze snapping down to Enderchest as she pushed her head against their hand. The touch wasn't electrifying like usual, instead, it was soft and tingled a bit. Ranboo ran their hand over her head softly, a soft purr starting up. Oh, how they missed that sound.

Phil watched them closely, giving encouraging smiles the whole time. Ranboo was extremely hesitant, gaze almost constantly on the blonde as if they expected him to hurt them at any second. It was heartbreaking but Phil couldn't be upset at Ranboo. His kid was like a cracked window, the gentlest of breezes threatening to shatter it into a million pieces.

Once Ranboo was actually able to pet the cat he seemed entirely focused on her, gently stroking the top of her head while she shoved her whole face into their touch. The teen was entranced with her, moving a step closer to Phil and Enderchest. The blonde stayed quiet, not daring to break whatever calm Ranboo was currently feeling.

Philza let them pet Enderchest for a bit, not saying a word. They would occasionally glance at him though, unsure how long they were allowed to pet Enderchest. The blonde merely smiled at them, not giving a time limit. It was weird, Ranboo wasn't going to complain about it though. No, he'd pet Enderchest as long as they could.

The calm shattered the second Technoblade returned, the teen's head snapping up at the sound of his shoes hitting the tiled kitchen floor, hand stilling on top of Enderchest's head. The pinkette looked over them before smiling softly.

"I see Enderchest has decided to grace us with her presence."

Philza snickered at that, the teen's gaze flickered between the two. Were they still allowed to continue petting Enderchest? Philza hasn't moved away and hasn't said that they had to stop. Ranboo dared to move again, stroking down the silky fur, no one yelled or stopped him.

"I know you said you spoiled her but I didn't think by this much."

Technoblade muttered with a fond sigh, crossing his arms while leaning against the kitchen doorframe. His body language told Ranboo he was relaxed, and his expression showed that he was happy and content.

"She's such a picky eater yet she's also a glutton. You know she stole a piece of jerky right out of my hand the other day, had to chase her around for at least an hour while Phil just

laughed at me. Can you believe it? My own platonic partner refusing to help me get my stolen jerky back."

Techno was rambling again. The two had realized Ranboo responded the best when they would joke around like normal, always seeming to relax just a bit more than before. So the pinkette was acting as if Ranboo had just come over for a regular visit, it was easy enough to do since he had always used playful banter to hide his emotions. Phil was throwing in his own accounts of what happened, adding extra parts that Techno had left out.

The two had been going back and forth for about two minutes before Techno noticed the teen wasn't watching them anymore, instead, they had their head down and they were shaking. Shit, what did they do?

"Ran? Hey, it's okay, we can stop."

Phil froze before turning his head back to the teen, a worried frown replacing his previous smile. Did they end up upsetting Ranboo with their retelling of Enderchest the jerky thief?

Before either of the two could say anything else they heard a sound. It was small, breathy, and so quiet they almost missed it. Techno and Phil stared at the teen in shock, their once concerned frowns shifting into wide grins. There was no denying it, Ranboo had let out a quiet snicker. His shoulders weren't shaking out of fear but instead with concealed laughter.

It had been almost a week since they got Ranboo back, over fifty days now since they'd heard the teen laugh. It was like music to their ears, a sound that had been missing from their house. A noise they were so happy to have back.

The two continue to tell everything that they found even somewhat amusing in hopes of hearing that sound again. They hadn't gotten Ranboo to repeat the sound though, but they did seem less tense which Techno would count as a win.

They reintroduced Steve to Ranboo, Techno holding the dog in an almost bear-hug so he wouldn't tackle the kid. It was a lot more subdued than their first meeting, or any of the previous greetings. The teen still eventually pets the white dog but it was hesitant, they watched the pinkette closely as if he'd strike out at them the second their guard was down. He needed a lot of encouragement before they actually touched Steve, eyes flicking up at Techno multiple times before returning to the white behemoth of a dog in the pinkette's hold.

Once Ranboo did make contact with him Steve proceeded to lick the teen's hand, causing them to flinch and step back a bit before reaching out once more. This time when Steve licked them they didn't move, instead letting the dog do as he pleased. Steve eventually had enough with the licking and started shoving his muzzle against Ranboo's hand, attempting to get the teen to pet him.

Techno watched as the teen ran their hand through Steve's fluffy white coat, he couldn't help the small smile that pushed past his lips. Ranboo seemed a lot calmer around Steve and Enderchest, if need be he'd bring Carl into the house again. Phil would be so upset about that but if it helped their kid he could suck it up, plus Carl is a very polite donkey and has only caused minor property damage.

Eventually, Technoblade released Steve, deeming him calm enough to not accidentally knock Ranboo over. The teen was still confused, disoriented even. They still didn't know how to feel about his two former friends, they acted like they cared. But did they? He wanted to believe it, they desperately wanted to fall back into their old friendship. Joke around with the two. Pretend nothing happened. But those words kept coming back. Every single thing Quackity said would come back and remind him of what happened. Remind them of every single thing that made him worthless.

Ranboo was still wary around the two, he wasn't sure what to expect. Would they get tired of them again? Technoblade and Philza kept saying that Quackity lied to him, that they were never abandoned. But it was hard. It was so hard to believe that. What if they were lying? What if this was some elaborate trick? Or a dream? He'll wake up and they'll be back in that small cement room with Quackity again.

They could always leave.

Ranboo knew he couldn't outrun either of the men, but the door was unlocked and they could attempt it. But did they want to leave? No, no he didn't.

Maybe he could try. Try and believe Technoblade and Philza again. Be friends again. It would be a risk, a huge and dangerous risk. The teen was scared, no terrified, of the possible rejection. He'd try though, they'd try and pray that it would be enough.

He was pulled from their thoughts by a wet nose bumping against their cheek, the sudden sensation making them jump. Steve was watching them, pushing his head against Ranboo's to gain their attention. Enderchest was curled up next to them, purring softly as she slept. They weren't completely sure when he sat down on the couch again, Technoblade was nowhere in sight and they could hear Philza in the kitchen.

They ran their hand through Steve's white fur, it was softer than he remembered. No one was in the room currently, so they could relax a little. The teen sighed as they leaned against Steve, burying themselves against the soft fur. This was going to be hard.

Ranboo alternated between petting Steve and Enderchest, not wanting the other to get jealous. He'd pet them both at the same time but before they left the hospital Ponk had made it very clear that they needed to keep their arm in a sling for at least a week, Ranboo wasn't going to disobey that.

Eventually, Philza and Technoblade brought them to his old room, telling him that if they needed anything to wake either of the two up. Yeah no, they wouldn't be doing that. And then they were left in the dim room, the door only partially shut. The teen wasn't sure if that was done unintentionally or intentionally, maybe in an attempt to make them feel less trapped?

They turned away from the door, now came the hard part. Do they sleep in the bed or the corner like usual? Philza and Technoblade probably wanted him to sleep in the bed, they actively encouraged it at the hospital. But staying in the corner was the safer bet. Maybe they'd try the bed first and if they couldn't sleep he'd go to the corner?

This ceiling didn't have any cracks in it, it was fairly boring to stare at. They had been laying in silence for a while now, if Ranboo had to guess they would say at least two hours. Enderchest jumped up on the bed and onto his chest almost as soon as they laid down, they absent-mindedly stroked her fur while waiting for sleep to take them. But it never did.

It was getting lighter now, and Ranboo hasn't slept at all. He never made it off the bed, refusing to disturb Enderchest as she slept on top of them. They weren't uncomfortable, well not any more than usual, so remaining still wasn't too difficult. Steve had even poked his nose in during the night as if he was checking on them. It was kind of funny, but also really cute.

Eventually, they heard noise from the kitchen, Philza was probably up then. Enderchest had left him as soon as the noise started, screaming for food. The teen sat up, swinging their legs off the bed on setting his feet on the floor. The door was still partially open. Were they allowed to leave the room? Neither Technoblade nor Philza told him that they couldn't leave, but they also didn't say that he could. Sure they said if he needed something to go wake them and that involved leaving the room, but it's no longer night and technically Ranboo doesn't need anything. So they still didn't know if he was allowed to leave the room.

They took a deep breath. Okay, he had two options here. Stay and wait until either Technoblade or Philza told them that he could leave, or take a huge leap of faith and leave the room without permission. One sounded a lot better to the teen but was that what Philza and Technoblade wanted him to do?

Ranboo groaned as they ran a hand through their hair, fingers snagging on small knots. The pulling sensation was extremely unpleasant, giving a harsh reminder of every time Quackity gripped their hair. Quackity would be furious if Ranboo tried to leave, this would be a huge test and the teen would fail it if he even thought about leaving. But Quackity wasn't here. Philza and Technoblade haven't hurt them yet, and the teen knows not to get his hopes up, but maybe that meant they could leave the room without any consequences.

Ranboo stared at the door before pushing himself up, if they were going to do this they needed to do this now before he backed out of it. The teen got to the door, hand hovering over the handle before they froze. He was so close, they just needed to pull the door open and walk past the door frame; it shouldn't be this hard.

They could feel their heartbeat beating, the feeling amplified in their arm. It was now or never, they needed to either leave or go sit in the corner and wait. He grabbed the handle, forcing himself to go through the motions. If they pretended he was ordered to leave the room, then maybe they could actually do it.

The door was pulled open, the teen hesitating at the edge that connected the carpet of the room and the wooden flooring of the hall. They kept their breaths even, he shouldn't be this distraught over leaving a room. He took a step, feeling the cool wooden floor under their foot. Okay one down, and now the other.

Ranboo glanced down the hall, no one was there. They had to repeat to himself that no one was going to yell at them, that what he was doing was okay. A voice, that sounded a bit too much like Quackity, kept trying to argue with them. They stood there for almost a minute before gathering up enough courage to fully step through the doorframe. Ranboo stared down

the hallway, almost expecting Philza or Technoblade to rush down and tell them to return to his room. But no one came.

There were still noises coming from the kitchen, and if they tried he could hear light snoring behind another door. They were okay. But now what did they do? He left the room, but now they had no idea what to do. Would Philza want him to go to the kitchen? Or the living room? Or maybe just stay in the hall?

The teen let out a huff of air, why can't they just tell him what to do? That would make everything so much easier.

Chapter End Notes

Summary;;

Ranboo has been in the hospital for a week. On the second day Ponk tells Phil and Techno about all of the injuries Ranboo has sustained, she also insists that they get Ranboo into counseling soon; he recommends a colleague of theirs named Cara Puffy. Eventually, Phil and Techno get to take Ranboo back home and it goes well until Techno leaves to let Steve out, not wanting the dog to accidentally tackle Ranboo in excitement. Phil gets Ranboo inside, Enderchest runs into the room startling Ranboo. The cat runs right to him, ignoring Phil, demanding attention. Phil grabs Enderchest, holding her against his chest while apologizing to Ranboo. The teen stares at Enderchest, wanting to pet her but holding back. Phil figures out what Ranboo wants and tells them that they are allowed to pet Enderchest, encouraging him that it was okay. After hesitating Ranboo eventually gets to pet Enderchest, marveling at the fact that her touch doesn't hurt as everyone else's does. Ranboo isn't sure how long he is allowed to pet Enderchest, occasionally looking at Phil to judge if they should stop. Techno returns and Ranboo freezes, the pinkette smiles at them before talking. He retells a story of how Enderchest stole his jerky, Phil adding in parts as well, they both stop at the sight of Ranboo. The teen is shaking and they fear that they've upset the teen, apologizing immediately. Ranboo lets out a quiet snicker and the two light up, starting up their rambling once more in hopes of getting another laugh from their kid. Techno brings Steve back in and the re-introduction goes similarly as it had with Enderchest. Ranboo starts questioning if Techno and Phil actually care about them, and how they said Quackity lied to him. They entertain the thought of leaving, they end up realizing they don't really want to leave though. He decides to try and believe Techno and Phil, try and be friends again even though it's a dangerous risk. Phil and Techno to their old room, saying that if he needed anything to go wake the two up. Ranboo doesn't sleep that night instead, they stare at the ceiling and let their mind wander. They hear noise in the kitchen once it's morning, figuring it's Phil, they debate leaving the room. Phil and Techno never told them if he could leave the room or not, so after a lot of debate Ranboo manages to leave the room. Once out though they are unsure what to do, not planning this far. The chapter ends with Ranboo questioning why Phil and Techno won't just tell him what to do, and how if they did it would make everything so much easier.

Progress?

Chapter Summary

A few bumps in the road~

Chapter Notes

TW's;;

Aftermath of Kidnapping

Aftermath of Torture

Conditioning

Cursing (Minor)

Panic Attack (Moderate)

Aftermath of Manipulation

Disassociation (Minor)

Issues with Eating (Minor)

Implied Abuse

Mentions of Starvation

Mentions of Blood (Minor)

Mentions of Wounds/Injuries (Minor)

Mentions of Unintentional/Accidental Self-Harm

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ranboo stood in that hall for at least ten minutes before even attempting to head towards the kitchen. They clutched the fabric of his shirt, something to keep them focused instead of getting stuck in his head again. If Philza looked even the slightest bit angry they would sprint back into the room, he didn't want to stick around if the blonde was upset with them.

The teen paused in the living room, having to cross it to reach the kitchen doorway. He glanced to the couch, seeing Steve curled up on the cushions fast asleep. They could still hear Philza in the kitchen, he was cooking something judging by the sizzling sound. Ranboo took a second to breathe, swallowing their fears and taking a step towards the kitchen doorway.

They were able to see the blonde, he had his back turned to Ranboo. That was a good thing, this gave them enough time to figure out Philza's mood. He didn't look upset, he seemed relaxed and content, he was even humming softly as he flipped whatever was in the pan. Enderchest was circling him, wedging herself between Philza and the oven door. She wasn't screaming so that must have meant she was fed, otherwise, the kitchen would be a lot louder.

"Oh! Hey mate."

Ranboo jumped, taking a step back in case they needed to run. Philza had turned slightly to address them, a concerned smile on his face.

"You're okay Ranboo."

That was a phrase the two repeated almost constantly, the teen wasn't quite sure why though. Ranboo wanted to believe them, believe that they were okay, but he didn't feel okay at all.

"I hope you slept well." The blonde started, turning to flip whatever he was cooking. "I hope pancakes are alright for breakfast, we need to use up the eggs before they go bad."

Ranboo just watched the man's back as he cooked, what were they supposed to do now. Philza didn't tell him to do anything, and he hadn't asked them any questions. The blonde seemed to catch their hesitation, glancing back before offering another smile.

"You're allowed to come into the kitchen or any room in the house."

The two were constantly watching what they say, it was just enough for the teen to feel somewhat okay with doing things. They'd even reword questions so that he could answer them. It was nice, but Ranboo couldn't help but think that this was still some big trap.

They took a step into the kitchen, pausing halfway through the doorframe. Philza didn't move or say anything to them instead, he just continued to smile at them. Okay, so far so good. The teen crossed fully into the kitchen now, freezing for a moment, waiting for the potential punishment. But it didn't come.

Philza just turned back to his pan, Enderchest soon losing interest in the man and instead walking over and demanding attention from Ranboo. She was pushing against his legs while meowing up at them, they wanted to pick her up so badly. He didn't of course, one reason being that they only had one functional arm, and the second being they were unsure if yesterday's permission was still valid today.

Phil glanced back once more, seeing his child just watching Enderchest as she circled them. He needed to figure out how to convince Ranboo that they were allowed to do things without being told to, but that was easier said than done.

"Boo, you can pet her. You're always allowed to pet her, Steve, Carl, and Twitch whenever you want."

Maybe that would work?

The blonde watched as the teen's eyes flicked between himself and the feline, they were hesitating again. Ranboo watched Phil for any sign of aggression, the blonde made sure to keep his body language calm and relaxed.

After a few seconds, Ranboo seemed to come to a decision, eyes still watching Phil as they crouched down slowly. He gave them another encouraging smile, he hoped it was working.

The teen wasn't sure if Philza had truly meant that, why would they always have permission? Surely he'd take it away eventually, be it for no reason or when Ranboo does something wrong. They still didn't trust Philza to not take away any of Ranboo's freedom, Quackity liked to remove any choice the teen could possibly make.

But Philza wasn't anything like Quackity. That was obvious, the blonde was a lot nicer than the dark-haired brunette. Ranboo hated how his brain compared the two to Quackity almost constantly, expecting them to act just like Quackity when it came to anything.

Philza had permitted them though, and Ranboo didn't want it to go to waste. So while still watching the blonde he crouched, gently running his hand across Enderchest's back. Philza hadn't moved or even yelled at them to stop, so he didn't.

Ranboo continued to give Enderchest as much attention as they could, at some point Philza turned back to his pancakes. The teen felt a lot more comfortable now that Philza wasn't watching them. The whole time they were in that hospital neither Technoblade nor Philza took their eyes off of him, the teen was terrified of doing anything that could be deemed wrong or incorrect.

At some point, Philza moved, and Ranboo froze. Were they supposed to stop now? Told to go back to the room? Yelled at? The blonde didn't do any of that though, instead, he placed a plate stacked with pancakes on the kitchen table.

He took a seat before looking over at Ranboo, still wearing that smile. Philza tried multiple times to get the teen to sit down with them, rewording his question three times before sighing. Ranboo knew what he wanted, it was now more or less were they willing to risk taking a seat without being told to? Or did he wait for the command?

Phil was struggling, he had first gone to tell Ranboo to take a seat but stopped himself. If he said it like that he would be telling Ranboo what to do, which he actively tried not to do. He tried to reword it, but every time it never came out right. 'Can you take a seat?' wasn't going to work, neither was 'feel free to sit down', or 'could you take a seat'.

The blonde sighed, running a hand through his hair. How could he get Ranboo to sit down without telling them to? While Phil debated with himself, he hadn't noticed how Ranboo inched closer until they were standing right by one of the empty chairs.

Phil glanced up to see the teen hovering by the chair, not taking a seat just yet. He could work with that.

"You are allowed to sit down, or remain standing if you want."

Ranboo seemed to accept this, taking a hesitant seat. They looked uncomfortable, gaze locked on the wooden table in front of him. Phil was hoping he could get his kid relaxed a bit, just enough to not feel the need to wait for permission on at least one thing.

"Boo, you're allowed to do what you want. I can see that you're struggling, and that's okay we aren't upset or anything by it, but we need you to know that you don't need to follow any of those old rules. No one here will hurt you for any reason."

The teen glanced up at Philza as he spoke, focused fully on his words. His words were soft, they were comforting, they sounded too good to be true. Ranboo wasn't sure if he could do what Philza was asking for, they weren't even sure if they wanted to. Obeying was just so much easier now, having to make choices almost felt like too much.

He could try to follow what Philza was asking, they knew they'd fail but maybe that was okay now? Everything was just too confusing for the teen, how was he supposed to behave around them? Neither of them told Ranboo what they wanted from him. Why couldn't they just say what they want?

Philza attempted to get them to eat, but at Ranboo's reluctance, he faltered. The teen wasn't going to touch any food unless one of them told him to, they weren't willing to mess up with this. Quackity was always keeping food from them, and when Ranboo actually got some the man would take it away if they tried to eat it without permission. So no, Ranboo wasn't going to test this one.

Phil had been trying to get Ranboo to eat anything for the last fifteen minutes, all they did was stare at the pancake on their plate before looking at him. The blonde had no idea how to convince Ranboo that it was okay to eat, the teen wasn't responding to the regular ways they used.

He was cut off by the sound of the front door opening. He wasn't too worried though as Steve wasn't barking, which meant whoever entered wasn't a threat. Phil was pretty confident that it was the rest of the Syndicate. But before the blonde could tell Ranboo not to worry there was a loud skidding noise and then a bang.

Phil's gaze was soon locked onto Ranboo, the teen had scrambled back, knocking the chair over in their haste to stand. The teen's eyes were blown wide and his breathing was a lot faster than earlier, they kept their gaze on the doorway. Phil could tell just by looking at them that he was about to either run or pass out, neither of these options were ideal.

He could hear Tommy and Wilbur bickering with each other, Tubbo had called out a greeting as well. Ranboo clenched their fist hard enough to reopen the cut on their hand, the once white bandage soon turning red. Phil tried to move slowly, not wanting to startle his kid any more than they already were.

Ranboo's gaze snapped to him anyway, watching the blonde and waiting for his next move. They weren't sure how long they watched Philza, he kept his eyes on the blonde for a while though. Movement appeared in their peripherals, his head snapping to face whatever threat was there.

The first to appear in the doorway was Tommy, and his sight instantly found the frozen teen. Ranboo saw the blonde say something and could see his lips moving, but he didn't hear any of it. All they knew was that it was loud. Loud noises were never a good sign, especially if it was a person speaking loudly. Quackity was only loud when he was angry, and it never ended well for Ranboo.

The teen took a step back. They could run, find a place to hide and hope he wouldn't be found. The only thing keeping him still right now was the fear coursing through their veins.

Could they get past Tommy and the others?

Tommy was still saying something, Tubbo and Wilbur also appeared behind him. They each wore an expression of concern on their faces, Ranboo didn't know what to think about that right now. The three were slowly making their way into the kitchen, in a few seconds, the doorway would be open enough for Ranboo to slip by, as long as no one grabbed them he could escape. Philza was saying stuff to the other three, it just sounded like more noise to the teen though.

The second the three were no longer in front of the door Ranboo bolted, heading straight for their old room. He didn't care about the voices calling out to them, later they'd probably regret that but right now they were only focused on running.

They only slipped once or twice, having to use their free hand to push himself back up again. In a matter of seconds, Ranboo was successfully able to enter the room, eyes scanning for the best hiding place. Under the bed would take too much time, and they wouldn't be able to escape easily if caught. The closet was the best bet, he could bury himself behind the clothes and become completely hidden.

As soon as Tommy spotted Ranboo is when everything went wrong. The blonde was just naturally loud, and his usual boisterous greeting had the opposite effect. Ranboo ended up backing away from them, gaze flickering between them all.

"Hey, Ranboo."

He'd try again, softening his voice this time. Maybe being over-eager to see one of his best friends wasn't the correct move. Tommy glanced over and saw Phil trying to get Ranboo's attention.

"-sy Ranboo, you're okay. You're safe I promise."

The teen didn't even seem to acknowledge the man though. Soon Wilbur and Tubbo were behind him, each wearing a face reeking of worry.

"Move slowly, don't make any loud noises."

Phil was now addressing them, his tone left no room for arguments. The three slowly made their way into the kitchen, freezing whenever Ranboo moved back or flinched. Shit, this wasn't how any of their surprise visit was supposed to go.

Once they had cleared the doorway Ranboo sprinted past them, how the fuck did he run so fast?! The four of them were in shock before Tubbo and himself were calling out for the other teen. Ranboo never stopped running though. The teen had even slipped on the hardwood flooring in the hall, slamming down on their knees before pushing himself right back up. That had to have hurt, the noise was loud and Tommy was positive that Ranboo would have large bruises on their knees soon.

Shit, shit, shit, shit, shit.

Phil had to physically stop himself from running after the teen, gripping onto the back of his chair so hard that his knuckles turned white. Chasing after Ranboo would just terrify them more, it would make matters worse. Now, what was he going to do? He had just gotten Ranboo somewhat comfortable sitting near him, now he wasn't sure if the teen would even be willing to leave their room.

Techno had been enjoying his peaceful slumber, that is until a loud slamming noise sounded outside his door. The pinkette was awoken rather quickly, jumping out of bed. He rushed to the door, yanking it open to see a blur disappear into Ranboo's room. Before he could question it too heavily he glanced down, seeing a small smear of red on the floor. That was blood.

Now Technoblade has seen his fair share of blood, hell it's his job to cause others to bleed. But usually, his house was blood-free, at least he tried to keep it that way.

The pink-haired man glanced up and down the hall, seeing three terrified faces and one panicking one staring back at him. What the hell just happened? Techno made his way over to the four, a frown evident on his face.

"What the hell just happened?"

His voice was lower than usual, still rough from sleep. Wilbur, Tommy, and Tubbo each started explaining the prior events. Techno couldn't make out any of their words since they were talking over each other. He held up a hand which shut them up quickly, the pinkette then glanced at Phil.

"These three decided to show up unannounced. I had Ranboo sitting at the table trying to get them to eat something when the door opened. He ended up getting spooked, it got even worse when Tommy walked through the doorway. Once all three of them were in the kitchen Ranboo bolted, heading straight for their room."

So the slamming noise and blur were Ranboo, so that meant the blood smear was also from him. Shit, Ranboo was bleeding. Were they bleeding before or after hitting the floor?

Techno pushed past them, heading for the hall bathroom. Tommy and Tubbo were following after him, both of their eyes lingered on Ranboo's partially open door before they continued following after the pinkette. Techno ignored them, he was rummaging around in the cabinet under the sink.

Once he found what he was looking for he stood up, a small first-aid kit in his hand. Tommy and Tubbo stumbled back to get out of Techno's way, they still followed after him as he walked back to Ranboo's door. The pinkette turned to them with a light glare.

"Stay out here, and stay quiet."

The two nodded their heads quickly, neither wanting to argue with their boss. Technoblade nodded back before knocking on the doorframe, it was a quiet knock but it almost echoed through the now silent house.

"Ran, I'm coming in."

The pinkette walked into the room slowly, noticing that it was empty. He tried not to panic, last time Ranboo was missing they were just hiding. Now Techno just had to find him. It wouldn't be too hard, there were only two places the teen could shove themselves; since they were so tall it helped lower potential hiding places. So Ranboo was either under the bed or in the closet.

He closed the door, not letting it fully close though, he didn't want Ranboo feeling trapped. Judging by the blood smear on the closet door Techno could assume that is where his kid was hiding. He made his way to the closet door, moving to the left of it, and sitting down on the floor against the wall.

"Hey, kid. I'm not gonna make you come out of there or anything, but you're hurt, and when you're ready I'd like to help fix that."

He had to be patient, he needed to wait for Ranboo to come out of hiding first before he could do anything. Techno wasn't going to invade their privacy, he might have done that at the hospital but he didn't know then, now though he knew to take things slow or risk Ranboo closing themselves up even more.

The pinkette started rambling again, hoping any semblance of normal would help them calm down. He'd sit here until Ranboo was ready. He could wait, he would wait for years for his kid.

Chapter End Notes

I don't think this chapter needs a summary but if someone needs one or requests one I will gladly add one!!

Also please tell your theories or ideas! I love reading them!!

Family

Chapter Summary

We are family
I got all my sisters with me
We are family
Get up everybody and sing

Chapter Notes

TW's;;

Aftermath of Kidnapping
Aftermath of Torture
Conditioning
Mentions of Injury/Wounds
Yelling/Arguing
Gaslighting
Dehumanization
Manipulation
Panic Attack (Moderate)
Mentions of Death/Murder

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"What were you thinking?!"

The brunette sighed before looking back at Phil, a frown on his lips. He thought their presence here would be a good thing for Ranboo, but they ended up getting the complete opposite effect. The teen ran from them the second he could, which hurt not just Wilbur but also Tommy and Tubbo.

"Look, we just thought-"

"No Wilbur, you didn't think. Technoblade and I told you, multiple times, that we would tell you guys after we got Ranboo settled in. It's been one day Wil, one day!"

"Can you blame us for showing up?! We missed them too you know! You didn't let us in the hospital, you don't tell us how he's doing, and now you don't want us coming over!"

Wilbur was upset, he was angry, he was worried, he was a lot of things right now. The only updates they got from the two had little to no information on how Ranboo was. And now he's getting yelled at for wanting to check up on his friend, his younger sibling!

Philza groaned while pinching the bridge of his nose, he didn't want to argue with Wilbur.

"Look, a lot was going on. We didn't want to worry you guys, so we didn't tell you everything. I know we shouldn't have kept it from you, but it's a whole lot worse than any of us were expecting."

The blonde sighed before gesturing for Wilbur to take a seat at the table. The brunette picked up Ranboo's discarded chair, taking a seat across from Phil.

"Where's Niki? I'd rather only have to explain this once."

"She was parking the car, she should be coming in soon."

Just as Wilbur finished speaking in walked the pinkette, she stopped at the sight of the two men at the table. Niki could tell something was wrong immediately, call it woman's intuition.

"Hello Niki, please take a seat."

Niki nodded slowly before walking over, she couldn't help but feel like a child about to be scolded. Phil was probably upset they showed up without telling him, but there seemed to be more to it than that. As the pinkette sat the two teens walked in, each taking a seat when they saw the others.

"Okay, what I'm going to tell you is a lot to take in, so be prepared." Phil started, hands steepled in front of him while his elbows rested on the wooden tabletop. "Ranboo is hurt, so much more than we originally thought. Almost every inch of their body is covered in some type of injury, scrape, or bruise. And we barely know how well he's doing mentally, but we can assume it's just as bad as they are physically."

The four remained quiet, each watching Phil with eyes full of concern.

"Why did they run?" The blonde's gaze flicked to Tubbo, the brunette had his hands clenched on the sides of his chair. "I mean like, wouldn't he be happy to see us?"

"It's not that Tubbo, it's a lot more complicated than that. They acted the same way around us at first, though we didn't experience the running part. Quackity did a lot of fucked up things to them, making him believe a bunch of lies. He told Ranboo that we abandoned him there-

"What!? We would never!"

"We know that Tommy, but to Ranboo they believe we did abandon them. Ranboo is convinced we hate him. They're terrified of us, the kid starts shaking the second you're in reaching distance. Not to mention those stupid rules."

Phil ran his hand through his hair, muttering curses below his breath.

"What rules?"

Wilbur was the one to ask, leaning forward as far as he could while still remaining seated. He had both hands clenched into fists, resting on the table.

"Ranboo could only remember three of them, but he said there were more at one point. One was to call Quackity Sir, the narcissistic prick. Another was not to speak unless spoken to, they've barely said twenty words since we got him back. The last one... the last one is probably the worst, he isn't allowed to do anything, and I mean anything, without being told they can."

Phil paused there, letting his words sink into the four around him. Tommy had his jaw clenched, fists white-knuckled on the table. Wilbur looked like he was planning a million different ways to kill a duck, which he probably was. Tubbo looked shocked, mouth opening just to close again without making a sound. Niki wasn't looking at Phil, instead, she was staring at her hands in her lap.

"What else?"

Niki's voice was quiet but they could all hear the contained fury behind it. She may have looked somewhat calm but she was probably the angriest one at that table. The blonde sighed before continuing, eyes staring at the wood grain of the table.

"You can't tell Ranboo to do anything, everything needs to be worded just right or else he won't respond or they'll jump to do whatever you said. Sudden movements have them on edge, and loud noises as well. Questions usually don't work, Ranboo will answer them sometimes but any that have to do with choosing, and all you'll get is silence. I'm pretty sure they're scared of us, I don't know the reason but I can guess he's assuming we will act like Quackity."

"But we wouldn't!"

Tommy was fuming, Ranboo was all kinds of fucked up and it was all that bitch Quackity's fault! The blonde wanted to punch something, but he wouldn't since he knew it wouldn't help anything.

"I've tried to explain that to Ranboo, but they don't believe me or Tech. No matter what we say Ranboo is still wary around us, he still believes what Quackity told them. All we can do is continue telling them and waiting, we can't rush them or we risk making this worse."

The five of them remained silent, each going over the information that was given to them.



Ranboo had shoved himself as far back in the closet as he could, burying himself under a few fallen clothes. They could hear the moment Technoblade entered, finding them almost

immediately. The pink-haired man didn't open the closet door though, instead he could be heard taking a seat next to the door. The teen wasn't sure what to expect next, Technoblade could easily still open the door and drag Ranboo out. But would he?

Quackity would have by now, but Technoblade wasn't Quackity. Technoblade hasn't hurt them. Not once. He never hurt them before either. Ugh, this was too confusing! The Technoblade they knew wasn't the same Technoblade Quackity had described. Technoblade was the kind of person who you could joke around with, a man with a hidden sweet tooth, someone Ranboo looks up to, he was their friend. Quackity's Technoblade was terrifying, bloodthirsty, someone who only cares about himself, someone who left Ranboo. Which one was the real Technoblade then?

Philza kept saying that Quackity lied, that they had never abandoned him, that they were constantly looking. Quackity's Philza was just as bad as his version of Technoblade, someone who would leave you if it benefited him, someone who would kill just because he could. But that wasn't the Philza they knew. The Philza that Ranboo remembers was horrible at crossword puzzles, knew over a hundred different teas, and was constantly worried about them, he was their friend.

The teen didn't want to believe Quackity's words, he wanted to believe that their former friends were still the kind of people they remembered.

Ranboo wasn't sure how long they were lost in their mind, but when they tuned back into reality again they could hear Technoblade's voice through the door.

"-nd Wilbur wouldn't shut up, he just kept talking throughout the whole thing. At least five people asked for their money back after the movie finished, pretty sure the ticket person glared at us when we were leaving as well. Thankfully we didn't miss much, turns out the movie sucked anyway. I'm still never taking him to another movie, his next birthday we'll go bowling or something."

Technoblade's voice was calming, his steady tone remained even through his whole spiel. Ranboo could figure out some of what they missed, something about seeing a movie for Wilbur's birthday?

"Oh, and there was this one time Tommy and Tubbo somehow convinced us all to play laser tag. Niki, Tubbo, and I were on one team while Phil, Wilbur, and Tommy were on the other. It was a whole out war out there, pro-tip never get on Niki's bad side, she targeted Wilbur that night because he stole her drink earlier. Let's just say that Wil lost by at least a hundred points, letting our team snag the winning title. Wilbur gets all upset if you bring it up, Tubbo will just rub it in while teasing Tommy about it as well."

Ranboo wasn't exactly sure why Technoblade was rambling outside the closet door, the two of them started telling stories at some point while he was still in the hospital. It was... nice.

"I know Tommy and Tubbo were saying something about going to the aquarium, said you've never been to one so they wanted to take you there. Tommy wants to plan the whole thing, even had Tubbo write up a schedule so that they could show you everything. Did you know you can feed the penguins? It's crazy, you'd love them. They're super tiny and fluffy, Niki

loves them and always has us stop there so she can feed them. Phil's favorite area is the one where you can pet stingrays. It's supposed to be for kids but Phil doesn't care anyway, if we bring Tommy and Tubbo over then we aren't technically breaking any rules and the staff can't kick us out."

Technoblade kept talking about them, all of them, doing things together. He spoke like they were still friends, that they never stopped being friends. Was that a trick? Or did Technoblade still think of him as a friend?

"And I figured I could sneak some green hair dye in Phil's shampoo, figured he should join us in the cool hair club. I was thinking like forest green, I don't think neon green is his color ya know? Or maybe we could dye it red? Or blue, blue would look nice too. It would match his eyes, but then we have to choose between dark blue or more cyan color. Do you think he'd even let us dye it if we asked? Pretty sure he wouldn't but who knows, man's a mystery even to me."

Technoblade was jumping topics faster than Ranboo could keep track of. He must have been getting tired of just talking, they weren't adding anything to his one-sided conversation. Surely he was getting bored and would leave soon.

"Ran, I'm not sure if you're listening but we do care about you. Quackity said some messed up stuff but none of it was true, we would never leave you like that. You're family Ranboo, you're a part of our family, mine, Phil's, Wilbur's, Niki's, even the two gremlins'. We aren't leaving you, we never did and we never will."

Ranboo sat in silent shock, what? Technoblade thought of them as family? Not friends, but family? Why? Why would Techno think of him as family? Why would Phil? Or Wilbur? Or Niki? Even Tommy and Tubbo?

Why?

The teen inched forward, if what Techno said was true then that meant it was okay right? That they wouldn't get yelled at, hit, or just hurt in general right? They'd be safe right?

Right?

Ranboo was now sitting right in front of the door, hand hovering centimeters from the handle. If they opened this door everything changed. If Techno was lying then everything Quackity said must be true. But, if Techno was telling the truth then Ranboo shouldn't be scared of him or the others.

This was a risk.

A huge extremely dangerous risk.

A risk that could destroy him.

But a risk that could also help them.

A risk that the teen was scared to take.

A risk.

Ranboo grasped the handle and opened the door.

Chapter End Notes

((If someone needs a summary please let me know, I will gladly add one))

Sorry to leave you all on this cliffhanger but there will be no chapter tomorrow or the next day. I need to get caught back up so I'm a few chapters ahead, plus I want to work on some chapters for my other fics because I have been neglecting them. <3

The next chapter should be out in 2-3 days. Get excited :)

Ayo I have headshot sketches of the main boys on Twitter and Instagram if you guys wanna see

[Headshot Sketches](#)

Nightmare

Chapter Summary

A hell within my head
With nowhere to go
I'm out on my own
Oh, I'm so scared

-Nightmare by Set it Off

Chapter Notes

TW's;; ((A lot of these are barely mentioned, instead they are implied))

Aftermath of Torture
Aftermath of Kidnaping
Conditioning
Panic Attack (Minor)
Mentions of Death/Murder (Moderate)
Blood (Minor)
Suffocation (Moderate)
Weapons (Knife)
Dehumanization
Gaslighting (Moderate)
Manipulation (Moderate)

((The summary is just going to be about the nightmare since the other parts aren't that bad))

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Technoblade had been talking to a closed door for almost half an hour by now, anything that came to mind he spoke about. He was mainly filling the silence, hoping that any of this was at least somewhat calming for the teen.

At some point, he felt the need to assure Ranboo that none of them disliked him, that they were family. Techno felt that was something that needed to be said out loud instead of just assuming the other knew, and it turned out to be the right call.

Shortly after he said that the door was opening, it was slow and Techno didn't dare move. He didn't want to ruin this, he didn't want to stop whatever was happening. So he watched and waited, he hadn't even realized he was holding his breath as the door creaked open.

Techno could just barely see Ranboo, they had managed to curl themselves up so much that Techno was surprised they weren't in pain. He waited as the teen's gaze flicked between him and the floor, they were gripping the bottom of their shirt tightly.

He didn't dare speak, it was obvious that his kid was debating with themselves. What they were debating Techno couldn't tell you, but he'd wait until they came to a decision. He stayed silent for a few minutes, the teen's gaze settling on him.

"Re-" The teen paused, hand fidgeting with the fabric of his shirt. They glanced away from Techno for a moment before looking at his chin. "Really?"

They swallowed, attempting to ease the tingling and itching feeling in their throat. Here's where it either went horribly wrong or wonderfully right. Either way, Ranboo was terrified of the answer.

Techno stared at Ranboo. Their voice was scratchy and quiet, barely a whisper. They spoke, he finally said something that wasn't coaxed out of them. The pinkette was ecstatic, but he needed to remain calm, or else he might scare Ranboo off.

"Yeah, Boo. I mean every word of it. You're family, you're our family."

He spoke softly, scared that if he was any louder it would have Ranboo hiding again. Techno remained still, watching as Ranboo processed his words. The teen's gaze flicked around as they thought, occasionally coming back to land on Techno.

The pinkette had to force himself to remain stationary as he saw tears start to form at the corner of his kid's eyes, he needed to wait, or else he risked having Ranboo withdraw even more. He didn't want to wait, he wanted to pull his kid into a hug, comfort them, and make them feel loved and safe.

He could offer comfort though, that way Ranboo had the choice to accept it or not. So he spread his arms out painfully slow, Ranboo's eyes moved to him at the motion but they hadn't shied away yet.

"Ranboo, do you need a hug?"

Yes.

Yes, they needed a hug.

He's needed a hug for so long.

The tears started to roll down their cheeks, he nodded once. Ranboo inched closer, getting close enough to fall into Techno's hold. Arms wrapped around him, gentle yet strong and secure. The touch stung, it burned but Ranboo didn't move from the embrace. If Ranboo had to describe the feeling they'd say it was similar to taking a really hot shower, uncomfortable

at first but a lot better once you get used to it. The teen buried his face against Techno's chest, hiccups and half-choked sobs escaping them.

Technoblade held onto his kid, pulling them as close as possible. It was concerning how easily the teen was able to contort themselves, letting him fit comfortably in the pinkette's embrace. Ranboo was trembling as they tried to hold back tears, clutching the back of his shirt desperately.

"It's okay Ranboo, I've got you. You're okay."

Techno whispered into their hair, one hand across their back while the other cupped the back of the teen's head.

"You're safe now. I'm not going to let anyone touch you again. I promise."

Ranboo let out a low keening, sight blurry from tears and having their face pressed against Techno's shirt. He clung to the pinkette, scared to let go.

Neither was sure how long Ranboo cried into Techno's chest, but eventually, the teen's tears slowed. The occasional snuffle or whimper could still be heard, but they were no longer wailing against the older man. Techno was rubbing small circles on their back, soft enough to not aggravate any of the healing injuries. Ranboo didn't move from the pinkette's hold, slumping against him. They were exhausted, from sprinting, hiding, crying, from everything.

Techno was humming softly, his chest vibrating with the noise. Ranboo liked the noise, it wasn't loud and overpowering like a lot of sounds, instead, it was relaxing and soft.

"You can sleep Ran, I've got you. I'll be here when you wake up."

After so long of questioning his motives, of doubting the words he said, Ranboo finally believed that Technoblade wasn't lying. So they allowed their eyes to close, let himself sink into the dark abyss of sleep.

Techno could tell when Ranboo fell asleep; their breathing turned shallow and they relaxed their tense body. The pinkette would keep his promise, he would remain sitting with his back against the wall and a teen held in his embrace. No one would be able to convince him to leave his kid.

The pinkette let his mind wander for a while, thoughts drifting from one topic to another randomly. He only focused back in at the soft knock at the door, already figuring out who it was. Sure enough, Phil soon stuck his head into the room. The blonde looked around confused before spotting them, eyebrows raising as he took in the sight.

Phil hadn't expected this. If anything he expected to see Techno sitting outside the door, Ranboo either hiding or far enough away from the pinkette that he wouldn't be able to reach them. This was unexpected, not unwelcome, but definitely not what Phil thought he would be seeing.

Techno moved his head, gesturing for him to come closer. The blonde moved slowly, unable to tell if Ranboo was awake or asleep since their face was hidden. Phil slid down so he was sitting next to his platonic partner, wanting to ask the man a million questions. Before he could say anything though Techno was talking.

"They came out by themselves, he chose to come out of hiding. Ranboo said something without me having to do anything. Phil, he let me hug them."

Phil listened as the pinkette spoke, his voice hitching near the end. The blonde was shocked, overjoyed even. Ranboo had accepted Techno's comfort, they had done so by their own accord.

"I told them we were family. I think that's what brought them out, what finally convinced them to start believing us."



It was dark, cold, and cramped.

They were back.

They weren't supposed to be back.

Thirty-two. There were thirty-two cracks in the ceiling above them, one was dripping water onto the floor. The floor under them was hard, cold to the touch, Ranboo hated it.

The teen sat up, gaze never landing on one thing for too long. Their cement room, they were back with Quackity. That wasn't right. No Techno and the others came and got him. What happened?

Click.

The teen's head snapped to the door, the sound of the deadbolt echoing off of the concrete walls.

No.

No, no, no, no, no.

This is wrong. They aren't here anymore. He knows this. But the door's opening, and someone's entering their room. The teen could feel himself shaking, their heartbeat felt like it would burst from his ribcage. For right in the doorway was Quackity.

The dark-haired man was smirking at them, one hand on his hip while the other held a knife. A knife that was dripping blood, making a small red puddle on the floor.

Quackity was coming closer, confidence in every step, he never faltered as he made his way over to Ranboo. The teen didn't dare move, he knew they couldn't escape. Even if Quackity left the door open they would never make it past the man.

"Well, well, well. Look who's back."

His voice felt like knives were piercing their skull, each word digging in deeper than the last.

"Did you really think I'd let you leave that easily? Ranboo I'm disappointed, surely you knew better?"

They didn't answer him, knowing he wouldn't want an answer to those questions. No, Quackity didn't want answers. He wanted to show how he was in control again. That he was always in control.

The ravenette man grabbed their chin roughly, pulling the teen up into a somewhat bent position. He smirked at them, their eyes wide and locked onto the bloody knife still in Quackity's hold.

"Curious? Well, I guess I could tell you, make sure you don't think of escaping again."

Ranboo's breathing was getting faster, they were frozen with fear. They could easily figure out what Quackity had done with that knife, who they hurt.

"I had to tie up some loose ends, take out the trash if you will. This time no one will be coming for you, I made sure of that."

The teen couldn't help the whimper they let out, he tensed at Quackity's glare. They knew what was going to happen next.

The ravenette jerked them forward before pushing them back against the wall, hand releasing his chin to instead grab onto the collar around their neck. They instinctively went to pry the hands away from his windpipe, of course, they didn't succeed.

He pulled his hand away with a yelp, a new cut from the sharp blade on their hand. Quackity smirked before tightening his hold on the teen. Ranboo was gasping, their lungs screaming for air that he wasn't able to give.

"You can't get rid of me Ranboo. No one can save you. You'll always be mine, my well-behaved mutt."

Quackity was right up in their face, his tone teasing but holding just enough anger to fuel Ranboo's fear. Black dots were appearing at the edge of his vision, their lungs burning. Quackity was still blocking his airflow, his smirk never falling.

"Your precious little family isn't coming for you now. You should have known better Ranboo, now thanks to you they're dead. It's your fault, you dragged them into this. You got your family killed."

Ranboo could feel themselves being shaken, and a slight tapping against their cheek. But Quackity still had a hand around their throat, and he wasn't shaking them.

Everything around him was fading, darkness taking over and swallowing everything. The last thing Ranboo remembers before the darkness engulfs them is hearing Quackity's laughter echo around him, and then nothing but black.



The pinkette had remained sitting on the floor, Phil had left about twenty minutes ago. He had said he was going to get pizza orders from the others, seeing as they refused to leave and Techno still needed to go grocery shopping. His mind was drifting, thoughts randomly floating by as he stared ahead.

He was jolted from his thoughts, the teen in his hold shaking. They were clutching his shirt, a quiet whine escaping their throat. Tears were forming in the corner of his eyes, their eyebrows furrowed. Techno didn't know what to do, was Ranboo dreaming?

Was he supposed to wake them up or let him continue sleeping? He always woke Phil up from nightmares, but should he do that for Ranboo as well?

He started to adjust his hold on his kid when he froze. Ranboo wasn't breathing. Why wasn't his kid breathing?!

Technoblade felt his blood run cold, his stomach dropping. His first thought was to check their pulse, hand pressed against his neck. He could feel the quick thumping, thank god. But still, his kid wasn't breathing.

He needed to wake them up, to get them inhaling again. Ranboo wasn't gasping so there was nothing cutting off their air supply, so why wasn't he breathing? The pinkette shook the teen, making sure not accidentally jostle any wounds. He even started lightly smacking their cheek, anything to get his kid awake.

After a few seconds, too long if you asked Techno, Ranboo woke up. His eyes flew open, pupils dilated. They were gasping and panting, the pinkette was just glad they were breathing again. The teen's grip on his shirt grew tighter, his kid pushing themselves closer to him.

"Ran, hey. Shh, it's okay. You're okay. It was just a nightmare." Techno placed a hand on the back of their neck, pressing a kiss to the top of their head.

"You're safe."

Summary;;

Ranboo has a nightmare where they 'wake up' back in the cement room that Quackity kept them in. He is confused and scared, trying to tell himself that the others rescued them and that this can't be real. Quackity shows up with a knife, implying he killed the Syndicate members. He then proceeds to choke Ranboo, saying it's their fault that their family is dead. Before Ranboo 'passes out' they hear Quackity laugh, and then everything goes dark.

Parts I want to point out::

- Ranboo changes how they refer to the others in their head after Technoblade says they are family, referring to them all by the nicknames he knows instead of their full names like before.

Safe

Chapter Summary

Not sure if this counts as fluff but,
Come get y'all's crumbs!!!

Chapter Notes

TW's;;

Aftermath of Kidnapping

Aftermath of Torture

Mentions of Suffocation (Minor)

Panic Attack

Blood (Minor)

Wounds/Injuries (Minor)

Amputation (Said as a Joke)

Conditioning

Manipulation

Issues with Eating (Not an Eating Disorder)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Techno didn't know what their nightmare was about but it had the teen scared and distressed. The pinkette was calmer now that Ranboo was no longer in danger, but what caused them to stop breathing? Nothing was keeping air from them, so what then? Did Ranboo's subconscious just decide to hold their breath? Was that possible?

The teen's breathing was soon getting under control, no longer gasping for air. They remained close, almost trying to bury himself into Techno. The pinkette kept his arms around Ranboo, whispering reassurances to them as they calmed down.

Eventually, the teen's trembling stopped their grip on Techno's shirt loosening. Ranboo withdrew from the pinkette slowly, not fully leaving his embrace but enough that they were no longer pressed against his chest. They weren't looking at him, instead, the teen's gaze was focused solely on their lap.

"Feeling a bit better?" Techno questioned softly, watching his kid for any response. He got a single nod, so quick he almost missed it.

The nightmare left Ranboo reeling, be it from shock or fear the teen didn't know. And waking up to Techno still being there was surprising, to be honest, he kind of expected the other to leave immediately. But Techno didn't, and Ranboo wasn't completely sure how to feel about that.

They should be happy about this right? Sure they weren't upset but he wasn't exactly happy? The teen was confused for sure, but there were other emotions he couldn't name floating around as well.

"Think I can take a look at your hand? Noticed it was bleeding while you were sleeping, I just want to check and make sure it's nothing life-threatening."

Ranboo was pulled from their thoughts by the pinkette's voice, glancing to look at him before down at their hand. Huh, guess they were bleeding. The bandages covering their good hand were stained red. Techno wanted to look at it, so they should let him right? That wasn't really a command, but Techno specifically said 'want' so technically Ranboo should listen to that.

The teen held out their hand for the other, watching the whole time as Techno took hold of it. They expected the pinkette's hands would hold their wrist tightly, but instead the touch was almost featherlight. He unwrapped the stained bandages, tilting the teen's hand a bit to get a better look at the wound.

"Congrats kid, we don't have to amputate."

Ranboo knew that was a joke, but it still sent shivers up their spine. Techno didn't say anything else about it though, which they were grateful for. The pink-haired man dug around in the white first aid box, pulling out a tiny spray bottle and another roll of bandages.

"You're not gonna like this, but if we don't disinfect it then it could end up getting a lot worse. It'll just be a quick sting, just like at the hospital okay?"

They knew what disinfectant spray was, he wasn't that clueless. The teen also knew it would sting, but they had no idea why Techno was making such a big deal out of it. When the pinkette finally sprayed their hand he glanced at them, was he looking for a reaction? Ranboo wasn't sure, the stinging wasn't that bad, just a bit uncomfortable.

"Huh, well then."

And then Techno wrapped their hand, the bandages were only slightly tight but left them in full motion in their fingers. The two were silent after that, one not knowing what to say and the other not daring to even try and utter a word. Both their heads snapped up at the gentle knock on the door, one of them a bit more paranoid about who was on the other side.

The door creaked open partially, a blonde head peeking in. Phil's eyes widened when he spotted the two both staring at him, mouth forming a small smile.

"Hey, just wanted to let you know that I sent Wilbur and Tubbo to go pick up the pizza. So the only people here right now are you two, myself, Niki, and Tommy. If you guys are comfortable you can come out and join us, but it's also okay if you'd rather not."

The teen took in Phil's words, unsure what to do about them. He didn't say they had to come out, but knowing Phil it was easy to guess that he wanted them to leave the room. So why was he having Ranboo figure out what he wants instead of just saying it?

"What do you want to do Ran?"

The teen glanced at Techno before looking back to Phil, why does it matter what they want? With what Techno had said earlier about being a family, Ranboo felt a bit more willing to test the waters. Two of the six were gone, and the teen was at least fifty percent confident that Techno and Phil wouldn't hurt them.

They weren't so sure about Niki or Tommy, but Techno said they were family and neither of them ever hurt Ranboo before. Neither have Wilbur or Tubbo. So it should be okay.

Right?

Now do they take the risk of moving without being told to or do they remain there until told to move? So far the risks Ranboo's taken have ended fairly well, so maybe this one would too?

The two watched as the teen thought, neither were sure what Ranboo would choose to do nor if he would even choose at all. So when Ranboo finally moved it had both of them shocked, the tricolored teen inching slowly away from Techno. The pinkette's first thought was that they messed up somehow and now Ranboo was retreating, but when they stood and headed toward Phil he couldn't help but smile.

Phil was surprised, he really didn't expect this. Was this all because Techno said they were a family? The blonde wasn't going to look a gift horse in the mouth though and instead smiled gently at the teen. Ranboo looked anxious, free hand gripping the hem of their sweater.

"Would holding my hand help?"

The blonde offered without really thinking about it, holding up his hand for the teen. They glanced back as Techno stood but turned back to Phil a moment later, staring at his hand in thought. The blonde could wait, there was no need to rush his kid.

Ranboo ever so slowly reached his hand up to Phil's, fingers ghosting over the blonde's palm. They shrank back for a second, Phil didn't dare move, just keeping his smile comforting. The teen's hand slowly returned before they placed it on top of Phil's. The blonde made sure his grip was gentle, so he didn't aggravate the wound on their palm but also in case Ranboo needed to break away.

"You're okay mate, the second you feel uncomfortable you can come right back here, no one will be mad."

They weren't sure if they'd end up doing any of that, it was a nice thought though. Phil led the teen out of the room, Techno taking up the rear. Ranboo was incredibly anxious, their grip on Phil's hand tightening unintentionally. The blonde didn't say anything about it though, only giving him another warm smile.

Once out of the hall and into the living room, the teen could spot the other two. Niki was sitting at the kitchen table, writing on a loose piece of paper. Tommy was sitting on the couch, Enderchest purring in his lap as he stroked her. Both glanced up at three as soon as they were visible, Ranboo flinched and ducked their head.

"We got you that monstrosity of a pizza you like. Tubbo bet me ten bucks I wouldn't eat a slice, so of course, I'm going to eat a slice."

Tommy was a lot quieter than usual, his tone was still just as teasing as usual. Ranboo glanced up a bit, noticing that Tommy looked upset, but it was that fake upset he would use when he didn't want to admit he was having fun. Ranboo should know, they've been given that look many times before.

"Tommy you were the one who bet Tubbo you could eat a slice of Hawaiin pizza, Tubbo just agreed."

Niki spoke softly as well, her tone also playfully teasing. She was smiling, though it wasn't as bright as usual. Tommy stuck his tongue out at her, flipping her off as well. Niki just laughed at him, turning to continue with whatever she was writing.

Ranboo could feel themselves calming down a bit, their grip on Phil's hand loosening. Okay, he could do this. The teen glanced over to the blonde next to them, catching his attention.

"Wanna go sit down at the table?"

If Phil was suggesting the table then that meant he wanted them to sit there right? That made enough sense to Ranboo, so they gave a small nod. The blonde's smile grew bigger before he led them over to the table and Niki, all three of them settling down onto chairs.

Phil didn't release their hand so neither did Ranboo, they didn't want Phil to let go anyway. The teen glanced at Niki and her paper, trying to read some of the words but it was difficult seeing as they were upside down for him.

"I'm planning on adding some more pastries to the menu, but I'm having a hard time narrowing down the list."

The teen flinched, but instead of being told off for being nosy Niki just explained it, a soft smile on her lips. She even turned the page so Ranboo could read it, there were about seven different pastries listed; each with pros and cons underneath them.

"I was thinking of adding a new cake since we don't have many, but I also wanted to add croissants. Maybe I should just add both, but then what type of cake should it be? Jack suggested the coconut cake, and I'm fond of the strawberry shortcake, and Phil isn't any help he just keeps insisting we add more pies to the menu. It's a difficult decision."

The pinkette was rambling, pointing at each pastry name as she spoke about them. Ranboo's eyes followed her hand as it moved, noticing the light blue nail polish she was wearing. That was new, Niki usually stuck with warmer colors for her nails.

Before they could get too lost in their thoughts the front door was opening, the teen's grip on Phil's hand tightening once again. Instead of just walking in, a mop of brown hair appeared through the doorway.

"We got the 'za."

Ranboo remained seated this time, they still felt the need to run but instead of doing that he just repeated to himself that it was okay. That both Techno and Phil said it would be okay. That Niki and Tommy were okay, so Wilbur and Tubbo must also be okay.

The two brunettes entered the house, each holding three large pizza boxes, Wilbur even had a soda bottle in a plastic bag attached to his arm. Both Wilbur and Tubbo spotted them quickly, pausing once inside. Ranboo kept their head down, still keeping the two in his field of view though.

Wilbur was the first to move, making his way over to the kitchen slowly. The tricolored teen tensed up a bit but didn't move from their seat, instead just watching as Tubbo followed after the older brunette. The two placed their boxes on top of the stove, the soda bag going on the counter. None of their movements were quick, and each one was fully visible to Ranboo.

"Hope you guys are hungry, not sure if the fridge will hold all of this."

Wilbur's tone was playful, and he wore a smile. Technoblade had stood and left the table to help dish out the pizza, not having to ask anyone for what they wanted since he already knew their favorites by now.

A plate with a slice of pizza was now sitting in front of him, and Ranboo had no idea what they should do. Everyone else started eating, so did that mean it was okay? They stared at the food for at least a minute, everything was okay so why did it feel like even the thought of touching the pizza slice was a horrible idea?

They could feel eyes on them, were the others expecting him to do something? Was Ranboo doing something wrong? His anxiety was spiking heartbeat accelerating. It stuttered though when they felt a slight squeeze on their hand, glancing down and following the arm up to see Phil. He looked worried, though he kept smiling.

"It's okay. You're okay Boo."

Ranboo would be lying if he said that Phil's words weren't comforting. They glanced back at the pizza sitting innocently on the plate. It's okay. They're okay. No one is going to get mad at him. Phil and Techno both said that.

The teen took a deep breath before releasing Phil's hand, repeating their words to drown out Quackity's rules. It took longer than they'd like to admit but eventually they picked up the pizza, waiting a second just in case, before taking a bite.

Ranboo forgot how much he loved Hawaiian pizza.

Chapter End Notes

I don't think this chapter requires a summary but if one is needed I will gladly write one up!!

Also! We got some fanart!!!

[Art by kailey_plays on Instagram](#)

Thank you very much, I love this piece <3

If anyone wants to draw art for this fic feel free to, I'd love to see it!!

Silence

Chapter Summary

Spain without the S

Chapter Notes

TW's::

Aftermath of Kidnapping

Aftermath of Torture

Manipulation

Conditioning

Mentioned Mental Illnesses

Therapy

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The four ended up staying for five days straight, Ranboo was getting used to their presence around the house. They were also getting a lot more comfortable being around the others, but they still refused to talk unless absolutely necessary or told to.

Apparently, this worried Techno and Phil, because they were soon brought to a therapist. The teen has been to therapists before so this was nothing new, but there was still a problem. Ranboo didn't know these people and didn't know what to expect from them.

They trusted Techno and Phil, at least he thinks he does. So if they are around then things will be okay.

Things were **not** okay.

Puffy, his new therapist apparently, was nice but they didn't trust her. He was beyond grateful that Techno and Phil were there, sitting on either side of them. Ranboo was still freaking out though, hand clenched around the bottom of the chair.

Puffy was asking questions, she expected answers, but Ranboo kept their mouth shut. Techno and Phil ended up answering the questions, even though Puffy kept trying to include the teen in the conversation. They would rather fade into the background, and be completely ignored by her.

"Well, before I tell you my evaluation, do you have any questions for me Ranboo?"

The teen didn't answer, keeping his head down and eyes locked to the floor. In their defense, the carpet looked like the ones you find in old bowling alleys, very distracting.

"That's okay, I expected this."

That got their attention, glancing up at her. Puffy had long, fluffy brown hair with streaks of white. She also just radiated a calming aura, not that Ranboo was really affected by this since he was just a ball of nerves.

"There are a few things I've noticed during the last hour. You have a major anxiety disorder, some PTSD, paranoia, and selective mutism."

Ranboo wasn't the only one confused by that last one, both Phil and Techno had questioning expressions. The blonde was the one to ask about it though, Puffy explained it in simple terms.

"Well in Ranboo's case it's the inability to speak, it's psychological. They can talk but his brain refuses to let them, usually only when they feel comfortable enough or in dire situations. I know you two mentioned getting them to talk but I highly recommend not doing that anymore. Pushing too much won't help, it will just cause more anxiety."

Puffy skimmed through a few papers on her desk, pulling one to the front. She read over it before pointing to a spot, looking back at the three.

"You've mentioned that Ranboo will talk if told to, I can also explain that. Due to their trauma, any 'commands' are basically triggers. The same thing applies to telling him to do something, these 'orders' trigger Ranboo's brain into believing that they have no choice but to obey them. With enough time and patience, they should be able to fight that part of his brain."

Well, that made it sound a lot worse than it really was, Ranboo wasn't sure why this was even an issue. If they did what the others told them to do then no one was upset or mad, plus trying to figure out what they wanted was so much harder.

"Since communication will be difficult without a voice I'd like to recommend sign language, that way Ranboo still has a way to express themselves."

Puffy dug around one of her desk drawers, pulling out a pamphlet. She handed it to Techno, the pinkette looking over it. Phil glanced over at it as well, but he soon turned back to Puffy.

"Is there anything we should not be doing?"

"A big thing is to not push too hard, encouragement is good and healthy but too much can backfire. Even if Ranboo doesn't respond to something don't be disappointed, they look to you two for approval. I've noticed that he has been watching us very closely, they've been observing every micro-movement and every hint of emotion to determine if he is in danger."

The blonde glanced over at them, and Ranboo's gaze snapped back down to the floor.

"What about the collar? We haven't been able to convince him to let us take it off, they get anxious when we even mention removing it."

The pinkette's eyes weren't on the pamphlet anymore, instead they were staring at Puffy. The teen stiffened at the mention of the collar, their grip on the chair tightening.

"It's most likely a comfort item. In a high-stress environment, like the one Ranboo was in, you need something comforting and familiar. Perhaps try exchanging it with something similar, like a scarf or necklace. Of course, Ranboo has to be okay with that first, trying to take it away will just end up hurting him."

The appointment ended soon after that, with Puffy wanting them to return in two weeks to set some goals to work towards. Ranboo was just happy they were leaving, wanting to go back home and pet Enderchest. They were getting better at doing things without being told to, sure it was only petting the animals and moving room to room, but it was at least something.



A couple of days after the therapy session things were back to normal, or what was Ranboo's new normal. They'd get maybe four hours of sleep before waking from nightmares, the rest of the night was spent staring at the ceiling or petting Enderchest and sometimes Steve.

His days were hectic, well not really but to Ranboo it sure felt hectic. Depending on who was home decided what they did that day. Phil and Techno were always home, only one of them leaving if necessary. So if no one else was home he'd just follow them around all day, neither told them to stop so that meant it was okay.

If Wilbur was home they'd sit in the living room while Wilbur strums on his guitar. At first, they didn't like the added noise, but it was now a calming sound and Ranboo enjoyed just listening to whatever Wilbur played. Once he brought over his dog, a toy poodle with blue dyed fur. His name was Friend and Ranboo loved him, the little dog was calmer than Steve but still had enough energy to run circles around the couch.

When Niki was home he'd follow her around the kitchen, and she'd bake random sweets. The pinkette would let them help occasionally, but after accidentally cutting his finger they were no longer given any tasks involving sharp objects.

When Tubbo was home they'd be brought outside, usually only to the back and front yard. Ranboo had been unsure at first, the outdoors didn't have walls so anyone could come from any direction, eventually, it got easier.

And when Tommy was home it was always a surprise on what he'd suggest they do, usually, it was either something outside or just sitting inside while the blonde talked. Occasionally he'd bring Shroud over, they enjoyed those days very much.

Today no one was home, except for Techno and Phil of course, so the house was quiet. The teen left his room, slowly making their way to the living room, stopping right before entering. Techno was sitting in one of the armchairs, reading a well-loved book, they couldn't see the title from where he stood. The pinkette glanced up at him before giving a small smile, lowering his book to his lap.

"Morning kid, Phil's in the kitchen if you want to join him or you can hang out here."

If Phil was in the kitchen that meant he was either cooking something or he was sitting at the table, reading or working on crosswords. Ranboo glanced over to the kitchen and sure enough, there was Phil, sitting at the table and staring at a book in front of him. When they looked back Techno had already gone back to reading, but the teen knew they were still being watched by him.

So Ranboo moved to the kitchen, the blonde's gaze traveling up to them. Phil smiled and waved them over, patting a seat next to him. The tricolored teen took a seat, figuring out easily what Phil wanted from them.

"Hey mate, I'm glad you're up. I figured we could work on this again."

The blonde held up the book he had been reading, a beginner's guide to sign language. The day after seeing Puffy, Techno left and came back with multiple books on sign language, he and Phil have read this particular book at least twenty times.

The teen had finger spelling mostly down, only getting a few letters mixed up. Phil was having a much easier time, having moved onto full words and small sentences. Meanwhile, Techno was struggling, he would attempt to spell a word and end up spelling something completely different. Oddly enough he could read the signs, but doing the actual movements seemed to stump him.

The first day they worked on this was the hardest, mostly because Ranboo wasn't sure if he should be doing this at all. Phil and Techno did eventually get them to at least attempt some signs, of course, they had to pick ones that could be done with one hand. The first words they learned were 'yes' and 'no', they had to modify the signs for 'help' and 'stop' since they used two hands.

The two were spelling random words when the front door opened, the teen's focus was immediately drawn to the noise. In the doorway stood Tommy, he had a worn red backpack slung over his shoulder and a large grin on his face. Ranboo would guess that the backpack was filled with clothes, the blonde was probably planning to stay for a couple of days.

"Morning boys!"

Tommy was still loud, but it wasn't yelling. The tricolored teen was getting used to louder noises, some still made them jump but a lot they could ignore now. Yelling and arguing were a lot harder to ignore, anytime Wilbur and Tommy started to bicker too loudly he would leave the room and find Phil. The first time they went to Techno but the pinkette just told the two to shut up, which of course just made the two get louder. Phil would only confront them if they truly got out of hand, but most of the time they provided a distraction for the teen.

"Morning Tommy, I'm guessing you're staying the night?"

The blonde teen walked into the kitchen, taking a seat across from Ranboo. He placed his backpack on the seat next to him, unzipping it.

"Yup, figured since everyone else is busy getting ready for the holidays I'd sacrifice my time and hang out here."

"You're just getting out of work aren't you?"

"Philza Craft! The slander, I would never!"

Tommy was about to continue but he paused, a big grin appearing on his face.

"Well, that wasn't the only reason I decided to come over, the second being this!"

He held up a dark brown notebook, placing it on the table in front of him.

"I know we're all working on learning ASL, but it's going to be a while before we all know enough. So I came up with a genius plan! Instead of spelling everything out letter by letter why not just write it down? That way it's faster."

Ranboo had to admit, that sounded like a smart idea. Tommy pushed the book so it was in front of them, turning back to dig around his backpack for a pen. Once he found the writing utensil he placed it on top of the book, gaze settling on Ranboo. He didn't make eye contact, something that Ranboo was very thankful for.

"Is that something you'd like to do big guy? Of course, you don't have to! But I figured maybe this would be easier, to just write out whatever you want."

The tricolored teen glanced from the book to Tommy and then back again. Was that okay? There had never been any rules about writing, not that Ranboo ever had paper when they were with Quackity. Tommy was the one suggesting this, and he wanted Ranboo to use the book, so they should probably use the book.

The teen picked up the pen before pulling the book closer, neither blonde stopped him. They opened it, staring at the blank white page. What were they supposed to even write? Ranboo glanced up at Tommy and then looked over at Phil, what did they want him to write?

Phil tilted his head making the 'o' shape with his mouth.

"We can ask some questions, easy ones, so you can use to writing."

Ranboo gave a single nod, with Phil being the one to suggest it made this whole situation a bit easier.

"Cool, I'll go first," Tommy said before crossing his arms and leaning back in his chair. "Uh, what's your favorite color?"

The tricolored teen still felt iffy about actually doing this but both Phil and Tommy wanted them to, so he should. They clicked the pen, lowering it to the paper. He was aware of both sets of eyes watching them, they didn't feel judging though, more like they were curious. Ranboo wrote their answer, 'navy blue' at the top of the page, his handwriting only slightly shaky.

The two blondes lit up at his answer, Ranboo didn't think it was that exciting, they literally just wrote down a color. They didn't focus on that for long though, Phil's question being asked a few seconds later.

"Do you have a favorite snack?"

Ranboo took a second to think about their answer, he had many different snack food that they liked. But overall favorite? They wrote 'Oreos' down, figuring that was at least one of their top five favorite snacks.

The questions continued for a bit, the tricolored teen getting used to answering the questions, until Tommy's last question.

"Okay, okay what about... when's your birthday?"

Ranboo knew that one so the answer was written down quickly, 'November 13th' was written below all their other answers. They expected the same responses they got before. Either; the blondes answer the questions as well or just move on to the next question.

Neither of these two things happened though. Instead, when they looked up he was met with two very concerned faces. That instantly had them tensing up, did they say something wrong? What did Ranboo do to cause this drastic change? While Ranboo's gaze flicked between the two, both Phil and Tommy came to the same conclusion.

Ranboo was **seventeen now**.

Ranboo turned seventeen **four weeks ago**.

Ranboo's birthday was spent being **tortured by Quackity**.

Chapter End Notes

Allium duo my beloved <3

I highly encourage theories in the comments!!

I love reading them and seeing what you guys think will happen next!!

:)

Recovery

Chapter Summary

It's that time again

|| (°Δ°) ||

Chapter Notes

TW's;;

Aftermath of Kidnapping

Aftermath of Torture

Conditioning

Manipulation

Mentions of Murder/Death

Cursing (Minor)

Panic Attack (Minor)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It was decided then and there that Ranboo was getting a proper party. Of course, nothing too big but they would have a happy birthday.

Once Tommy and Phil told the others they all agreed to help plan this party. They wanted to celebrate soon, but Phil was the one who suggested they wait.

"I'm just not sure if they're ready for all of this, I mean we just got him doing things by himself. I don't think we should tempt fate like this, not yet."

Phil was right of course, it would be smarter to wait, but that just made them feel more guilty. Ranboo, of course, had no idea what was going on with everyone. It was obvious they were doing something, the problem was the teen couldn't figure out what.

They were slowly getting used to writing in the book, answering whatever was asked of them, they were even asking their own questions. On one of the days that only Techno and Phil were home, Ranboo decided to approach them first.

The two of them were sitting on the couch, a news station playing on the tv at a low volume. Ranboo was nervous, they haven't asked anyone a question in so long. Would Techno and

Phil get mad at him? Probably not but there was always the possibility.

So they inched his way into the living room, book held tightly to their chest. A mantra of 'you're okay' repeating in his head, Ranboo probably repeated that phrase at least fifty times daily. Phil was the first to spot Ranboo, patting the couch cushion next to him, an offer to come sit next to them.

The teen ventured over, sitting down next to the blonde. Techno glanced over at their arrival, but he didn't say anything. Ranboo moved the book from his chest to their lap, hand still holding onto it tightly. They had written the question already, having stared at it for a while before actually gathering up the willpower to go ask it.

The two noticed that the relaxed atmosphere soon became a thick cloud of tension. Techno muted the tv while Phil looked over their child; Ranboo had a death grip on their book, he was stiff, and if the blonde looked closely he could see that they were shaking slightly.

Before Phil could question why Ranboo was so nervous they were opening the book, flipping to an almost blank page. The teen took a deep breath before showing what was written on the page. There, written in blue ink, was a singular question.

'What is the Syndicate?'

The two had been expecting to get this question eventually, but not this soon. How much did Ranboo already know? Quackity told Techno that he told them everything, but Quackity was also a piece of shit and lied to manipulate Ranboo. So do they explain everything or just the important parts?

Phil took charge, clearing his throat before answering. "Well mate, I'm sure you already have an idea of what it is but we'll try our best to explain everything to you." He paused, folding his hands over his lap as he faced his child.

"The simplest way to describe the Syndicate would be, mafia. Myself, Techno, Wilbur, Niki, Tommy, and Tubbo are all a part of the Syndicate. We aren't like other families, the ones who want power and money, instead, we want the opposite. The Syndicate was founded with the intention of removing those types of people, we believe that when people let power go to their heads then they need to be... disposed of."

"We basically make sure people with power don't abuse it, and when they do we take care of the problem."

Both Phil and Techno were trying really hard not to outright say they kill people for a living, they knew it wouldn't go over well with the teen if they said that. Ranboo watched them for a second before writing something else in his book, holding it so the two could read it.

'Quackity said you kill people.'

Welp, now they had to tell Ranboo.

"Well yes, but it's only when money and threats don't work. And we only kill people who are hurting others or using their power to hurt others. I'm sure Quackity made it out to seem that we are some killing machines or something but I swear that murder is the last resort."

The two watched Ranboo for any reaction, expecting fear or anger, but the teenager just looked confused. They wrote something else in their book, hesitating to show it. He glanced from Phil to Techno and then back to Phil before showing what they wrote.

'Why me? What did I do that made Quackity take me?'

That had the two paused, how did they answer that?

"Ran, you didn't do anything. Quackity saw that you were important to us, and he was mad at me so he used you to hurt us. You did nothing to deserve any of what happened, none of this was your fault."

The pinkette stared directly at his kid, making sure his words were understood. Techno wouldn't have his kid thinking it was somehow their fault they got kidnapped and tortured.

Ranboo didn't ask any more questions after that, they just closed their book and let it sit on his lap. The two adults looked at each other, a silent conversation being held in seconds. Phil looked back to their kid, opening his arms for the teen.

They looked over at Phil as he moved, watching as he spread his arms. It was obvious to Ranboo what Phil was doing, offering a hug. The tricolored teen collapsed into him, the blonde's arms wrapping around them. The touch didn't sting as much anymore, now more of a 'sitting under the sun for a bit too long' type of feeling.

He wasn't sure when they started to drift off, only the sound of Phil and Techno talking softly next to him. The next thing they knew they were pulled into the inky void of sleep, and for once no nightmares plagued their mind.



A few days later Wilbur came home with a few plastic bags, a bright smile on his face. Ranboo had been sitting on the couch, Enderchest purring away on his lap, they had been scratching her belly. The teen only flinched slightly at the door, having slowly gotten used to it with seven people in the house now.

The other four would occasionally go home, but it was usually only for the night before returning the next morning. Of course, they still went to work but at least one of the four remained at the house, they seemed to work out a schedule.

"Hey, Boo! Guess what I got."

Even though the brunette was excited he didn't raise his voice any higher than his speaking voice, Ranboo appreciated it very much; Wilbur could get very loud when excited. He didn't wait for an answer, not that they were going to give one. Instead, he took a seat on the couch, digging through the bags. Enderchest decided that she no longer wished to be here and promptly jumped off the couch, slinking back to Ranboo's room.

"So you know how Puffy was talking about the whole collar thing, and how maybe replacing it with something else would help? Well I got a shit ton of necklaces from Hot Topic, they were having a sale and I had some extra hot cash!"

Ranboo tensed at the mention of the collar, but he relaxed as Wilbur continued talking. The teen wasn't sure how to feel about this, the brunette didn't need to go out of his way for this. Wilbur pulled out a few different necklaces, some long while others were shorter, there was quite the variety.

"Would you be willing to try some on? If you don't like them that's okay! Oh, and if it gets too much we can put the collar back on, I promise you can stop whenever you want and I won't be upset or anything."

Ranboo wasn't sure, on one hand, they knew Wilbur wanted them to do this and on the other, they weren't sure if this was just some elaborate trick to remove the collar. But after talking with Puffy, no one brought up the collar or about taking it off.

He wanted to trust Wilbur, believe that he'd stick to his word, and return the collar when finished. They were taking so many risks these days, at least ninety percent of them ended up being worth it, and the other ten percent were just uncomfortable instead of horrible like he expected. So they took a deep breath, giving a nod before exposing his neck to the other. Ranboo wasn't willing to take it off, Quackity's rule still running through their head like a flashing neon sign, but they'd allow Wilbur to remove it.

"Oh, okay. Uh, the second you want to stop just uh... oh, tap my leg two times and I'll put it right back on."

Ranboo gave another nod, they could do that. Wilbur moved slowly, the teen tensing when his fingers brushed their neck but they didn't move away. The brunette slowly unbuckled the collar, loosening it while watching Ranboo for any sign to stop.

The teen had their eyes shut tight, jaw clenched, and fist balled beside him. The lack of pressure was alarming, it felt wrong and oh so uncomfortable. But they were trying to push past that, Wilbur was trying to help them and Ranboo didn't want to upset the brunette by not accepting it. So they remained still, only opening their eyes when they felt the couch move.

"Okay it's off, remember to tap my leg if it gets too much. I don't want any of this to make you upset. Is there any you want to try out first?"

Wilbur kept the collar on his lap, in full view of the tricolored teen. Ranboo glanced down at the arrangement of necklaces. They had been trying to make choices more, though most of the time Ranboo just chose what he thought the other would want them to. No matter what

they ended up picking got a negative reaction, so either they were amazing at guessing or it didn't matter what he chose.

The teen had no idea which one Wilbur wanted them to choose, there were at least ten different necklaces. Most of the choices given to them were between two things, maybe three, but never more. Maybe it would be okay to actually choose something they liked? Would that be okay?

Ranboo hesitated before reaching over, hand hovering over the necklaces before their fingers brushed over one of the smaller ones. It looked about the same length as the collar, similar width as well. It was a lot softer than the leather though, it also had a silver heart in the middle.

"Want me to help you try it on?"

The teen gave another small nod, offering up their neck once more. Wilbur was slow and gentle when clipping the necklace into place. Ranboo stiffen once more but didn't move away, they kept their eyes open this time though. Soon the same pressure was back around their neck, except instead of the tight feeling of leather there was something much softer.

Wilbur watched the teen closely, looking for the slightest hint that they wanted the necklace off. He watched as they raised their hand to feel the necklace, fingers ghosting over the cloth before moving over the metal heart. He expected some sign that Ranboo disliked it, for them to tap his leg, but they can definitely say they didn't expect his younger sibling to start crying.

"Shit, Ranboo it's okay! I'll take it off and I'll put the collar back, I'm so sorry!"

When Wilbur reached up to remove the necklace he was stopped, Ranboo's hand reaching up to cover the latch. The brunette was thoroughly confused now. Weren't they upset? Didn't he want the necklace off? If not then why were they crying?

"Ran, I don't know what you want me to do. Do you not want me to take it off?"

He got a small nod from the tricolored teen, they were still crying though.

"Okay, I won't take it off. Um, I'm not sure what to do though."

They weren't upset, quite the opposite really. The necklace was a lot more comfortable than the collar, while still providing the same pressure.

Everyone had been very willing and encouraging to provide the teen comfort, constantly giving hugs or just holding onto their hand. He had been able to even initiate hugs with Techno and Phil, but they hadn't tried it with the others yet. Would Wilbur be upset if they wanted a hug?

The brunette was very confused and concerned, his little sibling was sitting across from him crying over a necklace. And the solution or the one Wilbur figured was the answer, was not what Ranboo wanted. The teen was inching closer, still crying but at least they weren't

outright sobbing. What was he supposed to do? Did he do something to upset the teen? Or were they overwhelmed?

The brunette was shocked out of his thoughts by the tall teen's forehead landing on his shoulder, good arm wrapping around him. Wilbur figured out pretty quickly what Ranboo was doing, hugging the teen right back.

"So you aren't upset?" He got a shake of the head from Ranboo as an answer. "Are they happy tears then?" They nodded against his shoulder, the brunette sighing in relief. So he didn't mess up big time.

"Am I interrupting something?"

Wilbur glanced over and saw Phil standing in the doorway to the hall, a worried expression on his face. The brunette chuckled while Ranboo broke away from their hug, glancing over at Phil.

"Nah, we were just having an emotional bonding experience. Ya know, a normal Tuesday." The brunette glanced back to Ranboo before speaking again. "Should we show him?"

The teen looked back at Wilbur before glancing at Phil, nodding once. Wilbur smiled before holding up the collar, if the blonde had been holding anything he was sure the other would have dropped it. Phil's eyes were wide, shock very evident on his face.

"Holy shit."

Chapter End Notes

I'm currently having trouble writing the next chapter
So chapter 24 might take a bit for me to finish
(π_π)

Until then feel free to check out my Twitter for updates!
I post there before updating this fic, plus I post art for this fic and others on there
(◦ • //ε// • ◦)

Secure

Chapter Summary

(/●↻●)/*:·° ✧

Chapter Notes

TW's;;

Aftermath of Kidnapping

Aftermath of Torture

Conditioning

Manipulation

Cursing (Minor)

Insomnia

Mentions of Death (Digging up a Grave)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It had been a few weeks since they replaced the collar, Techno and Phil insisting they burn it in the firepit once Ranboo confirmed they no longer wanted it. The rest of that night was spent sitting around the fire, Tommy and Tubbo making smores while Wilbur played songs on his guitar. It ended up being a very nice and calming night.

Learning a new language is not as easy as it sounds, and having seven people trying to learn said language at the same time just made it harder. Take last night for example; Tommy and Tubbo were bickering over which sign was the correct sign for bitch, Wilbur and Niki signing words that rhymed to each other, Phil was correcting everyone who messed up, Techno was just watching everyone else, and Ranboo? Ranboo was reading one of the books, following along with the motions that were pictured.

Ranboo had ended up learning a good amount of signs, being able to get their thoughts across with minimal confusion. Getting the teen to actually use these signs unprompted is where things got a bit harder. They were never the one to start a conversation, only responding after someone else asked them something first. But now they had been more willing to actively start a conversation or add in their own opinions.

One thing he didn't do, which was causing a huge issue, was that Ranboo refused to ask for things. Anything. The others ended up having to make sure the teen ate something, many

days went by where he ended up skipping a meal. They refused to take food or anything they may have needed, you can see why this would be an issue. He was working on it though.

The first time Ranboo didn't spell out someone's name was with Tubbo. The two had been sitting in the pasture, Carl curled behind the lanky teen napping. Ranboo had been skeptical about the outdoors at first, but now they realized how much he truly missed the gentle breeze or the warmth of the sun.

Tubbo had been showing Ranboo how to braid flowers into a crown, they must have made at least ten crowns plus enough flowers to braid into Carl's short mane. Tubbo insisted they do this before all the flowers died, not wanting to have to wait for spring again. So he ended up raiding the garden next to the house, something Tubbo and Phil made a few years ago. The brunette was bringing up every fact they knew about bees, expressing his love for the fluffy insects.

"-nd just how important they are, like such a small thing makes such a big impact. Imagine if we didn't have bees, we'd be royally fucked bossman."

Ranboo had been nodding along, he'd probably learned more about bees from Tubbo than they ever did in school. They caught the brunette's attention before handing over the finished flower crown, giving the sign for bee after Tubbo took the crown. The brunette looked confused at first before his eyes widened, a bright grin appearing on his face.

"Oh my god, is that me? Am I Bee?"

The teen hadn't even realized they signed that, so how could they say it was an accident to the excited brunette? The answer was, he couldn't. So Ranboo nodded, watching as Tubbo just got more excited.

When they returned to the house Tubbo eagerly told everyone what had happened, bragging about how he was the first to get a name sign. Tommy was the next to receive one; *Raccoon*. The sign had to be modified a bit since Ranboo still only had one functional hand, the blonde was disappointed it wasn't a curse word though. Wilbur became *Song*, Niki became *Muffin*, Phil became *Bird*, and Techno became *Crown*.

Everyone had been ecstatic to receive name signs from Ranboo, each learning the signs for each other as well as their own. The others gave Ranboo his own sign name as well, *Beloved*.



At some point Phil managed to convince Ranboo to walk Steve with him, saying they were only going around the block. The walk itself was nice, the day had been beautiful. The trees were still shedding their leaves, so each step made a crunching noise. The teen was enjoying listening to Phil complain about how much snow he'll have to shovel soon and figuring out ways to make Tommy and Tubbo do it instead of him.

They were probably two-thirds of the way home when things took a turn. A young woman was out jogging and happened to be heading in their direction. Ranboo stopped, Phil and Steve soon stopped after noticing the teen pause. The tricolored teen started to get anxious, nerves vibrating under his skin.

The lady was maybe ten feet from them, moving slightly to the side to not run into the small group. The next few seconds were shocking to everyone, Steve started growling.

Ranboo had never heard the dog growl before, sure he barked occasionally but never something this aggressive. Steve maneuvered himself in front of the teen, hackles raised as he bared his teeth at the woman. Phil still had the dog's leash in his hand but he made no move to stop the samoyed, instead just looking at him with wide eyes.

The lady nearly jumped, backing up quickly with her hands raised.

"Yo, control your dog!"

Her voice seemed to restart Phil, the blonde attempting to pull Steve back. Of course, he struggled, Steve may have only been sixty pounds but that dog was pure muscle under all that fluff. Steve didn't move from his spot, his aggressive stance never faltering.

"Shit, I am so sorry he's never acted like this before."

"Dude, keep that thing away from me!"

The lady was attempting to go around, and when she got a bit too close Steve snapped at her. That got her running past them while yelling at them, screaming obscenities the whole time. Only after she was out of sight did Steve calm down, shaking out his fur before panting.

Ranboo had been confused during the whole situation, not daring to move. They weren't scared of Steve, no the dog was not aiming his aggression at the teen, plus the canine was the sweetest dog he knew. Yeah, they weren't scared of Steve. The woman though, yeah he was a bit wary of her.

The teen was cut from their thoughts as something bumped into his leg, looking down revealed a fluffy head staring up at him. Steve's tail was wagging as he pushed against Ranboo, herding the teen forward. They were shuffled along by Steve, the dog using his body to steer the teen.

Phil was shocked, Steve never growled. He barked a lot but growling was something he had never seen from the dog, and now he witnessed this big ball of white fur ready to tear some lady apart. The blonde had moved forward when Steve started pushing Ranboo, noticing the complete one-eighty in behavior the dog did.

The rest of the walk was calm, with no other people coming across them. Phil had a few theories on what happened a few minutes earlier, some he'd have to ask Techno about when they got back. Steve continued to steer Ranboo along the sidewalk, shifting sides if he felt the teen strayed too far to one side. It was kind of funny to watch.

When they got back inside Phil released Steve from his leash, the white dog hopping right up onto the couch. Techno had been sitting there though, so he got a giant white furball jumping onto his lap. The pinkette let out an 'oof' before patting the dog on the head.

"Tech, you won't believe what happened!"

The pinkette glanced over at the two, raising an eyebrow at Phil when he spoke. Ranboo was slipping their shoes off by the shoe rack, removing a black winter coat Phil had to beg them to wear. The teen then moved over to the couch, taking a seat before stroking Steve's back.

"What? Was there a problem?"

Techno was getting worried now, if there was an issue then that meant the neighborhood would be considered a potential threat.

"Eh kind of?" Phil started, removing his coat and shoes. "So the first part of the walk was normal, and then this lady showed up. She was just jogging by, she did nothing outright hostile but Steve here started growling."

"Heh? Steve doesn't growl."

"Tech seriously, he was growling. Teeth showing and hair standing straight up, he was acting super aggressive. He even shoved himself between the lady and Ranboo."

The pinkette glanced at the teen when they were mentioned, said teen gave a small nod. Now he was just confused, the whole time he's had Steve he's never heard this dog growl. Techno was sure Steve didn't have a mean bone in his body.

"That's not even all of it! When she tried to pass us he snapped at her, I swear he was only inches away from latching onto her jacket. She ran away after that, not that I blame her. After that, he just went back to normal, all happy and tail-wagging. Steve even started pushing Ranboo forward, like what he does to Carl sometimes."

Steve was licking Techno's hand, trying to get more attention from the man. The pinkette just stared at Phil like he grew a second head, it was hard to believe that his dog; whom he raised from puppyhood, would act like that.

Phil shuffled over, collapsing onto his armchair with a huff. "Nearly gave me a heart attack, I thought he was gonna chase after her."

Techno glanced between the three, finishing on Steve as the dog looked up at him. That's when it hit him.

"Phil, you said he pushed himself in front of Ranboo?" The pinkette waited for the blonde to answer, getting a nod in response. "Ranboo, were you afraid?" His kid glanced up when they heard his name, giving another small nod.

Techno glanced back at Phil, seeing that the blonde came to the same conclusion that he did. Steve wasn't just being aggressive, no he was protecting Ranboo.

"Wait really? Huh."

Techno agreed with Phil's shock, but he was also extremely proud of his dog. The canine recognized that Ranboo felt unsafe and acted on it. The pinkette smirked at his dog before showering him in praise, Steve soaking up the attention greedily. And if he snuck some table scraps to the dog then no one had to know.



Ranboo's sleeping schedule could be better, seeing as it was basically nonexistent. The teen was barely getting enough sleep to function, and of course, this worried the two adults watching over them. They ended up taking shifts, one staying awake while the other slept. It became pretty obvious what was keeping their kid up, nightmares.

It got to the point that whenever Ranboo woke up they would shuffle into the living room, collapsing on the couch next to whoever was awake that night. He'd have tear tracks running down their cheeks but wouldn't make a sound, usually only curling up against either Techno or Phil. Their kid would usually come out with a blanket over their shoulders and a pillow tucked against his chest, it was honestly adorable.

Techno had been the one to find out that Ranboo reacted negatively to having his hair played with, something they both knew had been a comfort in the past. Both Phil and Techno swore they would dig up Quackity's grave, if he even had one, just so they could shoot him again.

The two brought it up with the other members, each one of them having different ideas to try. Phil tried giving Ranboo calming teas, but they didn't seem to work much. Techno attempted reading to them, this worked a bit but only when they were curled up on the couch with the pinkette. Niki suggested sleep medication, which seemed to have the opposite effect; making the teen even more anxious and getting even less sleep. Wilbur suggested listening to music while sleeping, this helped a bit but he was still not sleeping through the night. Tommy suggested getting a weighted blanket, Ranboo seemed to like it but it still didn't help them stay asleep.

They were running out of ideas quickly, only having one more person they could ask. Tubbo had said he was going to get something, dragging Niki with him out the door. The two were gone for maybe two hours before they returned, a large bag being hugged by the brunette.

"Got it!"

Techno and Phil had been sitting in the living room playing chess, Ranboo was on the floor watching them play. The teen had his head pillowed on their arms, which couldn't have been too comfortable since one arm was still in a rock-hard cast, resting it on the table. All three of them glanced over when the door opened, the teen too drowsy to tense up.

"Oh? What did you get mate?"

Tubbo smirked as he made his way over, plopping down on the floor next to the tricolored teen. Niki had entered shortly after Tubbo, a warm smile on her lips. She moved to sit on the couch, next to Phil.

"Well, since all of your ideas sucked ass I thought of a genius plan! Step one was waiting for you all to fail, and step two is this!"

He crinkled the bag, not revealing what was inside just yet. Tubbo wore a wide grin while he looked to Ranboo, the tricolored teen looking over at him with both confusion and curiosity. The brunette passed over the bag, forcing Ranboo to sit up and accept it.

"It's for you Boo!"

Tubbo encouraged them to open up the bag, smiling the whole time. Eventually, Ranboo opened the bag, glancing inside in pure confusion. The teen looked back at Tubbo, the brunette was practically vibrating in excitement. They didn't expect to receive a decently sized pig plush from his friend, he hadn't expected to receive anything from any of them actually.

"I figured maybe having something to hold onto while you slept would help. I have this duck plush I keep on my bed, his name is Benson, and when I have a really hard night I just hug the shit out of him. So maybe this guy could help you too?"

Ranboo glanced from the plush to Tubbo and then back to the plush. He wasn't sure how helpful this would be but they weren't going to reject the gift. The teen was still unsure how to feel about a lot of things, and when they could name their feelings it was usually confusion or fear.

The four watched the tricolored teen, curious about how they would react. Ranboo stared at the stuffed animal for a few seconds before pulling it close to his chest, chin resting on top of the pig's head. They spelled out a word, each of the four taking a second to process the letters in their minds.

"Michael?"

Of course, Phil was the first to get it, the blonde was basically fluent by now. The three adults were confused, who was Michael? Tubbo seemed to understand though, his smile getting even brighter.

"Is his name Michael?"

Ranboo gave a short nod, burying his face into the plush. It was soft, like incredibly soft while still being cool to the touch. The teen had started hoarding the softer blankets they were given, finding the soft texture comforting. So having Michael also be soft just added to his appeal.

The rest of the day was spent having a mini chess tournament, Tubbo and Techno being the finalists. They ended up tying, the brunette calling for a rematch next time he was over which

Techno agreed to. Niki and Tubbo didn't stay the night, each already having plans for tomorrow.

When they went to bed that night Ranboo found himself pulling Michael close, shoving their face into the soft material of the plush. He didn't end up sleeping the whole night through, but they did manage to get an extra hour or two of rest.

They may not have fixed the teen's insomnia, but they had managed to help at least a little.

Chapter End Notes

Chapter 25 is almost done so that should be out within a few days, or a week at the latest.

(づ ●_●)づ

Waves

Chapter Summary

Come get y'all's fluff

((This time I swear it's fluff))

Chapter Notes

TW's;;

Aftermath of Torture

Aftermath of Kidnapping

Conditioning

((Wow there are basically no TW's in this chapter!!))

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

They didn't think Techno had been serious about Tommy and Tubbo wanting to take them to the aquarium. Yet here he was, exiting the car in the aquarium's parking garage. Ranboo had been skeptical, not wanting to be in such a public place. They had been getting better at just being in the same area as a stranger or two, but a whole building? Yeah no, he'd rather stay home.

The teen was brought out of their thoughts by a hand gripping onto his own, glancing over revealed Tommy who was currently wearing a bright grin. The blonde hadn't stopped talking the whole ride here, eagerly telling the tricolored teen about anything and everything to do with the aquarium.

Tommy's smile grew when Tubbo came up on his other side, the brunette scrolling through his phone while mumbling. Tubbo had written up a simple schedule, leaving breaks in between so no one ended up tiring too early.

"Okay, so first up is getting into the aquarium, then an hour to just look around. After that, the shark rooms open up, and if we get there early we get to watch them feed the sharks!"

Ranboo had been listening to Tubbo before one of the car doors closed, gaining their attention. He glanced over to see the other four of their group just exiting the vehicle. Wilbur was yawning, trying to cover it up by holding his hand over his mouth. Niki had her arms up

as she stretched, she and Tubbo had been the ones stuck in the middle since they were both the smallest of the group. Techno and Phil were talking quietly, the blonde was gesturing around with his arms while the pinkette was sighing fondly at his partner's antics.

"Ok boys, and Niki!" Tommy spoke loud enough to get everyone's attention, not quite yelling just yet. "Let's go look at some fish!"

And then they were walking. Phil and Wilbur in front, Tommy and Tubbo on either side of Ranboo, and Techno and Niki bringing up the rear. The tricolored teen was already anxious, and they hadn't even left the mostly empty car park yet. Tommy gave his hand a comforting squeeze, he probably picked up how nervous they were by how stiffly they were walking.

As they walked through the doors to the aquarium Ranboo had to pause. The building was almost completely empty, with only a few staff walking around. He may have never been to an aquarium before but that couldn't have been normal right? Their unsaid question was soon answered by Phil, the blonde glancing back with a smile.

"We managed to rent out the place. Figured it would be more fun with just the seven of us, plus Techno didn't want to interact with too many people."

Said pinkette was talking to a staff member behind a large desk directly in front of them, he was handed something before walking back over to their group. Ranboo wasn't sure if this information was shocking or just confusing, maybe a weird mix of both. Who has the money to just rent out a whole aquarium? The Syndicate, that's who apparently.

The tricolored teen was slowly getting used to the whole mafia thing. He learned very quickly that the Syndicate was nothing like what you see on TV, at least not fully. Shows depicted mafia members as tough, cold people who killed people for practically no reason. It was kind of hard to picture any member of this group being a part of the mafia. Sure Techno and Phil could look intimidating but Ranboo has seen the pinkette baby-talk Carl and Steve on multiple occasions, and they've seen Phil cry over one of those daytime soap operas that were more dramatics than story. It's really difficult to picture the two as mafia, let alone mafia bosses.

Techno handed over one of the items to them, a white badge with a cartoon starfish on it. Ranboo released Tommy's hand to take it, looking over the object once in their hand before looking to Techno for some kind of explanation. The pinkette gave him a small smile while handing Tommy and Tubbo similar items.

"It's a badge, makes sure no one kicks us out or something."

Okay, yeah that makes sense. The badge was attached to a lanyard, an easy way to have it shown at all times while leaving the individual's hands free.

"Okay everyone, we'll split up into two teams; one with three and the other with four."

Before Phil could continue both Tommy and Tubbo interrupted him, the blonde teen placing his hands on his hips while the brunette crossed his arms.

"We call Ranboo."

Said teen glanced between the two, they figured Phil would just assign teams or something. It didn't really bother Ranboo though, he'd just go with whoever they decided he went with. They may be better about not waiting for orders but, he wasn't going to be able to argue against whatever was asked of them.

"Did you ask Ranboo if that's what they want?"

The two teens looked over at him after Phil asked his question, a knowing smirk on his face. Tommy and Tubbo stared at the taller teen for a moment, were they supposed to answer this?

Ranboo looked between the two before his gaze landed on Phil, giving a slight shrug. They honestly didn't care who they went with, he would prefer either Phil or Techno to be in his group though; not fully trusting that the two other teens won't cause chaos when left unsupervised.

"Okay then, Techno." Phil started, glancing at the pinkette who had been reading one of the information pamphlets that sat on the front desk. Techno glanced over to him when his name was said, giving the blonde his attention. "You, Wilbur, and Niki will be one team while Ranboo, Tommy, Tubbo, and myself will be the other. We'll meet back up here in three hours for lunch, after that we'll all go to some of the group activities. Sound good?"

Everyone gave their approval, moving into the groups that Phil organized. Their group of four went right while the others went left, waving goodbye before disappearing behind a wall. Ranboo knew this group was bound to be chaotic, there was no telling what Tommy and Tubbo had planned and what they could just do without even meaning to.



"Dude that's so not fair!"

The blonde huffed, arms crossed over his chest. The three had wandered into the one area where the glass surrounded them like a tunnel, each of them impressed with the room. But the reason why Tommy was currently upset was; Ranboo.

Well not really them, more like what was happening around him. The second the teen entered the room every sea creature in sight swam right up against the glass. And now they recently discovered that the fish would follow Ranboo, the other two found it entertaining while Tommy just seemed upset about it.

"Did you save some divine creature or something Ran?"

Phil questioned with a snicker, watching the teen walk back and forth in front of the tank. Tubbo insisted they do this so that he could record it to show the others, of course, the

tricolored teen obliged. At Phil's question, they paused for a second, shaking their head while giving the sign for no.

"Does every animal just like you for no reason?!"

Tommy was pouting, not truly upset though. He also found this extremely funny, but he could see that Ranboo found Tommy's reaction funny. So of course he's going to play it up as much as he could. He made a bet with Tubbo yesterday before they fell asleep in the room they claimed in Phil and Techno's house, that they would make their friend laugh at least once during this trip.

Neither teen had seen Ranboo laugh or really smile since he's been back, and it's been almost six weeks. When Ranboo did smile it was always small and never lasted more than a few seconds, nothing like how it was before. So the two made it their mission to get their sibling to laugh, or smile either one would be fine with them.

Tubbo snickered at Tommy, earning a grumble from the blonde. Meanwhile, Phil was content to watch the three, letting them decide where to go and what to do.

"You're just jealous."

"What!? Am not!"

"Are too!"

The two bickered with each other, going back and forth. Ranboo's head turned to each one as they replied, having to stop after a few seconds so they didn't get whiplash. Phil soon came up beside him, smiling up at them before tilting his head to a bench a few feet away. The teen followed after him, sitting down on the bench right after Phil.

The two watched as Tommy and Tubbo argued, it soon escalating. Tommy was currently chasing Tubbo around the room, the brunette cackling while Tommy cursed at him. Phil started laughing quietly, not wanting to attract Tommy's attention in case the younger's anger was turned on him. The three froze when another sound started up, a quiet breathy laugh.

The two teens beamed, bright smiles as they looked at their friend. Ranboo was laughing, at them sure but he was laughing! It didn't last long but it had been enough to have both teens rushing over to the bench. It was decided, between the two, that their bet changed. Now it was; whoever got their sibling to laugh the most would win. Neither teen was willing to lose.



Eventually, they met back up, having lunch in one of the designated eating areas. Niki was the one who brought the food, having made a good portion of it herself. The food was great, the lunch itself though wasn't very exciting. Everyone was having their own conversations with each other, creating tiny groups. Phil and Techno were talking, if Ranboo listened close

enough he could hear the blonde telling the pinkette about themselves and the fish. Niki and Wilbur were talking to each other, something about a tv show they were currently interested in. That left the three teens to talk amongst themselves, unsupervised.

When Phil looked over to check on the teens a small smile formed on his lips. Both Tommy and Tubbo were drawing and writing things on his child's cast, the teen merely watching curiously. He had to pause though because that was definitely a cartoon dick being drawn by Tommy. The blonde was about to speak up about it but he held his tongue when he saw the twitch of Ranboo's lips, the teen not looking upset in the slightest. So Phil let them be.

After lunch came the fun part, according to Tommy and Tubbo. The tricolored teen was led around through multiple hallways before they all stopped in front of large double doors. Neither teen remained stationary for long, opening the doors and leading Ranboo into the room. The adults followed behind shortly after, all talking quietly amongst themselves.

Behind the doors looked to be a storage room, surely they weren't supposed to be there. But before they could question it a second door opened from the opposite wall, two staff members looking over the group.

"Oh! You're here for the feeding right?"

One of the staff members questioned with a smile, her companion walking past her to grab two buckets. Wilbur answered her with his own smile, Niki beaming at his side. The staff opened the door the two had entered, ushering them inside. It was much colder in this room compared to the rest of the aquarium, it wasn't horrible but it was a bit shocking.

"Okay! A few things I need to tell you all before we start. These little guys are going to try and snatch the fish from your hands, their beaks might pinch some fingers but I swear it doesn't hurt too much. You're free to pet them and interact with them as much as you want, all we ask is that you are respectful to the penguins since they have feelings too."

Well, that explained why Niki seemed excited, Ranboo could recall Techno mentioning how much Niki liked the penguins. The teen had to admit he was also excited, it wasn't every day they got the chance to feed penguins.

"Okay guys, are you ready to meet the flock?"

Niki and the two teens agreed loudly, all three practically unable to remain still in their excitement. Ranboo could understand, but even if they were excited he wasn't really able to show it outwardly like them. The tricolored teen was pulled from his thoughts as one of the staff members opened a small door, noises starting up from inside before one penguin waddled out.

It was so tiny, the little creature maybe came halfway up Ranboo's calf. Niki squealed quietly before crouching, trying to beckon the little bird over to her. That one penguin was soon followed by another and then another until there were about fifteen of the little birds teetering around the enclosure. Penguins were vocal, each of them squawking at each other or the staff member still holding onto the bucket.

Things changed when one penguin spotted Ranboo though, it stared at him for a minute before quickly waddling over. The teen wasn't sure what to make of the little bird, it was adorable and way too cute for this world. So they crouched like Niki had, watching the penguin rush over; its little wings spread to keep balance. Once it was over it practically pushed itself into Ranboo's hand, rumbling away happily.

The noise soon attracted more of the black birds, each one making its way over to the teen. The penguins started pushing each other, all wanting Ranboo's attention for themselves. It didn't last long though, the small birds figuring out that the teen was giving each one equal amounts of affection.

"Well, you don't see that every day..."

When Phil glanced over, after hearing the staff member, he had to hold in a chuckle. His kid was surrounded by the tiny birds, each one vying for their attention. Ranboo seemed okay with this arrangement, petting each bird that rumbled in response to the attention.

"I swear that kid has been blessed by some nature god or something, that or he's some kind of nature god himself."

Phil chuckled at Techno's comment, he had a point. Every animal that came in contact with Ranboo seemed to love them, hell even just seeing the kid had creatures rushing over. The blonde couldn't help the fond smile that appeared on his face as he watched his family happily interact with tiny birds.

Wilbur had gone over at some point, being handed one of the buckets before hauling it over to the small group. Tommy and Tubbo sat on either side of Ranboo, giving the birds attention as well. Niki was sitting off to the side, one of the small penguins held in her lap as she hand-fed the little being. It was honestly the cutest thing Phil had witnessed in his life.

There was the sound of a camera, the shutter gaining the blonde's attention. Glancing over revealed Techno, a phone in his hand and a fond smile on his lips. The pinkette took a few more photos before glancing over at Phil, the blonde had been watching him.

"It's for blackmail purposes only."

"Uh-huh." Phil didn't believe him for a second, a knowing smirk on his face. Techno sputtered for a second before grumbling.

"It is."

"Whatever you say, mate." Phil said with a chuckle before looking over at the pinkette's phone, seeing the photos as Techno scrolled through them. "Send me these, I need them. For blackmail purposes of course."

Techno chuckled but nodded. "Yup, blackmail purposes." The pinkette still sent over the photos, making one his home screen.

Time went too quickly, the staff having to usher the penguins back to their habitat an hour after they were first brought in. It was then that Techno happened to glance over at Tommy and Tubbo, the two looking awfully suspicious. He had a good reason to be mistrustful because if he looked closely he could see the shorter's hoodie moving unnaturally. It wasn't hard to figure out what was going on.

"Tommy, Tubbo, what are you two doing?"

The pinkette said with an exasperated sigh, the two teens in question freezing up. They fumbled their words a few times, each one telling a different story.

"Well uh, Tubbo isn't feeling too hot-"

"We're not doing anything-"

Both were stopped when a tiny head poked through the neck hole of Tubbo's hoodie, the bird looking around curiously. Techno sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose. They couldn't have thought they could sneak out a penguin, actually, no this was Tommy and Tubbo we're talking about.

"Go give it back."

"But come on! Techno this would be the best birthday gift!"

"Tommy, we're not birdnapping a penguin from the aquarium. Plus we can't even take care of it, none of us know the first thing about penguins."

The blonde huffed, crossing his arms over his chest. Tubbo just gave the pinkette his best puppy-dog eyes, having taken the bird out of his hoodie and instead held it close to his chest. The bird was pecking at his hoodie strings, not having a care in the world. After a stern look from the elder, the two turned around and handed over the penguin to one of the staff.

He swears, this family is going to be the death of him one day.

Chapter End Notes

I have no idea when chapter 26 will be ready, hopefully within the week!

Feel free to check out my Twitter, I post art and previews of this fic ((and others)) on there!!~

Afflicted

Chapter Summary

Cough cough
It's that time again
The time to cry

Chapter Notes

TW's;;

Aftermath of Kidnapping
Aftermath of Torture
Conditioning
Illness/Sickness (Major)
Mentions of Wounds/Injury (Minor)
Mentions of Over-the-Counter Drug (Tylenol)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It started with a simple headache, nothing too major, something easily ignored. Something he didn't need to bother Techno or Phil about, so they didn't and proceeded like usual.

Next up was just the general aches in their limbs, something they figured was due to the still-healing bruises. His whole body felt heavy like someone injected lead into his bloodstream while they were sleeping.

And then came the constant itch in his throat. This wasn't that unusual for the teen though, but this sensation was only felt after they forced words out. So Ranboo ignored this as well.

The tricolored teen had been trying to read one of the sign language books, curled up on the couch with Enderchest laying on top of his socked feet. No matter how hard they tried he just couldn't focus on the words, feeling as if they just kept blurring together. Plus this wasn't helping the insistent throbbing behind their eyes, making them want to hit their head against the wall just to make it stop.

His throat was also acting up, the urge to cough becoming almost unbearable. But they knew the second he started coughing they wouldn't stop, and it would make everything feel ten times worse.

Ranboo felt like he was underwater, everything slightly muffled but still too loud. Even the light was starting to get to them, the room's light wasn't even on. Instead, the blinds were left open, but even then it wasn't bright, having been overcast the majority of the day. If this continued Ranboo was sure his brain was going to explode.

The teen debated going back to their room, curling under the blankets and immersing themselves in darkness. Maybe even fall back into the void of sleep, an escape to the pain. But he couldn't. That was too unusual and would surely gain the attention of Techno, they'd be worried about Phil as well but the blonde was currently out.

Phil had taken Steve to the vet earlier in the morning. Turns out eating a bee was not a smart decision, the poor dog's muzzle ended up swelling. Phil decided it was best to take him to the vet, having read somewhere that bee stings could be deadly if the swelling moved to the animal's throat. So the blonde packed up Steve and they left, the teen didn't expect them back for at least a few hours.

Phil had only been gone for about two hours currently, meaning they had some time before the blonde returned. And he wasn't sure where Techno was, they knew the pink-haired man was around because he could hear movement throughout the house. So Ranboo was left to their own devices, aka trying to read a book while sitting on the couch.

The teen groaned as he shut the book, not wanting to try focusing on the moving words anymore. They pressed the palm of his hand against their forehead, applying pressure to gain that slight amount of relief. It helped a little, or maybe that was wishful thinking. Either way, Ranboo would take what they could get.

A chill ran through them suddenly, goosebumps appearing on his arms. Great, now they were becoming cold. That was something they couldn't find an excuse for, seeing as they were practically covered head to toe in clothing. He was wearing a sweater, sleeves only slightly too long, and a pair of thick sweatpants. Yeah, they shouldn't be cold.

Yet they felt like he was left out in a snowstorm, slowly freezing. But even though they were cold he could feel himself getting sweaty, hands already feeling clammy. This sucked.

Maybe they had to admit it, he was sick.

The revelation did nothing to ease the soreness their body was currently feeling, nor the throbbing migraine. So honestly, it didn't matter if they knew they were sick, it didn't help him anyway.

He didn't want to go bother Techno with this, it wasn't that bad. Really. Ranboo could deal with this on their own, no need to worry the other. But maybe they could go lay down for a few minutes, just relax in the dark of their room for a bit. Techno was busy doing who knows what so it should be fine, and he'll be back on the couch before the pinkette even notices they're gone.

The teen nodded to himself before removing themselves from the comfort of the couch, having to grip onto the back of the faded green couch to stop himself from falling forward. They can now add dizziness to the growing list of symptoms, great.

Once he felt somewhat balanced, they made their way to the hallway, grateful that his room was ground-level. Phil and Techno's room was as well, but the rest of the bedrooms were located upstairs. He wobbled a bit but soon enough they were in the comfort of their room, shutting the door and immersing the room in shadows.

That felt so much better already, their headache receding a bit. And collapsing into bed? Yeah, that felt like heaven. He curled himself in as many blankets as they could reach, making themselves into a blanket burrito. Now, this was a stupid move, knowing this left them vulnerable and less likely to escape in case of danger, but Ranboo didn't really care right now. No, right now they just wanted to pass out, let himself drift away from the pain.

The teen buried their face into his pillow, attempting to give their head any pressure against it in hopes it would help. They removed one arm from their cocoon, grabbing Michael before dragging the plush under the blankets with him. Ranboo curled around the plush, arms wrapping around the stuffed pig and pulling him close.

They were so thankful that their cast was removed a few days ago, grateful they were no longer lugging around the uncomfortable weight. Plus it made sleeping a whole lot easier, not in the correct sense more as he could actually get comfortable enough to fall asleep. Ranboo had always been a side-sleeper, so having one side basically impossible to sleep on was not a fun experience.

He was drawn out of their thoughts, having started to drift off into the clutches of sleep, by the sound of a knock on their door. Crap, they probably ended up staying here longer than planned and now Techno was checking up on him. The teen pushed themselves out of his bed, already missing its warmth, and made his way to the door.

When he opened the door they had to use it to keep himself from swaying, not wanting to give away how off-balance they felt. Techno was about to ask something before his eyebrows furrowed in concern. The pinkette's eyes ran over Ranboo's form, a frown soon appearing on his lips, did they really look that bad?

Techno had only left the living room for an hour, filling out some incident report from one of the lower members of the Syndicate, and when he goes to check on his kid he can't find them.

Of course, this set warning bells off in his head, mind going to the worst-case scenarios. But he needed to remain calm, he would have heard if someone entered or left the house which meant Ranboo was still in the house. The first place he went to check was the teen's room, and then he would check his own. He'd check every room in this goddamn house if he had to.

Luckily he only needed to check the teen's room, said teen had opened the door for him. Techno had gone to ask if they needed anything but he stopped himself as he took in the teen's appearance. The tricolored teen looked dead on their feet; hair tussled, pale, and a slightly pained expression, not to mention the subtle shaking. Shit, what happened?

"Boo? You doing okay?"

Techno was quiet, something the teen was grateful for, as he questioned his kid. Ranboo just blinked at him before nodding once, trying to hide a wince as their head pounded with the

movement. Yeah, Techno wasn't buying it not for a single second. Now came the question; why didn't he notice this sooner?

The pinkette was just getting more worried the longer he watched his kid, the teen was practically leaning fully against the door just to remain standing. They needed to go sit down or lay down, just not standing.

"It's obvious you're not. Come on let's get you back in bed before you fall on your face."

Techno started ushering Ranboo back to the bed, hands hovering in case the teen did actually drop. Thankfully they didn't but the whole experience was terrifying, and it was only a few feet from the door to the bed. The pinkette had helped Ranboo get situated, wrapping blankets around the lanky teen.

Once Ranboo was fully encased in blankets Techno placed the back of his hand against their head, the teen leaning into the touch. Yeah, Ranboo definitely had a fever. Shit, Techno had no idea what to do in this situation. Usually, Phil was the one who took care of anyone sick, and even when the blonde was sick he still took care of himself. Techno was out of his element here.

The pinkette left his hand where it was, letting Ranboo take as much comfort in the touch as they could. With his free hand, he pulled out his phone, quickly googling 'how to care for a sick person' and clicking on the first link. He crouched next to the teen's bed, adjusting himself for a possible long stay. He'd rather die than remove his hand from his kid, especially now as Ranboo had maneuvered his hand under their head, essentially using his hand as a pillow. Yeah, no Techno would be staying here for a while.



The pinkette remained there even after Ranboo fell asleep, scrolling through different at-home treatments for the flu. Techno figured out that was what his kid had about twenty minutes into his search, matching the symptoms that he had noticed. So now he was looking for ways to help, at least to ease the pain the teen had definitely been in earlier.

His arm had fallen asleep about ten minutes ago, the pins and needles running under his skin. But he wasn't going to move it, he knew if he did Ranboo would wake up, which was less than ideal. All the articles Techno read insisted that rest was needed to help speed up the healing process, plus his kid needed as much sleep as they could get.

He messaged Phil, letting him know what was up. The blonde had been ready to rush home, and even if that sounded nice Techno knew he had this covered. Mostly covered at least. And for what he didn't know he could message Phil about or google, whichever would work.

But Ranboo was asleep which left the pinkette with almost nothing to do, the things he could do required him to remove his arm from under his kid's head which was out of the question.

So for now he'd continue researching all he could about the flu and similar diseases.



The pinkette did eventually have to move, his legs cramping from the position he held for around two hours, so he maneuvered himself to be sitting on the edge of the bed. When he had moved it stirred Ranboo a bit, the teen glancing up at him with confusion in their eyes. They raised a hand before signing something Techno never thought he'd see them sign, 'dad'. The sign was simple, one motion, easily missed, but Techno couldn't even blink. He was more than shocked, his brain shutting down for a second as it tried to process what just happened.

Once he managed to regain focus he smiled at the teen, moving his hand out from under Ranboo's head to instead rest it on top of his kid's messy hair. He was feeling a bunch of different emotions, shock, happiness, excitement, pride, and many others he couldn't name.

"Yeah I'm right here bud, I'll be here when you wake up."

Ranboo seemed to accept this, eyes closing as he nuzzled their face in the pillow. It was maybe a minute later when the teen fell back asleep. Techno was now left alone with his thoughts, wanting to text Phil about this new development but also wanting to keep this moment to himself. For now, he wouldn't tell anyone, later he would but for now it was only for him and him alone.

He wasn't sure how long he actually sat there, just watching over his kid as they slept. But eventually, Ranboo woke up, their eyes flicking around the room before landing on the pinkette beside them. A look of confusion was obvious, it made Techno chuckle softly.

"You fell asleep, didn't want to disturb you or anything."

That made sense to the tricolored teen. Ranboo was grateful his headache wasn't as bad as they remembered it being, of course, it was still there but it was more of an annoyance than a problem. It was becoming almost normal for him to fall asleep next to Techno or Phil and to wake up with them still there, it was nice.

"Feel up to drinking something? Gotta pump you full of fluids apparently, nine out of ten doctors recommend that."

The pinkette smirked at them, the teen nodding before pushing themselves up. Crawling out of their blanket cocoon wasn't fun though, the blankets tangling around them and making it almost impossible to escape. Eventually, he managed to get free, still off-balance but no longer needing to use the wall as a support. Techno was still hovering, fearful his kid's face would end up smacking into the floor. The two made their way to the kitchen, the older maneuvering the younger into a chair.

Techno got him a glass of water, placing it on the table in front of them. Ranboo took sips from the drink, the cool liquid feeling like a godsend on his sore throat.

"I think we have some Tylenol around here somewhere."

The pinkette mumbled to himself before walking off, most likely in search of the pain reliever. Ranboo was content to stay sipping their water, zoning out a bit. His thoughts stuttered for a second at the sound of the front door. At first, the teen figured it was just Phil and Steve returning or one of their friends.

They turned to see who was home only to make eye contact with an unfamiliar man. They froze and so did the other, equally as shocked as Ranboo felt as he stared at them.

In a matter of seconds, it was broken and both were moving.

Chapter End Notes

My Beloved has decided you must all wait a while for the next chapter.

Enjoy that cliffhanger~

^(# ` V')_ Ψ····· ·†_(*)β

Vulpine

Chapter Summary

The long-awaited reveal!!

(*ΦωΦ*)

Let's see who guessed right!!

Chapter Notes

TW's;;

Aftermath of Torture

Aftermath/Mentions of Kidnapping

Conditioning

Illness/Sickness (Moderate)

Yelling/Arguing (Major)

Violence (Moderate)

Injuries/Wounds (Moderate)

Blood (Minor)

Panic Attack (Minor)

Cursing

Mentions of Over-the-Counter Drug (Tylenol)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The improv staring contest didn't last long, they didn't know who moved first but soon enough the two were in a flurry of movement.

Ranboo made a dash towards the kitchen doorway, having knocked his chair and glass to the floor in their rush to stand. The man also ran, but he ran forward towards Ranboo. The teen made it past the doorframe and changed course for the hall, if they could get to Techno everything would be okay. Adrenaline rushed through their veins, pushing past the tiredness and pain still clinging to them.

He made it maybe a few feet away from the kitchen before a hand grabbed onto their arm, pulling them back. The teen struggled, pushing against the other as he tried to get the man's grip loose enough to slip out of it. Ranboo ended up accidentally elbowing the man just hard enough for him to grunt and for his hand to release the teen.

They stumbled at the sudden lack of resistance, when trying to regain their balance a hand wrapped around his ankle. They were pulled down, landing on their side before being dragged closer to the man. Ranboo kicked out at him, hoping to land a hit but they weren't so lucky.

In a matter of seconds, the teen was on their stomach, arms being held behind him and a knee pushing into his back. Ranboo didn't know what to do, there was a stranger in the house and currently had them restrained.

The man was talking to them, saying words Ranboo's brain wasn't registering. No, instead their mind was racing. Was this person working with Quackity? But Quackity was dead, Techno and Phil assured them of that. And the teen is pretty sure they haven't pissed off anyone else who may want them dead.

Was this man going to take them? No. Please. No. They just got this back, he was finally feeling normal again. Please don't rip them away from their family. Not again.

Tears streamed down their faces as they struggled, the man's grip just getting tighter. They weren't going to be able to escape on their own, Phil wasn't back from the vet yet, and no one else was here- wait.

Techno.

Techno was here, just down the hall. Techno would save them, he'd protect them. He wouldn't let them be taken away again.

So he screamed.

"Dad!"

It wasn't super loud, but hopefully, it would be enough. He was coughing now, throat raw from the words yelled out. There was a bang before the sound of someone running, getting louder the closer they got. And then Techno appeared, he looked over the situation before he stormed over.

The teen watched as Techno got closer, seeing his mouth moving but only hearing static. That was fine though, those words weren't directed at him, instead Techno's glare was aimed behind them.

The pressure around their wrists and back was released quickly, the teen scrambled away as fast as he could. Managing to get themselves behind Techno as the pinkette yelled at the stranger.



Techno had been raiding their bathroom cabinet, picking up bottles to read their labels before returning them. The noise started up as soon as his hand wrapped around the Tylenol bottle, the pills rattling the container they were trapped in.

The second he heard Ranboo screaming for him he ran, the medicine bottle was dropped in his haste to get back to his kid. He rushed through the hall, the teen sounded terrified which was shocking enough but Techno also knew that his kid wouldn't scream for no simple reason.

Once he caught sight of his kid his blood boiled. Ranboo was forced to the ground with their arms held behind him, his kid was crying and looked extremely panicked. His gaze soon landed on the attacker, but it wasn't an attacker.

"Techno! Thank god, this guy must have snuck in or something!"

The pinkette stormed forward, fists clenched at his sides, a glare sent directly to the one behind his kid. He was furious, his kid was sick, already in pain, and now panicking while crying.

"Fundy, you have three seconds to let go of Ranboo, or I will make you."

The man flinched but released his hold on the other, the teen quickly hiding behind the pinkette. Ranboo was clutching the back of his shirt, he could feel them trembling.

"Techno what? Why are you getting mad at me?! This guy is the one who broke into your house! They're a threat!"

"Ranboo isn't a threat! If anyone is a threat right now it's you!"

Techno ignored the flinch from Fundy, instead sending one more glare at him before turning to address Ranboo. The teen's eyes were flicking between Techno and Fundy, he looked ready to run. The pinkette was pretty sure fear and adrenaline were not helpful when you had the flu.

"Ran, hey focus on me okay?"

The teen's gaze locked onto him, only occasionally glancing over to the ginger. His kid was panicking, understandable, Fundy had them pinned to the floor a few seconds ago.

Ranboo made the signs for 'no' and 'take', repeating the motion a few times. The pinkette didn't understand at first, confused about why Ranboo chose those signs until it clicked. They thought he was being kidnapped again, that they were going to be taken again.

"Shit, no Ranboo no, it's okay. You're safe I swear."

Techno opened his arms and the teen crashed into him, clinging onto him as they sobbed silently against his chest. He wrapped his arms around them, glancing back at the confused ginger. He kept himself between the two, just in case. He didn't think Fundy would try anything else, but everything in him was screaming to protect his kid from the threat. Before he could say anything though Phil was walking through the door with Steve.

"Heys guys I'm ba- Uh, what happened?"

The blonde glanced between the three, confusion evident on his face.

"Phil! This guy broke into your house and Techno's just hugging them!"

Fundy was pointing to Techno while watching Phil, the blonde just looked more confused.

"Wha- Do you mean Ranboo? Mate, Ranboo lives here they didn't break in."

This seemed to confuse the ginger, head turning towards Techno and the teen. He locked eyes with the tricolored teen with a frown, said teen looked away quickly. Ranboo had calmed down a bit and was no longer sobbing, but they still had tears falling down his cheeks. The lingering feeling of fear is still present in their mind. They were still shaking a bit, be it from fear or their sickness not even Ranboo knew.

"Okay, what happened, because clearly, something happened."

Techno huffed before speaking, "I left the kid in the kitchen while I went to find the pain meds, but I heard Ranboo yell for me and came running. I'm met with Fundy here pinning the kid, so I intervened."

Phil turned to Fundy with a frown, the ginger looked panicked.

"Wait Phil, look I just saw this random guy in your house! Of course, I'm gonna assume the worst!"

"Shit, did Wilbur not tell you? He was supposed to tell you about Ranboo like months ago."

Phil was pinching the bridge of his nose, looking like a disappointed parent. The blonde sighed leaning down to release Steve, who once free ran right up to Techno and Ranboo. The pinkette pet the dog's head, Steve's tail wagging happily.

The blonde walked over to the two, nudging Techno's arm to release Ranboo. Once free Phil looked over the teen, cupping their cheek and moving their head around.

"Did you get hurt?"

The teen shook his head, they were fine. Sure their side would probably have a big bruise, probably one around his ankle as well, and maybe some around their wrists. Any of the lingering pain could be written off as just general soreness from being sick, a few new bruises would be a bit harder to explain though. But Techno and Phil didn't need to worry about that. Plus they didn't want to get this Fundy person in trouble, he was probably friends with Techno and Phil anyway, so no Ranboo would stay quiet.

"Tech can you text Wilbur? I'm sure he'd want to hear about this."

Fundy had a look of fear on his face before turning to Techno as he typed on his phone, the machine buzzing less than a second later. The pinkette answered, raising the phone to his ear

while he kept his eye on Fundy. He glanced over at Phil and Ranboo from time to time, expression a lot softer than the glare he was sending the ginger.

"Yeah, guess we'll see you in a few minutes then?" Techno's voice was as monotone as ever. "Yeah, I'll tell him." And then he hung up, pocketing his phone.

The pinkette turned to face Fundy, the ginger looking pale. It was obvious he was terrified, even at the mere mention of the brunette's name.

"Wilbur's on his way said that if you run he'll hunt you down again but this time he won't go easy on you."

The only thing the ginger had to say to that was a quiet 'oh shit' before running a hand through his hair. Techno didn't pay any more attention to him and instead looked over the kitchen. Seeing the chair knocked over and the glass that once held water shattered around the floor, he really hoped the teen didn't get glass shards on the bottom of his feet; thankfully the lack of blood was a good sign that his kid wasn't hurt. Ranboo of course noticed the pinkette staring into the kitchen, quickly figuring out that he was looking over the mess they made when attempting to run. Ranboo soon made their way over to Techno and signed the word '*sorry*'.

"Ran you don't need to apologize for this, Fundy is the one who should be apologizing. Actually, Fundy you get to clean my kitchen now."

The teen shook his head, '*no, I clean.*' he signed, moving to do just that before the pinkette could respond. Ranboo was more than willing to clean up a mess they were the one to make, Fundy didn't need to since he wasn't the one who knocked over the chair or broke the cup.

The teen crouched, picking up glass shards and placing them in his other hand gently; he didn't want to accidentally stab himself. They got halfway done when the front door swung open, causing them to jump and accidentally slice their finger.

Wilbur was standing in the doorway panting, his eyes roaming across the room until they landed on the ginger. The brunette stomped over while Fundy shrank back from him.

"Fundy Georgina Soot! You said you weren't getting in until later tonight! It's one, why didn't you call me?!" Wilbur yelled, holding a hand up when Fundy opened his mouth. "Oh, I'm not done yet! I only find out you're back because Techno texted me! And I find out you basically attacked Ranboo, unprovoked!"

"It's not like that! I thought I'd surprise you guys, I figured you were all here! But when I walked in I see a stranger, and I thought they were a burglar or something!"

The two were still yelling at each other, meanwhile, Ranboo watched while they finished picking up the glass shards. Their finger wasn't bleeding too bad, only smearing a bit against the translucent shards. He was extremely anxious and all this yelling was just amping it up, plus it was bringing their migraine back to what it had been earlier. They clenched their jaw while trying to ignore the whole thing, it was almost impossible to do that though.

Techno was also watching the argument go down, arms crossed while standing behind Wilbur and glaring down at Fundy. The pinkette had placed himself between the teen and the ginger, still not fully trusting Fundy at the moment.

Phil entered the kitchen, going to help his kid clean up the glass. He paused though when he noticed red, shit Ranboo cut themselves. The blonde hurried over, stopping the teen from picking up any more glass. He managed to get Ranboo to dump the shards they collected already into his own palm, going to dump the sharp pieces into the trash can.

He made his way back over before helping the teen up, silently asking to see the cut. Ranboo obliged easily, giving Phil access to assess the wound. Thankfully it wasn't too deep, the blood was already starting to clot as well.

"Let's get this patched up, and maybe grab that Tylenol Techno was getting for you."

Ranboo nodded to Phil, the elder holding onto their wrist before leading him towards the bathroom. The teen glanced back at the two arguing, it was hard to make out exactly what they were saying to each other but he knew they were both extremely angry with each other. Meanwhile, Techno was watching them, glancing over a few times to Phil and himself before focusing back on the other two.



"So you're telling me, all of you, just decided to keep this guy around even though they have nothing to do with the Syndicate?"

Fundy was more than confused, he knew Phil had a tendency to bring in teens but to have one without being a part of the family was unheard of.

"Not exactly, Ranboo's been through some things and we haven't gotten a chance to ask if he'd like to join. But even if they don't want to that doesn't change anything, they're still a part of the family."

That had his anger rising, that's not how any of this worked. Techno was speaking like it didn't matter what this Ranboo guy chose like they'd keep him around anyway. Why was everyone so obsessed with this random kid?!

"Fundy, look, I know you're probably upset about all of this. I should have told you about them sooner, it's just a lot came up suddenly and it slipped my mind."

Wilbur was a lot calmer now, having yelled out most of his anger. Tommy was sitting on the couch, still fuming from earlier. As soon as the two teens walked in Tommy started yelling, Tubbo had to practically hold the blonde back so he didn't hit Fundy.

"Yeah, you should have! But it's whatever now, I'll apologize and we can forget this even happened."

The rest of them agreed reluctantly, Tommy was especially not happy about this. Tubbo leaned back against the couch cushions, having sat next to Tommy after calming the blonde down.

Phil soon returned with Ranboo, the teen's finger wrapped in two bandaids. Once the two teens spotted their sibling they ran over, looking over the taller teen for any injuries.

"You okay boob boy?"

Even with the unflattering nickname, it was obvious to tell that Tommy was concerned, and pairing that with Tubbo's frown just seemed to solidify this. Ranboo nodded once, again deciding not to mention any pain that was still stinging against his skin. Wilbur and Niki soon moved over to them, the tricolored teen wasn't sure when the other three arrived but having them here was comforting.

They were starting to associate having the other six around as being safe, knowing now that with them around he wasn't going to get hurt. Wilbur and Niki started fretting over him as well, the pinkette reaching up to press her hand against their forehead. Ranboo had to lean down a bit so she could reach, leaning into the touch. Wilbur had grasped his hand, turning it around to look for any more possible cuts.

Tommy and Tubbo were also looking over them, they honestly worried way too much over him. The tricolored teen wouldn't stop them though, that would probably just worry them more. Techno was watching from a distance, still blocking Fundy's path to Ranboo. Phil stood off to the side, letting the other four hover around Ranboo.

Fundy was watching the whole interaction, confusion only growing. What the fuck did this kid do to have the whole Syndicate wrapped around their finger? There was no way Ranboo didn't know what he was doing, they must have figured out how to squeeze his way into their hearts. They might not see it but Fundy did.

And if they wouldn't do anything about it, he would.

Fundy would get Ranboo to show their true colors.

One way or another.

Chapter End Notes

So I made a discord server, for my fics and talk more with my readers~
Feel free to join! I'll be posting a lot of updates and extra previews on there, plus some things that didn't get added to my fics

[Discord Link](#)

Torment

Chapter Summary

OwO What's this??
New chapter??
I can't believe it!!

Chapter Notes

TW's;;

Aftermath of Torture
Aftermath of Kidnapping
Conditioning
Mentions of Not Eating (Not an Eating Disorder)
Cursing
Bullying
Manipulation
Use of Over-the-Counter drug (Nyquil)
Thievery

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It was decided that Fundy would be staying with their cousin, seeing as he had already been staying with Wilbur before he left. The ginger ended up giving Ranboo a half-assed apology, getting a smack upside the head by Wilbur before he apologized correctly.

It was only a couple of days later that they returned to the Craft household, Wil complained constantly about not being able to visit earlier due to Ranboo being sick. Fundy didn't get the obsession, what was so great about a lanky teenager?

When the two entered the house they were met with a peculiar sight. Sitting on the couch were Phil and Ranboo, in between the two was Philza's beloved parrot; Twitch. The bird was mouthing, beaking?, one of Ranboo's fingers while making cooing sounds. They had both looked to the door when Fundy and Wilbur entered, the younger tensing up.

Fundy smirked a bit at Ranboo's reaction, he felt satisfaction in the fact that the teen was scared of him.

"Oh, I expected you two to be coming by a bit later. I haven't even started on dinner yet."

The blonde chuckled while rubbing the back of his neck, looking a bit sheepish.

"Nah, figured we could help out with dinner tonight. Plus I wanted to get here before the gremlins, enjoy some peace and quiet for a change."

Wilbur replied before walking over to the couch, Fundy following after his cousin. The brunette leaned down so he was resting against the back of the couch, arms crossed in front of him to keep his balance.

"Hey Boo, feeling better?"

The tricolored teen glanced up at Wilbur before giving a nod, Twitch soon stealing his attention once more as the bird crawled into his lap. The brunette chuckled before using a finger to scratch the black feathers on the bird's head. Fundy merely watched the interaction, trying to see what this teen was doing to get his family so adored over them.

Twitch had enough of the petting, squawking and playfully snapping at Wilbur's finger. The brunette chuckled before raising his arms in the typical surrender motion. The bird then proceeded to climb Ranboo's sweater, the teen's hands coming up to make sure if Twitch felt they could catch him.

The avian soon found a place to sit on the tricolored teen's shoulder, playing with strands of hair. The bird was also muttering words, making sentences that had no meaning.

"Twitch stop being a brat, you can't hog all of Ran's attention."

The bird seemed to disagree with his owner, wings flapping while crest raised. Ranboo had to lean a bit away to avoid being smacked with a wing. Phil merely sighed, glaring lightly at Wilbur as he snickered.

"Boo. Beloved. Boo. Dadza. Shut."

Twitch squawked out before lowering his wings, adjusting his grip on the teen's shoulder before continuing to play with their hair.

'it okay' Ranboo signed with a minuscule smile. Phil had been overjoyed when the teen started smiling and laughing more, hell they all had. The blonde sighed fondly, a small huff leaving him.

"Well if he gets too annoying let me know and I'll wrangle the fucker back to my office."

Twitch gave a quick hiss to Phil's words before ignoring the man once again, trying to get Ranboo's full attention. The teen nodded before scratching at the bird's chest, said bird thrilled as his feathers puffed up. Phil stuck his tongue out slightly at the bird before standing, cracking his back.

"Oldza."

"Wilbur, I will make you eat outside with Carl. Do not test me, boy."

"Nah you love me too much to do that, that's a fate worse than death."

Ranboo could remember Techno once stating that Carl had a small list of people he hated, an even smaller one of who he liked, and on that list was Wilbur. For some reason the donkey despised the brunette, chasing him around while trying to bite his legs. Ranboo has never seen this but it was fairly easy to imagine, he'd seen Carl chase Tommy around after the teen annoyed the equine.

"You're walking on thin ice Wilbur, thin fucking ice."

Phil's tone was completely playful in nature, obvious he wasn't truly upset at the brunette. Wilbur merely smirked before nudging Fundy, the ginger raising an eyebrow at the elder.

"Hey Fundy, think we could take Phil?"

The ginger sighed before replying, "Wilbur, I love you man but I would not fight Philza Craft for you. You'd have better luck with the donkey than the Angel of Death."

The brunette gasped, hand over his heart. Wilbur had the most betrayed look he could make on his face, looking over at his cousin.

"Traitor! Betrayed by my own family! How could this be! Death take me now for I can no longer be a part of this realm, take me in your embrace sweet lady of the night!"

Ranboo chuckled at Wilbur's dramatics, the brunette beaming as he proceed to spew a more theater-worthy performance. Phil had left for the kitchen the second Wilbur started talking, knowing his son would be going on for hours about this 'betrayal'.

Fundy watched silently, confusion only growing the longer he observed them. Wilbur was practically putting on a show for the teen, even grabbing random items to use as props; where did he get that vase? Ranboo had a hand only slightly blocking the lower half of their face, still chuckling as he watched Wilbur dance around the room with a broom he took from the front closet.

The ginger threw a glare at the teen, his family was putty in their hands and this is what they did with it? Sure it was better than having them off murdering random people, but still! He made sure his face was turned away from Wilbur, not wanting to get lectured again over manners.

Ranboo glanced over at Fundy before freezing, turning their head away and down. Coward. The ginger rolled his eyes before taking a seat in one of the armchairs, pulling out his phone to play some mindless game that constantly asked for his money.

Wilbur paused when the laughter stopped, having stopped mid-dip with his broom dance partner, and glanced over at Ranboo. The teen was fiddling with a loose thread on their sweater, head lowered and completely avoiding looking at either of the two in the room. This had the brunette dropping the broom before briskly walking over to the teen, crouching in front of the couch. He placed a hand over the teen's pausing their fidgeting, he wore a concerned frown as he looked over his sibling.

"Hey Boo, is something wrong? Did I do something to upset you?"

Ranboo shook his head, using his finger to write out two letters on the back of Wilbur's hand. 'O' and 'K'. The brunette sighed softly, not believing the teen but knowing he shouldn't push them to answer.

"Okay, but you know I won't be mad or upset with you right?"

That got a small nod from the teen, their gaze flicking over to rest on Wilbur's chin. The brunette smiled warmly, giving their hand a small squeeze. He opened his mouth to say something else but all that came out was a yelp, glare settling on the black bird that pecked his head. Twitch merely bobbed his head as he mimicked laughter.

"Yeah, I get it demon bird. Phil's right, you can be such a little prick sometimes."

The bird merely hissed at Wilbur before pressing his head against Ranboo's cheek, gaining the teen's attention once more. Fundy had paused his game and watched the interaction, not lowering his phone in case he needed to pretend he wasn't eavesdropping.

Was this how he did it? Get them to pity him? No, his family was smarter than that. So then what? Fundy made sure he'd find out tonight, already planning what he could do to get Ranboo to snap and mess up this charade they had.



It wasn't long before the rest of the Syndicate showed up. Niki ended up bringing dessert, key lime pie, saying she had accidentally made a second one earlier in the day. Tommy and Tubbo arrived shortly after Niki, the blonde carrying a twelve-pack of coke while Tubbo had two two-liters under his arms.

Dinner itself was fine, Phil had made some kind of chicken dish, but there was a bit of awkward tension in the air. The others tried to start conversations but they ended up falling flat, a few lasted a bit but they soon died as well. Things changed when Fundy glanced over at Ranboo, the teen was pushing their food around a bit instead of eating it.

"Is Phil's food not good enough for you?"

The tricolored teen's head snapped up, a look of confusion and fear on their face. Fundy had said it quiet enough that no one else heard him over their own conversations. The ginger shot another glare at the teen, watching as once again he ducked their head and looked away. Fundy huffed quietly before continuing his meal, taking notice that Ranboo didn't touch their plate at all afterward.

When dinner was finished, Techno and Tubbo helping clean up, the brunette noticed the mostly full plate in front of Ranboo. He frowned softly before pulling out the chair beside them, watching their eyes flick up at him before lowering once more.

"Hey Boo, you okay?"

Tubbo bit the inside of his cheek, concern pouring out of him. Ranboo nodded, shoulders raising as if he was trying to become smaller. The brunette's frown and worry grew, gaze looking over the teen in front of him for any sign of what the problem was.

"Were you just not hungry?"

The tricolored teen hesitated before nodding once, hands fidgeting on their lap. It was obvious to Tubbo that his friend was getting anxious, and it was his job, self-employed, to fix that.

"That's okay. Wanna go sit on the couch and pick a movie? If we get there first then we won't have to sit through another two hours of Up."

A small smile formed on their face, a breath of air escaping his lips before nodding again. They glanced up at Tubbo, eyes focusing on the brunette's messy hair. Did he brush it at all? Tubbo held out his hand, the taller teen taking it. He was soon being led back into the living room, trying to ignore the piercing glare they were receiving from Fundy.

Ranboo wasn't sure what they did to upset the man, he's pretty sure he didn't do anything. Their memory has been acting up recently, always forgetting the simplest of things; why they entered a room, to eat or drink if they asked a question already. It was getting frustrating, and when he brought it up to Puffy during one of the sessions she just said there wasn't much they could do about it; suggesting writing things down or making small reminders.

Either way, Ranboo was ninety-nine percent positive they didn't do anything to incur the ginger's anger. But yet Fundy has been glaring at him almost all night, and not the playful glares Tommy gives them sometimes.

Fundy watched as Tubbo led the tricolored teen around, talking to them quietly. He wasn't sure how Ranboo did it, but he was going to find out how and why the teen was manipulating his family. He had been watching the teen all night, glaring at the teen whenever they met his eye, and each time they were the first to look away. He noticed some small things; the teen hasn't said a word, they were jumpy, at least one of the others almost always had him in sight at all times, and the fact his family would practically jump through hoops for them.

He growled quietly to himself, he needed more information before he could confront them. The best outcome would be exposing him in front of the others, having them snap and give up this pitiful act they had going on. He'd need to do more than just glare at the kid, he would need to go a bit further.



Fundy started up his fool-proof plan; aggravating Ranboo into snapping. It started out small; a few passive-aggressive words are thrown their way, a few shoves as he walked by them, and he even stepped on their foot at least twice.

Yet Ranboo barely reacted, well not the way Fundy wanted. Instead of anger or yelling the teen would either flinch or just put up with it, needless to say, this just pissed Fundy off more. So he amped it up a bit; acting as if Ranboo didn't exist, tripping them whenever he could, spilling drinks on them.

He was honestly surprised the teen hasn't yelled at him yet, Ranboo should have been upset at least but instead, they merely started avoiding him. Fundy got a few angry glares from Wilbur and Techno though, but before either of them could confront him Ranboo stopped them. The teen would scribble something down in their little book before holding it out to the other two, both calming down somewhat.

It was when Ranboo went into the kitchen that things got even worse, the ginger excusing himself to the bathroom. Oh, of course Fundy didn't go to the restroom, instead turning into the kitchen as soon as he was out of sight. He caught sight of the teen filling a bowl with popcorn, their book sitting innocently on the kitchen table. The ginger smirked, maybe this would get a reaction.

Some of the others left their cups on the table, Techno saying he didn't trust them to not spill it on his carpet. Fundy grabbed one of the glasses, pouring the beverage over the book, watching the pages soak it up. He staged it so the whole thing looked like an accident before sneaking out of the kitchen, and returning to the living room with the others.

He was waiting to hear a yell, a grumble, anything to hint at the teen's anger. But it was silent. A few minutes later Ranboo returned, they looked normal. Did he not see his soaked book? Surely not, the teen has been carrying around that thing all night.

He'd have to do worse.



"Hey Phil, is it okay if we stay the night?"

The blonde glanced up from his crossword when Fundy spoke, tilting his head slightly.

"Yeah, that's fine. You don't really need to ask though?"

"I know but it's the polite thing to do ya know?"

Phil nodded with a slight smile, the ginger returning it. He then went to tell Wilbur they were staying the night, the brunette seemed more than happy to stay there. With that secured, he now just had to wait.

Once the other four in the house were asleep, he struck. Having already found out which room was Ranboo's, he snuck in. Peering into the room he noticed the bottle of Nyquil on the bedside table, perfect. The teen would be knocked out with that, which made his job so much easier.

He slipped into the room, making sure to remain quiet so he wouldn't wake anyone in the house. He approached silently, light on his feet as his gaze roamed across the darkened room. The kid didn't seem to have much, let alone anything that looked somewhat important. He needed something Ranboo would want back, otherwise, this was pointless.

He inched towards the bed, seeing if there was anything interesting in the bedside table's drawers. He grits his teeth when he saw nothing of importance, just some pens and the now somewhat dry book. He was about to move on to somewhere else when he paused.

Ranboo was sleeping on his side, back to the ginger, giving such easy access to the necklace around their neck. Perfect. If the kid slept with it on then it must be at least somewhat important. So he slowly reached for the clasp, not wanting to jostle it too much and wake the other. He carefully undid the silver clasp, slowly slipping the fabric out from under the teen. He froze when Ranboo moved a bit, fearing he woke them up, but let out a silent sigh of relief when they didn't wake up.

Soon the necklace was free and resting in his hand, now he just needed to hide this away and wait until tomorrow. If everything went to plan then he could prove Ranboo wasn't who they said they were.

Come tomorrow they'd see that the teen was nothing but a fraud.

Tomorrow he'd free his family from Ranboo's clutches.

Tomorrow.

Chapter End Notes

Hey guys~

Next chapter may be a bit...

I may have started another fic that has taken over my life... ((you should check it out tho))

But I swear this is still being written!!!

Just might be a few days before the next chapter.

Have fun with this cliffhanger though~

ALSO::

If you want to follow me on other social media my card can be found [HERE](#)

I also have a discord server that you can join and listen to me scream about my fics which can be found [HERE](#)

Mirror Image

Chapter Summary

It's cry time everyone!~

Chapter Notes

TW's;;

Blood

Aftermath of Kidnapping

Aftermath of Torture

Conditioning

Panic Attack

Mentions of Choking/Suffocation

Gaslighting

Mild Violence

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ranboo was in the blissful half-sleep, the one where you knew you were awake but still able to drift back into the embrace of sleep when a paw landed on his cheek. They didn't flinch that much, an accomplishment, having had Enderchest wake him up this way for the past week and a half.

The midnight cat meowed at him, paw pads tapping their cheek once more in a demand they awaken and feed her. Both Phil and Techno had been feeding her since he got back but he felt that he should be the one feeding her, she was his cat after all. So they took up that responsibility, Enderchest didn't really care who fed her as long as she got fed.

The teen sighed and pulled the cat close, cuddling her gently while pushing his head against hers. Enderchest licked his nose once before purring, paws kneading the sheets. The cat had always been a cuddler but usually on her own terms, now though she was more than willing to let Ranboo pull her close whenever they needed to.

Even if they wanted to they couldn't just stay in bed all day, if he did Techno or Phil would surely come to check up on him. The two had done so before, especially on the bad days when Ranboo felt they couldn't leave the bed even if he tried. Needless to say, if they didn't get up soon then he'd have one or two concerned dads at their door, and he hated making them worry over nothing.

That was something new, referring to Techno and Phil as their dads. The first few times were complete accidents but each time the two would light up and just get so excited. Now it was second nature to refer to them as such, he was sure if Tommy or Tubbo noticed this they would most definitely tease him for it.

Enderchest meowed at him again, pushing her head into their own, demanding once more that he get up and feed her before she starves. The tricolored teen sighed but released the feline, letting her crawl over him to leap off the bed. Once sitting up they could actually start the process of waking up, stretching lightly to not pull at any of the still-healing wounds; who knew injuries took so long to heal?

They went to rub the back of their neck when they froze. Instead of meeting the touch of fabric and metal that became like another part of him, their hand met skin. Ice cold dread flooded their system, and the lack of comforting pressure against their neck became the only thing he could focus on.

His hand flew to their neck as if they'd find the item there, but again all he touched was more skin. Their pulse was picking up, breathing getting much faster than it should have been. It wasn't there. Why wasn't it there? They didn't take it off. Did it fall off?

Pulling the sheets off the bed didn't reveal the choker, even after moving everything off of the bed, there was still no sign of it. His hand gripped their throat, trying to mimic the comforting weight. It wasn't the same, if anything it just brought up bad memories that Ranboo really wanted to forget; their memory for once not forgetting something. His nails made little crescent-shaped indents on the side of their neck, he almost couldn't feel it.

They were so focused on this that he didn't notice the door opening or the figure approaching, jumping when a hand touched their shoulder. The teen's eyes caught sight of Techno's own concerned expression, gaze lowering almost immediately to see Enderchest circling the two.

How long have they been in here freaking out? Did Enderchest go bother Techno for food since Ranboo wasn't moving quick enough for her? Or maybe she could tell something was wrong and went to go fetch someone? It didn't matter right now because Techno was saying something to him, mouth moving while muffled sound entered their ears.

The pinkette's hand touched his own, gently trying to get them to stop clawing at his own throat. Ranboo didn't want to release his neck, the lack of feeling was worse than the feeling of hands around it, but Techno didn't seem willing to let this continue.

The teen allowed their hand to be removed, only to pull Techno's own against their neck a second later. The pinkette attempted to pull away only to freeze at his kid's distressed whine, their grip on his hand tight and desperate.

Techno hadn't been sure what was going on when Enderchest first exited Ranboo's room, meowing up a storm as she jumped onto the counter to scream at him. And when he gave her food she completely ignored it, which was what alerted him that something was wrong. Enderchest was a glutton, she'd eat herself into a food coma if they allowed her to, so her not giving the food even a glance was concerning, to say the least.

She kept jumping up and down on the counter, moving towards the hallway before repeating the movements. The pinkette placed his coffee mug down and followed after her, the feline sliding right back into Ranboo's room through the partially open door.

He tried knocking, getting no reply. Techno didn't want to just burst in and scare his kid, but an almost wheezing sound started to become all he could hear, something Phil would probably call parental instinct forcing him forward and into the room.

The second he spotted Ranboo he couldn't stop his feet from walking toward the teen. Ranboo was hyperventilating, hand wrapped around their throat so tight it would surely bruise a bit. His kid jumped as soon as Techno touched their shoulder, gaze finding his before quickly avoiding it. The half-second was enough to take in Ranboo's expression; his eyes were glassy with tears looking ready to overflow, their jaw was locked tight as if he was trying to hold himself together, and just the general fear his expression held spoke volumes.

"Hey, hey Ranboo. It's okay, focus on me Boo."

The pinkette reached up to gently remove Ranboo's hand from their neck, not wanting the teen to accidentally hurt themselves more. The teen resisted at first, joints locked stiff and refusing to budge. Techno was able to gently pry their hand off, only to have his own soon replace it. He froze, unsure what to do about this. When he tried to move away Ranboo's grip just got tighter and a whine escaped their throat., so he stopped again.

It was then he noticed the lack of a choker, his hand only feeling the heightened pulse and warm skin. That explained a lot actually. Ranboo was freaking out because the choker was gone, and Puffy said the item was a comfort to him. And he could put two and two together, the teen needs to use something to mimic it; which just so happened to be a hand.

If anyone walked in right now they would definitely be shocked, it probably looked like Techno was choking his kid out or something. He shushed his kid softly, rubbing his thumb against their pulse point in hopes that it would help calm them down a bit. Ranboo was shaking, hands still holding onto Techno's to keep it in place.

This was only a temporary solution though, not like he could keep his hand around his kid's throat all day or however long it took to find the choker. He didn't think Ranboo removed it themselves, so its clasp probably broke and it fell off in his sleep or something. But this didn't help them now, and he didn't have anything to replace it with-

Wait.

He had something, but he really didn't want to give it to Ranboo. Up in the storage closet by the front door, he had one of Steve's old collars, it would fit easily around Ranboo's neck; but did he really want to see his kid in a collar again? Easy answer; no he did not. But this wasn't about what he wanted, no this was about the teen currently having a panic attack in front of him.

Now came the issue of getting the collar. Ranboo wouldn't be letting him go anytime soon, and he didn't want to have to literally pull his kid around. He could call for Phil, but that brought the risk of alerting Wilbur and Fundy that something was wrong. Wilbur wasn't

really an issue, seeing as he was the one to help fix the issue in the first place, it was more his cousin. Techno wasn't dumb, it was easy to tell Fundy did not like Ranboo; he had no idea why not like his kid did anything to deserve the guy's anger. He also saw the 'accidents' that were happening, yet he couldn't call them out because the second he was about to Ranboo insisted they were fine and nothing was wrong. The pinkette had been planning to pull Fundy aside today and tell him to back off, but well things change and he is currently trying to figure out how to fix this new problem.

He'd have to text Phil and hope the man didn't silence his phone again, the blonde had the nasty habit to mute his phone when home. The pinkette shot a very brief text explaining the situation, waiting until he saw those three dots pop up and indicate Phil was replying.

While waiting he managed to calm his kid down a bit, talking them through some breathing exercises he researched after the first panic attack back in the bakery. His phone buzzed once, a simple 'ok' popping up before the screen went dark again. Now they would just need to wait until Phil came back with the collar, then all three of them could look for the choker.

A knock on the door sounded, a blonde head peeking in with a concerned frown. Techno hadn't been very specific when explaining the situation, just a brief; 'We have an issue, go grab Steve's old collar and come to Ranboo's room.' Seeing the situation though he was able to figure out the gist of it; though it was an interesting sight to see your platonic partner holding your kid's throat.

"Uh... got it."

Phil kept his voice soft, not wanting to spook the teen anymore than he already was. The blonde slipped into the room, handing over the faded blue dog collar to Techno. The pinkette took it before looking back at Ranboo, gaining the teen's attention easily.

"Here Ran, will this help?"

He held up the collar, letting the teen see the object. Techno felt conflicted about this, on one hand, he didn't want to put a collar on his kid but on the other hand, he hated seeing Ranboo this distressed to the point of almost choking himself.

The tricolored teen nodded quickly, releasing Techno's hand from their death grip. Once he removed his own hand Ranboo bared their neck, it made his stomach flip. He hated this, he hated every second of this. Techno went through the movements robotically, trying hard not to think about what he was doing.

His mind kept shouting vicious things at him though, telling him he was no better than Quackity, that he was hurting his kid. He had to tell himself that this was only temporary, that as soon as the necklace was found he would never have to see his kid collared like some dog again.

The second the thing was latched he removed his hands, not wanting to touch it any longer than needed. He had to bite the inside of his cheek to stifle any reaction that wanted to burst forward. Just the sight of Ranboo wearing a collar flooded his mind with the image of his kid bloodied and broken, bringing up the fear he had for his kid that day.

The teen touched the collar delicately as if scared it wasn't really there. When their hand brushed the rough fabric he sighed in relief, shoulders relaxing from the extra tension stored there. Phil touched his shoulder gently, it almost felt like it burned. The pinkette glanced over at him, he always hated how observant Phil could be.

Techno took a shaky breath before excusing himself, exiting the room quickly. He ignored the concerned look Wilbur shot him from the kitchen and the confused one from the ginger by his side, he needed to be alone. He didn't know where he was headed, he just knew he needed to be alone to collect his thoughts.

The pinkette only recognized where he was after shutting and locking the door behind him, taking in the sight of the hallway bathroom. It made sense honestly, he needed to be alone and where was the most private area in the house? The bathroom.

He moved to the sink, turning the water on before splashing his face. The cool liquid helped bring his mind into focus, but it shattered when he looked up at his reflection. Instead of the disheveled mess of pink and his normal tired face, there was a different face looking back at him. A mop of dark brown hair, tucked under a blue beanie, dark blue eyes staring at him, and a jagged scar running up the side of his face.

There was no Technoblade in that mirror instead, Quackity stared back at him with a knowing smirk. His breath hitched, so many emotions raging inside him, and he went with the most familiar one; anger. It was so quick that if you blinked you would have missed it. Techno slammed his fist against the mirror, shattering the thing and creating multiple images of the bastard who merely laughed back at him.

He wasn't Quackity, he was nothing like that sick fuck. But was he really, or did he just keep telling himself that? He just did the same thing Quackity had. He placed a collar on his kid. He latched it around their neck, just like Quackity had.

Warm trails of water fell down his face, the man having to use his other hand to cover his mouth in hopes it would muffle the sobs that were about to break free. He sunk to his knees, bloodied hand holding onto the porcelain sink as he curled into himself.

His hand throbbed, sticky blood coating his knuckles as it dripped into the sink. The mirror shards reflected the scene back at him, Quackity was no longer looking at him; now he just saw a broken man on the verge of a breakdown.

He felt sick, he wanted to scream, he felt scared, he wanted to stop feeling now. He wasn't Quackity. He wasn't as bad as Quackity.

Was he?

Come yell at me in my discord~

You get private info and get to help me figure out what I'm doing for plot!~

Plus I like interacting with my readers

(ノ●▽●)ノ*:・° ☆

Haunting Illusion

Chapter Summary

This one is going to hurt.
The next chapter will hurt as well,
It's all downhill from here...
just a heads up

(; ⊙_⊙)

Chapter Notes

TW's;;

Aftermath of Torture

Aftermath of Kidnapping

Conditioning

Cursing (Minor)

Manipulation

Mentions of Death/Murder (Moderate;; Towards Quackity)

Gaslighting

Panic Attack

Derealization

Disassociation

Dehumanization

Hallucinations

Yelling/Arguing (Major)

((Brief Summary in end notes))

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

When Technoblade stormed down the hallway Fundy could easily say he was confused, why was the pink-haired man upset? The ginger sipped from his mug, looking over to his cousin to see if he knew why. Wilbur was biting his lip and glancing from the bathroom to back down the hall, he had a tight grip on his own mug of coffee.

Before the ginger could question him about their boss' strange behavior there was the sound of footsteps coming closer. Sure enough, Phil walked down the hall, a frown on his face as he led the lanky teen behind him. Fundy felt proud at that, it was obvious Ranboo had been

crying and just had a guilty look to them. Add in Phil's anger he could guess what may have happened; the teen did something and Phil got mad at them, which means Fundy's plan succeeded. He had to fight off the self-satisfying smirk from showing by using his mug to cover his lower face.

The blonde led Ranboo over to the kitchen table before ushering him into a seat, once situated Phil glanced around before spotting a familiar feline. He picked Enderchest up before handing her over to Ranboo, the tricolored teen taking and holding her to their chest. This must be the part where Phil kicks Ranboo out, wow why didn't he do this at the start?

"Phil, what happened?"

The brunette questioned, his gaze flicking between their father and sibling. It was obvious Wilbur was concerned and distressed, not knowing what to do. Now here came the part where Phil explains what happened, then Wilbur will get angry, and Ranboo will be gone.

"First, do you have any more chokers on you?"

At Wilbur's head shake, the blonde sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose. He was upset, angry even, at what he wasn't quite sure. His kid was just coming out of a panic attack, his partner stormed off to most likely break down somewhere, and he wanted to hit something.

"Ranboo's locket is gone."

Wilbur froze before looking at the teen, eyes locking on the collar around their neck. Needless to say, his blood boiled, his brother was collared again. Of course, he wasn't mad at Ranboo, no he was simply pissed at a dead guy. But being angry wasn't going to help, if anything it was making the situation worse.

Ranboo felt floaty, like he was there but also not. After Phil handed over Enderchest they tried to focus on her, scratching under her chin and feeling the vibrations of her purrs against his chest. They knew Phil was upset, they were pretty sure it wasn't at them though, and even the brief moments before Techno left were enough to tell that the pinkette was also upset.

They almost assumed their father was mad at them when he first stormed out, seeing as he left as soon as the collar was latched. Phil had assured him that Techno wasn't mad at them, that instead, he was mad at the situation. Ranboo didn't really mind the collar though, sure it was itchy and brought up a few bad memories but they have been dealing with those since Quackity, he could handle a few more.

They could see when Wilbur got upset as well, the brunette going stiff. His knuckles were white as they gripped the mug, if he held the ceramic any tighter he may shatter it. Fundy was merely watching the two, eyes flicking between Wilbur and Phil.

The brunette placed his mug down on the counter before approaching the teen and his cat, a frown still on his face. Fundy knew this was the moment everything would get fixed, he'd have his family back.

But that's not what happened.

No, instead Wilbur crouched next to the chair and pulled the teen into a side hug. Ranboo leaned into it, accepting the comfort as they shuddered. The brunette kissed their forehead, glaring at the wall ahead of him while they whispered reassurances into their hair.

Fundy didn't expect that, no there was supposed to be yelling and arguing not comforting the bastard! He clenched his jaw, teeth grinding together. His plan was backfiring, he hadn't expected the teen to play the victim and get the others' pity. It was obvious he would need to leave the shadows and deal with this problem head-on.

He slammed his empty mug down against the counter, making a loud noise and catching everyone's attention. Enderchest had jumped from Ranboo's arms and ran off towards the bedrooms, said teen looked at Fundy with wide eyes.

"Fundy-"

"No!"

The ginger cut Phil off, slamming his hands down on the marble countertop. He glared at the blonde before turning it to the tricolored teen who cowered and looked away as soon as they made eye contact.

"Don't you see it?! How can you fall for this?!"

"Fundy st-"

"No! He's got you all fooled! How can you all be so fucking blind?! It's all an act, they're using you!"

Wilbur had released the teen, standing tall as he watched his cousin scream at them. He knew Fundy didn't like Ranboo that much, but this was excessive.

"What are you even talking about?"

"Open up your eyes Wilbur! You've known them what, a few months? Yet you've told him about the Syndicate, invited them into your house, treat them like family! Well, news flash! **They aren't!**"

That last line had everyone freezing. Fundy was panting, having ranted loudly. Wilbur looked shocked, no he was horrified. Phil looked furious, his fists clenched at his sides as they shook. Ranboo's gaze was locked solely on the floor, their whole body stiff as whatever floaty feeling they had was ripped from them.

That wasn't true, it couldn't be. Right? Techno told them, he said it so much, that they were family. The others told them that too, constantly reassuring him that they cared.

"That's enough Fundy."

Phil's voice was clipped, his anger lacing his words. The ginger didn't seem to care, merely getting louder and angrier.

"Why aren't you getting it!? Ranboo is manipulating you! And on the slight chance he isn't, then why even have them here?! They're useless to the Syndicate, there's no reason why he should be here!"

"FUNDY!"

That shut the ginger up quickly, his jaw clicking shut at the sight of a pissed-off Technoblade. The pinkette's hair was ruffled, strands falling out of his usually neat braid. His eyes were puffy and red, his mouth holding a scowl as he glared at the ginger.

He took in the sight in front of him; Wilbur off to the side while he looked at his cousin like he was a stranger, Phil closer to the doorway looking ready to punch something or someone, Fundy had been fuming but was now looking away from him, and Ranboo. His kid was stock still in their seat, shoulders raised and covering their ears as he attempted to shrink into himself.

Techno's glare returned to the ginger, footsteps heavy as he approached the other. Fundy cowered away without actually taking a step, the pinkette looming over him.

"What gives you the right to decide any of that, no don't answer me." He held up a hand when the ginger's mouth opened to respond. "You don't. No one is being manipulated here, no one is using us. You don't know Ranboo, you've only known them for a week at most. You don't get to say these things about him."

His voice was steady but there was obvious anger hidden in the words he spoke. Fundy gritted his teeth, fists clenching as his nails made indents in his palms.

"You don't decide who is and isn't family Fundy, Phil and myself do. Ranboo is a part of our family, and you need to accept that."

"Why do you all like them so much!? What's so great about him?!" The ginger shot back, glare turning towards the teen in the chair. "What can you possibly be to get everyone's attention?! **What are you Ranboo?!**"

Techno was about to snap at Fundy once more but he froze at the sound of another voice, a raspy choked voice. He spun so quickly he was sure he'd get whiplash, but that was unimportant right now. His kid was still sitting in the same chair, hunched over and hugging themselves.

Ranboo was crying, shoulders shaking as they held back the sobs trying to escape him. Techno didn't hesitate to rush over, kneeling in front of his kid. He tucked their hair behind their ears, getting a good look at how distressed they truly were. He needed to fix this, the teen's eyes were unfocused, not even seeming to notice his presence. Ranboo couldn't stay here, he needed to relocate them somewhere safe and comfortable.

He stood up before maneuvering Ranboo until he was able to lift them, one arm under their legs while the other wrapped around their back and held the back of their head. Techno moved his kid's head so it rested against his collarbone, making sure they were secure before

heading towards the hallway. He paused in the doorway, glaring over his shoulder at the ginger.

"Get out."

Fundy sputtered, eyes wide as he looked at the pinkette.

"What? You don't mean-"

"I said. **Get. Out.** I'll deal with you later, but I don't want you in my house right now."

Fundy glanced between Wilbur and Phil, hoping for one of them to stand up for him. They didn't. Phil was glaring just as harshly as Techno, arms crossed over his chest as if to restrain himself from punching someone. Wilbur looked a mix of shocked, angry, sad, and disappointed; Fundy wasn't sure which one would be worse.

The ginger looked away before heading towards the front door, metaphorical tail tucked between his legs. He needed to pass Phil to get to the living room, the blonde moved out of his way.

"You fucked up big time Fundy."

He knew he did. He wasn't angry anymore, he felt hollow now. He knows he took things too far, this time. He just couldn't understand. Why were they all so protective over one teenager?

Before Fundy fully left the house he pulled out the choker from his back pocket, placing it on the coffee table before exiting the house. He'd have to get a hotel room for the night, he highly doubted Wilbur would want him home tonight.



Ranboo didn't hear whatever happened next, their ears filled with cotton, and only the sound of muffled yelling got through it. The sensation of someone running their hand through his hair had them tensing again, but the hand held no warmth that he was used to.

"Ah, didn't I warn you? I told you Ranboo, I told you how many times now? And yet you still deny it."

The teen shuddered, they knew that voice a little too well. The feeling of their hair being pulled was familiar as well, but he knew it wasn't real. If this was real then their head would be up, not still held low. And Quackity couldn't be here, he was dead. Phil and Techno wouldn't even let him get close-

"Are you so sure? What if they grew tired of you? Maybe they are finally realizing how worthless you truly are mutt."

They aren't. They wouldn't.

"How can you be so sure? You've been playing the victim for how long now? A month? Two? Admit it, you're a burden on them."

Their chest hurt. It felt like his lungs were restricted by a metal band, the thing refusing to budge. They knew that Quackity was lying, that's all he ever did. He lied about the Syndicate, about Phil and Techno, about Ranboo. But was it really a lie?

"It's not Ranboo, this is why I tried to fix you. So something like this wouldn't happen again, but you rejected my help."

That's not true...

"It is."

Was it?

"Ranboo, tell me. What are you?"

"A useless burden sir."

"Correct."

Chapter End Notes

A little fact that I want to point out::

Ranboo answers Fundy while under the impression that he is answering Quackity, meaning he calls himself a burden aloud and the four other people there hear it.

Summary::

Phil and Ranboo head into the kitchen where Fundy and Wilbur are after Technoblade stormed off. Wilbur is concerned about what's going on, Phil is angry at the whole situation, Fundy is proud because he thinks his plan worked, and Ranboo is distressed. Fundy believes Phil is mad at Ranboo, and that he's about to tell Wilbur what happened and then kick Ranboo out. Phil tells Wilbur that the locket is gone, Wilbur then notices the collar and gets angry. (Not at Ranboo) Fundy thinks this is where everything gets fixed and Ranboo is thrown out. It doesn't happen. Wilbur gives Ranboo, comforting his sibling. Fundy gets upset and starts yelling, startling the three. Wilbur is shocked, Phil gets even angrier, and Ranboo is just scared. Fundy goes off about how Ranboo is manipulating them and using them, how the teen is evil basically. Wilbur and Phil try to get him to stop but he doesn't, instead he gets louder and worse. He states that Ranboo isn't family, which sends Ranboo into a panic attack and to disassociate. Wilbur was speechless, so shocked that his cousin would say such things. Phil looks ready to fight someone. Techno shows up and he is furious. He yells at Fundy before telling him off.

He states that Ranboo is family and that Fundy doesn't decide who is and isn't family. Fundy gets angry and asks:: "What are you Ranboo?!" Techno is about to snap at him but freezes at Ranboo's voice, the teen answering the question. Techno freaks out and rushes over to check on Ranboo, seeing how out of it they are. He picks them up and goes to take them back to their room, stopping to tell Fundy to 'get out'. Fundy doesn't think he's serious but Techno repeats it, so he goes to leave. Phil tells him that he messed up badly. Before Fundy truly leaves he places the necklace on the coffee table, then exits the house. We skip to what Ranboo was dealing with when Techno arrived. Ranboo starts hallucinating that Quackity is there, pulling at his hair. They hear Quackity's voice as it starts telling him some of the things Quackity would say when they were with the man in that cement room. Ranboo tries to argue with Quackity but he is slowly losing that fight. Hallucination Quackity asks;; "What are you?" and Ranboo answers aloud;; "A useless burden sir." and the chapter ends with Quackity saying;; "Correct."

Broken Marionette

Chapter Summary

This one hurts

Like even I was getting emotional while writing this

Oof

(☹☹☹)

Chapter Notes

TW's::

Conditioning

Aftermath of Torture

Aftermath of Kidnapping

Dehumanization

Disassociation

Panic Attacks

Mentions of Violence

Mentions of Yelling/Arguing

Gaslighting

Mental Manipulation

Abandonment

Hallucinations

Derealization

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Livid couldn't even describe what Techno was currently feeling, it was the closest word he could think of though so it would have to do. One feeling that he could name was concern, concern for his kid. Ranboo was silent in his hold, hand clenching the fabric of the front of his shirt. He didn't bother waiting to see if Fundy actually left or not, he knew Phil or Wilbur would have chased him out if he put up a fight. For now, his focus was on the tricolored teen who was currently trembling, with small hiccups and sniffles escaping them.

The pinkette brought the teen to his own room, he didn't bother turning on the lights it was bright enough that he wouldn't trip over a stray dog toy or shoe. He moved to the farthest

corner, jamming himself and the teen between the wall and his bedside table. Ranboo had told them some of the things that helped calm them down during panic attacks, it also helped explain some things both he and Phil had noticed early on. One of those things was being in the corner, preferably the one farthest from the door. So that's where he planted himself and Ranboo, only having to adjust his hold slightly.

He was mentally going through a list of everything he knew helped his kid through the attacks, having figured out the best way to handle them through trial and error. He already had them in the corner, it wasn't bright but it also wasn't dark, he made sure not to ramble; a hard thing to do but he'd shut up if it helped Ranboo. The pinkette was slowly rubbing circles on the back of the teen's hand, knowing the light touch would help draw the teen back into themselves.

Ranboo has experienced a fair share of panic attacks in the past two months, but none have been this bad. None made him actually speak, but then again no one ever told him to during these times, so this was a bit of a new issue. He was starting to get angry again, he definitely blamed Fundy for all of this but he was also blaming himself. If he wasn't too busy trying not to break down in the bathroom he may have been able to put a stop to this before it escalated as it had, and then his kid wouldn't be in this position.

He could hear yelling from farther in the house, it was most likely Phil, Wilbur wasn't one to yell unless it was at someone. No doubt the blonde was just as angry as he was, maybe even more so, there would probably be a new hole for him to fill soon. The teen was blankly staring ahead, towards the unmade bed. The pinkette placed a kiss on the top of their head, he couldn't do anything else to help except wait it out.



All they knew was that it was loud before and now it was quiet, the silence was so much better than yelling. Someone took them into a room, he wasn't sure whose room it was though. Quackity wasn't silent, he was actually quite the opposite, his voice was basically echoing around them. The teen could even see the man, sitting on the bed watching them, one leg crossed over the other while he rested his chin in his hand.

"You need to stop lying to yourself Ranboo, Fundy said it himself; you aren't their family. Why would you be? Because they like you? You can't seriously be that naive."

He wasn't naive, everyone said they were a part of the family. They wouldn't lie about that.

"Why wouldn't they? All I can see is them using you until they get bored again, tossing you out like some broken toy. But that's what you are, a broken toy, a disobedient mutt."

They weren't, he knew he wasn't either of those things. Quackity was wrong, he was lying again.

"You are! You're doing it right now! Instead of shutting up and listening for a change, you're fighting against me! Admit it, you know you're worthless. You're far too broken to be fixed, completely shattered into a million tiny pieces."

Ranboo wasn't... they weren't... he wasn't worthless, were they? What could they offer Phil or Techno? Wilbur? Niki? What about Tommy or Tubbo? He didn't have anything of worth to give to them. Both Phil and Techno were strong, powerful, and could get anything they wanted easily. Niki was nice, but what if that wasn't kindness but instead pity? Wilbur would play music for them, but what if he only did that because Ranboo made him feel like he had to? Did Tommy and Tubbo only hang around them because they had to as well? Techno and Phil... he had been staying here, but they had an apartment yet they stuck around like some... some parasite.

"See, you're just making their lives more difficult. Once a burden always a burden, but that's okay you can fix that."

He could?

"Of course, prove to them that you are useful. Follow the rules, obey, do whatever they tell you to no matter what it is, don't question them, and always remember that you are no more than a tool to be used."

Quackity looked so disappointed like he expected better from Ranboo. They could be better, he'd be whatever anyone wanted if it meant they could remain a part of the family. He could be good, they could listen, Ranboo knew how to do that. Just please don't leave him, they'd do anything to not be abandoned.

"You can't mess up this time, everything needs to be perfect. You're not human, you don't need anything, you're nothing more than a toy. You need to obey them, and if you don't... well."

Quackity paused before slipping off the bed, taking calculated steps forward until he was in front of the teen. He crouched so they were eye-level, a cruel smirk pulling his scar up and creating a disturbing image. *"Let's just say that this time you'll be thrown away permanently."*

They couldn't let that happen.



Techno wasn't sure how long he sat with Ranboo in that corner, the yelling filtered off after the sound of the front door shutting could be heard. Either Wilbur or Phil had left, most likely it was the brunette. He was positive that the blonde was pacing around the living room, muttering to himself as he worked through his feelings. You would think that with Phil's usual laid-back attitude he wouldn't struggle with his anger, but then again you really needed to piss the man off to get him this heated.

The teen shifted in his hold, a good sign that they were starting to come back to themselves. He waited a couple of minutes, keeping still other than his thumb which was still rubbing tiny circles against the teen's hand. A few minutes later his kid was back, but the feeling of relief was short-lived. Ranboo pulled themselves out of his hold, moving away from the pinkette. That wasn't normal, the teen was clingy they always accepted any and all comfort that's given to him, but now they were actively rejecting it.

"Ranboo? Hey bud, it's okay. No one's mad or upset with you, you're okay." The tricolored teen's gaze was locked on the floor, legs tucked under him as they sat completely still. That definitely wasn't normal, his kid wasn't even looking at him, what was wrong? "Boo? Nothing Fundy said was true, he was angry and took it out on you. You didn't deserve that, and I'm sorry I didn't put a stop to it sooner."

Were they mad? Upset? What was wrong? They were just sitting there, silent and unresponsive. This wasn't normal, none of this was normal for the teen. Before he could question it more the bedroom door was opening, his platonic partner walking in with something in his hand.

"Found the choker, turns out a certain fox swiped it." There was venom in his voice, Phil was still pissed it seems. "How's Ranboo? Everything okay?"

Everything was not okay, the tricolored teen flinched at the sound of the door opening, he hasn't done that for weeks. Phil came over to them, crouching down next to the teen. The blonde had gone to lay his hand over Ranboo's, only to freeze when they flinched. His gaze went from Ranboo to Techno, silently asking for answers that Techno just couldn't give. He didn't know what was wrong or how to fix it.

Ranboo hadn't wanted to react like that to Philza, really they didn't, but Quackity's words were still swimming around his head. That seed of doubt was planted, growing quickly, and slowly taking them over. Quackity was right, they had become a burden to the others, but he was going to fix that. They didn't need to be a part of the family, it was stupid of him to even think it was a possibility, but they could still be useful and prove himself worthy to keep around.

The two adults looked at each other, unsure what they could do to help their kid. Ranboo was closed off, unresponsive, and not fully there. "Boo? Can you tell us what's wrong?" Techno's question seemed to jumpstart the teen, they quickly signed ' *nothing* ' before signing out three letters none of them ever wanted to see.

'S I R'

Phil gasped, looking over the teen in shock while his hand covered his mouth. Techno had reached over and held onto his kid's hands right after they finished spelling, he wasn't sure if it was them or himself shaking. Even though the tricolored teen flinched at the contact he didn't try to get away, not even trying to escape the pinkette's gentle grip.

This couldn't be happening. Ranboo was probably just confused and disoriented. Everything would be fine soon, he just needed to remind the teen that they didn't need to do that. It hurt

to see those three simple letters come from their dual-toned hands, that word didn't need to exist in his kid's vocabulary. They could fix this, he'd have his kid back again.

"No, no need to call us that. You're safe remember, you aren't there anymore. You're home, everything is okay." He wasn't sure if he was trying to convince the teen or himself at this point. His voice wavered as he spoke, a lump forming in the back of his throat. "You don't need to do that, you're family Ranboo. You don't need to do whatever you think you do, or whatever Quackity ever told you to do, you don't need to do anything anyone tells you to do. Not now, never again."

At some point during his speech, Phil placed a hand over his own, squeezing the three hands together. "Ranboo, we love you. I don't know what's going through your head right now, but I do know that whatever it is it's wrong. You're not useless, or worthless, or any of those things. You mean so much to us, we will never leave you. We'd both rather die than consider, even for a second, ever abandoning you." The blonde's voice hitched at the end, tears streaming down his cheeks. "Please, please understand how much we care. You're my child, you're Techno's kid, Wilbur's sibling, Niki's sibling, Tommy and Tubbo's sibling. You're our family Ranboo, we all love you so much. None of us can bear the thought of you being hurt again, if we could we would take all of your pain for you, we'd do anything to stop you from hurting."

Ranboo wasn't sure what part got him to look up at the two, but now they couldn't look away. They both looked so heartbroken, so shattered. Phil was full-on sobbing now, head bowed while his shoulders shook at each quick breath. Techno was doing no better, tears were falling from his eyes as well but he kept his head up and locked eyes with Ranboo. They've never seen the two this distressed, sure he's seen them upset or concerned, but this was completely new.

Why were they so upset, wasn't this how they were supposed to act? They needed to be good and listen, they were doing that, but now Phil and Techno were desperately begging for them not to do that. Why? Why are they insisting on this so much? Can't they see he's trying to be useful?! They're saying he doesn't need to be useful, but that's wrong! If they're worthless then why keep them around?! He needed to prove to them that he was useful but they don't want that from him.

Ranboo doesn't deserve their love. He's weak, cowardly, anxious, and so many other horrible things. And yet Phil keeps saying he loves them, and Techno is agreeing with him. They haven't done anything to earn the two's love or care, so why?

Why?

WHY?

WHY!?

Why were they so nice? Why did they care so much? Why did Ranboo want to believe them? Why did he just want to collapse into them? Why did they want Techno and Phil to just hug him and never let go? Why did he want his dads to hold him together before they shatter into a million tiny pieces?

Why did he think they'd be abandoned?

Chapter End Notes

We are getting close to the fun parts~

Get ready for some major angst in the next few chapters!~

(ノ●▽●)ノ*:・° ✧

Luminescent

Chapter Summary

◦+✧\(^0▽^0)/✧+◦

Chapter Notes

TW's::

Aftermath of Torture
Aftermath of Kidnapping
Conditioning
Gaslighting
Manipulation

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Why?

Why did they value him so much? What did Ranboo do to deserve all of that love and care? Why did it hurt? Why did they feel themselves breaking apart? Why did the tears that ran down his cheeks burn? Why did it feel like someone was tightly squeezing their lungs and making it hard to breathe?

Millions of questions were running through the teen's head, almost all of them asking why? Their brain would come up with two conflicting answers that clashed against each other, he wasn't sure which side was winning. They could feel the hands gripping his own, tight and securely holding onto them. He was sure he was also holding onto the two just as tightly.

Ranboo's thoughts stuttered when they were pulled into the two's embrace, body stiff and unsure of what to do. Phil was still talking, desperately insisting that Ranboo was important to them. Techno's hands were trembling, one on the back of their head while the other gripped the back of their shirt. This just made his chest hurt more, their throat closing as he tried to hold back whatever they were feeling.

They wanted to hold onto the other two just as tightly as they did to him, they just wanted to hold on and never let go. But was that okay? Were they allowed to do that? To want that? His hand hesitated, hovering just over their backs. They felt like they were drowning, and right in front of him were two lifeboats but they would need to reach out to save themselves. Could he do that?

The tricolored teen's hands gripped the fabric of their dads' shirts, burying his head against both of their shoulders. Their grips around him got tighter, pulling him even closer. Ranboo wasn't sure how long the three of them remained sitting on the floor, just sobbing in each other's holds. But eventually, the tears slowed and gasping breaths turned into quiet snuffles.

They still weren't sure how to feel, half of them wanted to go back to yesterday when things still made sense while another part of him was yelling at them about how they shouldn't be doing this. The teen felt conflicted, Quackity said they would be thrown away for acting like this yet both Techno and Phil were clinging to him just as desperately as he was. They said it was okay, and Quackity said to listen to everything, so didn't that make this okay?

His thoughts stuttered when Phil moved, the teen's grip automatically holding on tighter to his shirt. The blonde didn't leave like they thought he would, instead his hand moved to their back, rubbing small circles against it. Techno was the next to move and Ranboo clung to him as well, they know they shouldn't but it felt like he couldn't let go even if they wanted to.

"We're not leaving."

The pinkette's voice was low and quiet, it was somewhat raspy due to the crying though. Techno placed a kiss on the top of their tricolored hair, silently assuring that neither Phil nor himself were letting go just yet. The blonde gave a hum to agree with his platonic partner, his hand moving from circles to running up and down their back. Ranboo should probably let them go, no doubt he was the reason they were still hugging.

The teen unclenched their fists, feeling as if they were prying his own hands away. But even though he released them the two still held on, though their own tight grips loosened. Ranboo pulled away just far enough that he was no longer buried between the two, though they were still being embraced. He kept his head down, they felt ashamed of how they were acting. He literally just told himself they would stop acting like a burden, and yet he breaks down not even five minutes later. They must truly be useless if he couldn't even listen correctly.

They were brought out of their thoughts by Phil, the blonde pulled his sleeve over his hand and was wiping away their tears. His own eyes were glossy and there were obvious tear tracks running down his own cheeks, yet he had a soft smile on his lips. Ranboo didn't feel like he deserved that look, that expression was reserved for Wilbur, Tommy, or anyone else except for Ranboo. And yet Phil was giving them that look, it almost made them want to start crying again.

"Do you remember when we first met? Back at Niki's bakery?" They weren't sure why Phil was bringing this up now but they nodded slowly, he remembered that day though of course there were holes like usual but most of it remained. "I could tell you were anxious but you were still willing to talk with me, plus you actually took the time to look for that special blend of tea for me, there have been some employees who didn't even bother to check if it was there."

"You also helped me at the store that day, without me having to ask for it. A lot of people rarely approach me, let alone help me, yet you did."

Why were they bringing this up now? What was the point of this?

"Oh, and when we went to the bakery the next day you made those paw print-shaped cinnamon rolls. And even though you were working you still took time to talk with us, and then you kept talking with us." Phil was smiling again, this one warm and fond, and when they looked over even Techno had a small smile on his face. "And when you came over the first time, I'm going to be honest here, but I'm pretty sure that was the day you became a part of our family. The days after that it just became more obvious, to all of us, that you were always meant to be a part of our lives."

"Ranboo." The tricolored teen turned to look at Techno, the pinkette's smile wasn't there anymore. "That day, the one you were taken, as soon as we knew we did everything in our power to find you. All of us spent weeks looking for any clue or lead we could find, I'm pretty sure none of us slept for more than four hours a night. Ran, I was terrified we wouldn't find you, we all were. I kept thinking about what I could have done differently that night, we could have walked you home or just insisted you stay the night, if we knew something like that would happen I can assure you we would have stopped it immediately."

"What we're trying to say is; you've been a part of our family for months and we aren't going to change that. No matter what anyone else says, you're our kid." The blonde grabbed their hand again, squeezing it before looking directly at the teen. "Ranboo, what I'm about to ask you is really important. You don't have to agree if you don't want to, you'll still be a part of our family. Ran, would you like to join the Syndicate?"

That was unexpected. Him, a member of the Syndicate? Ranboo wasn't mafia material, they weren't strong or smart enough for that. Why would they want him? Surely there were better people to choose over them.

"You don't need to decide now, or ever, but we wanted to offer the choice to you. Even if you choose not to join it won't change anything, you'll still be a part of this family and we'll still love you."

Ranboo still didn't understand, why did they want him as a part of the Syndicate? They wouldn't be getting answers if they didn't ask questions, but should they ask why? What if the two were just offering because they felt like they had to, and they truly didn't want him to join the Syndicate? Would they tell him honestly if they asked? Or would they lie in an attempt to spare his feelings? The teen wasn't sure what answer they wanted, he doesn't think they would lie but he was questioning a lot of things recently.

'Why?'

The tricolored teen used his free hand to ask, both Techno and Phil looked at each other before looking back at him.

"Because you're family, and we want to be able to prove it to you. By becoming a member of the Syndicate it's saying you're a part of our family, officially, and you deserve the choice to accept it or not. And even if you don't want to join that doesn't mean we are kicking you out or anything, nothing will change unless you want it to."

They... they want Ranboo to become an official member of the family? They want to prove he is part of their family? They want him, Ranboo Belvoi, to become an official Syndicate

member? It didn't even sound real to the teen, Techno and Phil really wanted them? Would it be okay to say yes? Techno and Phil wouldn't say they were lying after he agreed right? They were serious right?

If they were asking him then that meant it was okay if he wanted this, right? They both said it didn't matter what Ranboo chose, so it was okay to say yes. Slowly the teen nodded, biting their inner cheek as they waited to see if either Phil or Techno took the offer back. But neither did.

"Is... Does that mean you want to join?" It wasn't hard to hear the raw excitement in the blonde's tone, the man was hoping he understood the other correctly. At Ranboo's second nod Phil couldn't contain the smile tugging at his lips, they really said yes! "Welcome to the Syndicate Ranboo!"

"You'll have to choose a codename, preferably something greek to fit the aesthetic. But we can do that later, for now, I think Phil has something he'd like to return."

The blonde nodded quickly, pulling out the locket from his back pocket. "Turns out Fundy had it, he left it before leaving." Phil glanced up to the teen, eyebrow furrowed in concern. "Can we...? Can we replace the collar with the necklace?"

The tricolored teen looked from the choker to his dad, nodding once before baring their neck for Phil. The blonde wasted no time, unlatching the collar and slipping it off. Less than a second later the familiar cloth of the choker was wrapping around their throat, the pressure a lot more comforting than the old dog collar. His hand hovered over the heart in the center, the cool metal barely brushing their fingertips.

'Thank you.'

"No need to thank us mate."

Ranboo still felt as if the rug was going to be pulled out from under him at any moment, but they also were hoping that he could keep this. It felt like they wouldn't be able to keep this, almost everything good ended up being taken from him at some point. This was something he didn't want to let go of, something they wanted to hold on to.

But when did things ever go his way?

The somewhat calm atmosphere was shattered at the sound of a loud bang, the sound was repeated again and again. It only stopped at the sound of something slamming against the wall, though it wasn't silent for long. Soon there was the sound of thundering footsteps, getting louder the closer they got.

Both Technoblade and Philza moved at the first bang, both a flurry of movement. The blonde stood up quickly, rushing over to his bedside table and pulling out a pistol. The pinkette pushed the teen behind him, putting himself between Ranboo and the door. Meanwhile, the tricolored teen was freaking out, any emotion they were feeling before draining out of them almost immediately and only leaving fear.

Phil glanced back at his partner, the two exchanging a nod before facing the door. The blonde's finger hovered over the trigger, waiting for whatever intruder decided to break into a mafioso's house. It was maybe a few seconds later they got to meet their uninvited guest.

The door swung open, slamming against the wall and most likely making a dent in the plaster. A man was standing in the doorway; raven black hair pulled back with a white headband, hazel eyes that almost looked golden, a black and blue uniform, and a pitch-black pistol in his hands; one that was currently aimed at the three.

" Police! Nobody move! "

Chapter End Notes

And now the real fun begins~
See you all next time for the big angst!!

Imprisonment

Chapter Summary

(͡° ͡°)つಠ_ಠ

Chapter Notes

TW's::

Aftermath of Torture
Aftermath of Kidnapping
Conditioning
Gaslighting
Manipulation
Dehumanization
Disassociation
Panic Attacks
Mentions of Violence
Mentions of Death/Murder
Yelling/Arguing
Abandonment
Cursing
Police
Guns
Mentions of Human Trafficking

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

" Police! Nobody move! "

The man in the doorway was holding a pistol, his aim shifting from Techno to Phil and then back again. The pinkette was using his body as a barricade between the intruder and his kid, keeping them hidden behind him. Ranboo had grabbed the pinkette's shirt, grip tight in their panic. Why were the police here? What was going on?

"Drop the weapon and put your hands up!"

The cop was yelling, the sound of more footsteps hitting the floor could be heard from behind him. Soon enough two other cops appeared, all three slowly entering the room with their guns raised. The two other cops were both brunettes, one was wearing god-awful white

glasses while the other had bleached tips in his hair and bright blue eyes. Phil glanced over to the pinkette, silently questioning what they should do. Techno wasn't stupid, he knew both Phil and himself could take down three cops, the only issue was they had guns. Ranboo could easily be hit with a stray bullet if this turned into a shootout, and they couldn't let that happen.

He nodded to the blonde once, eyes flicking between the three cops. Phil nodded back before slowly placing his gun on the floor, raising his hands to show he was unarmed. Techno did the same, watching as one of the cops got closer and kicked the gun away from his partner. He tried to ignore the trembling teen behind him, he couldn't focus on Ranboo at the moment he needed to make sure none of these cops got to trigger happy.

"Technoblade and Philza Craft, I'm placing you both under arrest for acts of terrorism. You will be held in the Brunswick police station until a trial can be set up for the two of you."

The ravenette man spoke with authority, the two other officers at his side moved closer to Phil and himself. Ranboo's grip tightened as they tried to make himself smaller, they couldn't stop themselves from shaking. The police officer that came close to Techno paused, stance getting a tad more defensive.

"Hey Sap, the third guy's here!"

The tricolored teen flinched at the cop's loud voice, trying to bury himself into their dad's back. Techno glared at the cop, inching over so he was still somewhat in front of his kid.

The next set of events played out within seconds.

The one cop already had Phil in handcuffs, a fourth cop appeared in the doorway and was approaching Technoblade quickly. The officer who was closest had grabbed the teen's wrist, pulling them away from the pinkette. Techno automatically moved to defend his kid, but he was being pulled back by the fourth and first cop. Everyone was yelling at this point; Techno and Phil yelling at the police to leave Ranboo alone while the officers were yelling at the three to cooperate.

After a lot of struggling the police had all three of them in cuffs, and neither Techno nor Phil were happy about this. The pinkette could understand him and Phil being arrested, but Ranboo was innocent so why were they in cuffs as well?

"You got the wrong guy, Ranboo has nothing to do with this."

Techno tried to sound lighthearted, maybe even jokingly, but his tone was laced with anger. He was pissed, they had just gotten Ranboo to calm down and now they were probably thrown right back into that panic. Phil was just as angry, he had been arguing with the officer at his side about the teen being in cuffs.

"-n't talk, they need their hands-"

"Ranboo Belvoi, correct?"

The pinkette's attention went back to the ravenette cop as he spoke, the officer knowing his kid's name sent a chill down his spine. That wasn't a good sign.

"I have a warrant for all three of your arrests actually."

That was shocking and confusing, where did they get a warrant from? The Syndicate had connections everywhere, including the police, the whole city knew to not mess with them. Yet here they were.

The police marched them out of the house; one held onto Phil, another held onto Ranboo, while the other two held onto Techno. It was when they got closer to the cars that things went from bad to worse. The cop that had a hold of Ranboo, some brunette guy with ugly white glasses, tried to pull the teen towards one of the cars while the other three officers tried to pull Techno and Phil to other cars.

The tricolored teen started to struggle the second he realized what was going on, the officers were separating them. Their heart pounded against their chest as his breathing picked up, any control over their emotions he thought he had vanished quickly as pure panic took hold instead. They were being separated from Techno and Phil. They'd be alone with a stranger going who knows where.

Ranboo's brain went straight to any and every worst-case scenario he could possibly think of. They knew they weren't being kidnapped, well kind of, technically they were still being taken from his home so that kind of counts right? Either way, the teen was terrified to be separated from the two, from his dads. They said they wouldn't leave him. Ranboo knew that Techno and Phil weren't abandoning them but that panic-fueled part of his mind, one that sounded a bit too much like Quackity, was trying to convince them otherwise.

"-e's having a fucking panic attack because of you! The least you can do is let them in the same car as one of us!"

That was Phil, the blonde sounded angry and upset as he yelled at the police. The grip on their arm was tight, all Ranboo could do was pull against it to keep themselves from being dragged to the car. The officer didn't seem too pleased with any of this though.

"God just- Will you just shut up already?!"

"George! Don't be a dick!" The ravenette yelled over to the brunette officer holding onto Ranboo, he sighed before looking back at Phil. "Fine, they can ride with you." He motioned over to George, the brunette grumbled but complied.

It took a few seconds, though it felt way too long for the teen before they were being pushed into the back of a police car with Phil. As soon as he was released from the officer's iron grip they pushed themselves as close to the blonde as they could, it was somewhat difficult with his hands restrained behind their back but they made due.

"Boo, hey. It's okay, you're okay." The blonde was gently shushing them, lips pressed against the tricolored locks as Ranboo buried their head into Phil's shoulder. They were full out sobbing now, nerves fried from the panic of being separated. He was still panicking since

Techno wasn't here as well, but Phil's whispered assurances kept them from spiraling even further. "We'll fix this okay, me and Tech will fix this and then we can go home. We'll watch a movie, invite the others over and have another family movie night. That sounds good right?"

The teen nodded quickly, their trembling getting worse as both the driver's side and the passenger door opened. The ravenette cop, Sap or something right? And a different brunette cop slipped into the seats, this officer was the fourth one who helped the ravenette with Techno. Ranboo kept their eyes screwed shut, pressed against the blonde's shoulder. Phil on the other hand was glaring at the police officers, Sapnap kept his eyes on the road but the other officer would glance back occasionally; a small frown on his face.



Everything was too loud. Between Techno's yelling and the bustling police force, Ranboo thought they'd lose his hearing. The last hour was a blur for the teen, everything just happened so fast. The ride to the station was mostly silent thankfully, only Phil's voice and the constant rumble of the car were all that the teen heard. When they arrived at the station the other brunette cop, George, dragged them out of the cop car.

He was jostled roughly, the cop who was holding their arm in a death grip basically dragged the tricolored teen over to a cell. As soon as the iron door opened he was practically thrown into the room, managing to save himself from faceplanting against the cement. The officer didn't remove the cuffs, he just left after slamming the door closed.

Ranboo was trying very hard not to panic again, they were thrown into a brightly lit white cell, the left wall was made of iron bars that showed a second room. The teen could hear Phil and Techno's voices, getting louder when a second door opened. He had been hoping the two would be put in their cell, but instead of their door opening the one to the other room swung open. Once both Techno and Phil were pushed inside the room, the second door was slammed shut, the force rattling against the bars.

Ranboo wasn't sure when but they started hyperventilating, air refusing to cooperate with them. Somehow, mingled in with Techno's yelling, he heard another voice. It sounded kind of like Phil, but the words were incomprehensible to them. He wanted to move closer to the bars, closer to his dads but their limbs locked him in place.

The blonde was trying to get Ranboo to calm down and breathe, knowing they'd end up passing out if this continued. He got as close as he could, basically pressed against the bars in an attempt to give their child any comfort. Techno was slamming himself against the door and yelling, his voice echoing in the barren cell.

A few minutes went by before the door to Ranboo's cell opened, setting both Techno and Phil on edge. The pinkette moved to the bars quickly, a glare that promised death directed at the door. A man with dirty blonde hair strode into the room, a blank expression on his face.

The man glanced over to the two behind the bars, a smug smirk appearing as he looked over the two. He got close enough to the bars to just barely be out of their reach, arms crossing over his chest.

"You know I expected capturing the heads of the Syndicate would be a lot harder than this. Pity."

Techno growled at the man, recognizing him as soon as he had walked through the door. Clay Nekat, or as he preferred to be called; Dream. They've had run-ins with the chief of police, as soon as the man took on the mantle he had tried almost every trick in the book to arrest Syndicate members. They may have some ties with a few cops but Dream outranked them, so their help would be useless.

"You can't hold us here for no reason Dream."

"Oh, but I have a reason, Mr. Craft." The blonde man's smirk somehow got more condescending. "You may be good at covering your tracks but this time I have a backing. Schlatt has given me full permission to hold you as long as I deem fit."

Techno's jaw clenched, his fists balled behind him as he glared at the man. Phil's face remained cold and menacing, his expression promised vengeance. Schlatt had always been corrupt, the only thing keeping the man with his title was the deal he struck with the Syndicate. He'd get a large paycheck without having to do a single thing while the family took on the duties of mayor, it was stupid of them to think the sleazy bastard would keep his end of the bargain.

"On what accounts are you even charging us with? That warrant was obviously fake, you probably forged the thing."

Dream paused for a second, head tilting as he listened to the other blonde speak.

"Easy, abduction or kidnapping whichever you want to call it, as for the warrant..." Dream hummed softly before shrugging, "I needed something to get you two here and petty theft wasn't going to get the job done."

That confused the other two, how could the police have any evidence of this falsified crime?

"What are you even talking about, we didn't kidnap anyone? Where's your evidence?"

Techno's question just made the man's smirk grow even more, Dream shook his head in disappointment.

"I thought it was pretty obvious, the evidence is right here."

He turned, swinging his arm out towards Ranboo. At some point during their conversation, the teen backed himself into the back corner, curling himself as if to make himself smaller.

"What?"

Dream glanced back at the two, head tilting once more. Phil's tone was laced with barely controlled anger, the blonde didn't like what the other was implying.

"Did you not hear me? I said the evidence is right here." He gestured to the teen again. "We have a whole incident report written up and everything." The blonde sighed when neither of the two replied. "Do I really need to spell it out for you? Come on, you're two of the most powerful people in the country and you can't even figure out what I said? Fine, guess I'll dumb it down for you."

Dream turned, striding over to the teen as protests from the other two sounded. He ignored them, grabbing the teen's arm and yanking them up. Said teen cowered away from the man, attempting to pull away from the officer. Ranboo couldn't suppress the whimper that escaped them, they were already terrified of this man.

"This is my evidence. Ranboo Belvoi, seventeen, born November thirteenth two thousand and four, Scorpio, blood type negative zero. Need I go on?"

"How the hell is Ranboo evidence!"

Dream sighed dramatically, releasing the teen and letting them fall back onto the floor. Ranboo scrambled back to the corner, attempting to melt into the shadows and go unnoticed.

"Perhaps kidnapping isn't correct, I always confuse it with larceny. You know the theft of someone's personal property." Dream ignored their protests once more, crouching in front of the teen. He grabbed their chin roughly, forcing Ranboo's head to tilt from side to side. "I can see why he wants them back. Heterochromia, vitiligo, young; yeah they'd sell for a pretty high price."

The tricolored teen whined as their head was pushed and pulled, eyes shutting tightly as his breathing hitched. The officer's nails were digging into his cheeks, and their head was being moved around quickly that he was starting to feel disoriented.

"Get your fucking hands off my kid Dream!"

Said blonde looked over at the two, giving them an unimpressed look. Techno and Phil were fuming, each looking like they were planning the various ways they could kill him.

"I'm not going to do anything to him, calm down. I'm just the delivery man." Dream turned his attention back to the teen, the kid was shaking and their breathing was quick. It was then he noticed something. "Ah, how cute, they gave you tags. You won't be needing it anymore though."

The blonde reached over with his free hand, gripping around the fabric of the choker. It only took a rough yank for the small clasp to break, the necklace being removed easily. Once finished he released his hold on Ranboo, letting them drop to the floor.

Once the teen hit the floor they pushed themselves away, not wanting to be within grabbing distance, and back into the corner. The missing pressure around their neck was on the back

burner of their mind at the moment, all thoughts were focused on staying away from the blonde man and trying to not pass out.

"I hope you two are prepared to spend the rest of your lives behind bars because I will make sure the two of you rot away in prison, no chance of parole." He paused before looking back to the cowering teen. "And you'll behave if you know what's good for you, a disobedient dog gets taken outside and shot." Ranboo flinched before their shaking got worse, that was definitely a threat, one he wasn't sure the officer would follow through with but they did not want to test it.

Dream tucked the necklace in his pocket before heading back to the door, ignoring the other two's anger-filled words. He had the audacity to chuckle when Techno spit at him, though it landed on the floor by his shoe and not on Dream himself. He paused halfway through the door, glancing back at the two mafia members with another smirk.

"Oh, by the way." He waited for a second, making sure he had all three's attention before continuing.

"Quackity says hi."

Chapter End Notes

:]

Since I don't think it was super clear, here are the four cops::

Sapnap (But you guys figured that one out)

George (He was named so that should be easier to figure out)

Antfrost (He is the one with blue eyes and bleach tipped hair)

And lastly Karl! (He's the one who rides in the cop car with Sapnap, Phil, and Ranboo)

Damned

Chapter Summary

:]

Backstreets Back
Alright!

((PLEASE BE CAREFUL WHEN READING THIS CHAPTER))

Chapter Notes

TW's::

Aftermath of Torture
Aftermath of Kidnapping
Conditioning
Gaslighting
Manipulation
Dehumanization
Disassociation
Derealization
Violence
Dead Bodies/Corpses
Mentions of Death/Murder
Yelling/Arguing
Abandonment
Cursing
Police
Wounds/Injuries
Burns
Teeth pulling (Used as a threat, doesn't actually happen.)
Quackity

((PLEASE BE CAREFUL WHEN READING THIS CHAPTER))
((Brief Summary in the end notes))

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

" *Quackity says hi.* "

And then the door was slamming shut. The man's words had them frozen and filled each of the three with fear. That was impossible. Quackity was dead, Techno knew this. He had sent their men to search the demolished building for any corpses, and they had found multiple charred bodies. He'd even seen Quackity's, the man's gold tooth still clung to the blackened skin of his corpse. Quackity was dead.

Techno was scared, if the chief of police was implying what he thought the man was then... Quackity wasn't dead. He was back and making due on his promise. The duck bastard planned this, all of it. He found a way to keep himself hidden for months all while planning his revenge, and now he was acting on it. Quackity was coming back for their kid, and this time Techno wasn't sure if they'd be able to stop him.

Phil was furious, Dream spoke like Ranboo was some object or a pet you buy at a store. And he even had the audacity to bring up that bastard? Dream must have known something, they had covered up the confrontation perfectly. How could he have known then? Phil may have wished Quackity alive just so he could kill him again but he never expected it to be something that could actually happen. He was now regretting ever having those thoughts, the bastard should have stayed dead.

Dread. That's what Ranboo was currently feeling. All thoughts of the previous interaction were pushed to the back of his mind, too focused on that last sentence. He had to be lying. Quackity was dead. Everyone swore he was dead. But if he was dead why did the cop talk about him like he wasn't? To scare them? Did he know their history with the dark-haired brunette?

Ranboo could feel their brain shutting down, subconsciously trying to protect itself from the terror of just thinking that Quackity could still be alive. They were overwhelmed. It was all too much. The teen could feel himself shaking, they could hear the little clinks of handcuff chains hitting each other.

Phil was still close to the bars, Techno had moved to continue slamming against the door. They wanted to move closer to the two, that childish part of his brain saying if they were close to their dads then they would be safe. The only problem was the bars separating them, neither Phil nor Techno would be able to do anything if Dream came back.

No one knew how long they were left in those cells, it could have been minutes or hours. At some point Technoblade stopped ramming himself against the door, moving to sit on the ground by the bars. He still glared at the door with heated fury, his gaze would occasionally flick to Ranboo and Phil. The blonde had started pacing, no doubt if his hands were free there would be a lot more holes in the walls. Ranboo hadn't moved from the corner, their shaking calmed down but he still remained curled up with their head buried by his knees.

Footsteps sounded outside the doors. Techno shot up and glared at Ranboo's door, Phil paused his pacing as he also looked to the teen's door as well, and Ranboo's head snapped up to watch the door fearfully. It was silent, all three waited with bated breath. The sound of a lock turning had everyone tensing, the iron door was pushed open to reveal two men. Dream was the first man to enter the room, but that wasn't the reason everyone froze.

No, the reason terror settled over the three was because there in the doorway stood Quackity.

The man was smirking, his stance was confident and smug. He had a few nasty burns on his face and arms, most likely there were others as well that were hidden underneath his clothes. His eyes roamed across the rooms, his smirk growing even wider when he spotted the two Syndicate bosses.

"Quackity."

Techno was pissed, but he was also scared. He was terrified, this man was dangerous and he was currently in the same room as Ranboo.

"Well hello to you too Technoblade. I see you're just as friendly as the last time we spoke." The dark-haired brunette didn't bother waiting for a reply, eyes glancing at Phil. "Ah and Philza is here too, I should have expected as much. Wherever the Blade goes his Angel follows."

"We don't have all day Alex. I don't need the others interfering, just get what you need and go."

"Yeah, yeah. I'll be out of your hair in a moment, no need to get your panties in a twist Clay." Quackity waved off the police chief before looking around the room, when his sight landed on the cowering teen in the corner his smirk grew darker. "Ah, there's my runaway mutt."

"Quackity I swear if you even think of-"

"Of what Philza? You'll kill me? Take a look around! You two are stuck behind bars, surrounded by armed officers. What could either of you do to possibly stop me?"

Quackity glared at the two before stomping towards the teen, ignoring the raged-filled threats from the other two mafiosos. He stopped right in front of them, Ranboo could easily see the man's shoes even with his head buried. He was shaking so much that they probably looked like an anxious chihuahua.

"Let's see how much of my training you retained." Quackity sneered from above them, the teen wanted to melt into the wall and be anywhere but here. "Head up."

Ranboo flinched, they should listen he knows he should but fear had their body coiled tight like a spring. Next thing he knew there was a hand grabbing his hair and yanking their head up, they must have hesitated too long. They whimpered when their hair was pulled, mismatched eyes meeting dark blue ones. Quackity was glaring at him, face mere inches from their own.

"Perhaps you didn't hear me. I said. **Head. Fucking. Up.** "

The teen attempted to shrink away from the man, eyes screwed shut. They felt like a metal band had wrapped around their torso, making breathing extremely difficult. Quackity growled at him before tossing them to the side, Ranboo tried to muffle their cry but judging by Techno and Phil's reaction he wasn't very successful. The two had been yelling threats and curses at Quackity, the teen could barely hear them, and his senses were laser-focused on the biggest threat which was Quackity.

They landed on their side, not even attempting to push themselves back up. Quackity wanted him to stay down, this was once again proven when the man placed a foot on their head. The pressure was uncomfortable and only slightly painful but the message was clear, stay down or else. They couldn't stop the tears that had been building up from overflowing, everything felt like too much. He wasn't willing to even attempt to escape, it was ten times safer to just obey.

"Now let's try this again." The man glared down at them, his gaze soon landing on the two behind the bars. "Ranboo, what are you?" His question was followed by the added pressure of the heel of his shoe pressing them against the concrete floor.

" A useless burden Sir. "

"Good mutt, now what are the rules?"

" One; don't speak unless spoken to. " They swallowed, throat already dry with just a few words. **" Two; refer to Quackity as Sir and nothing else. "** He clenched his fists, fingernails digging into the palms of his hands. **" Three; don't do anything without permission. "**

"What else."

Ranboo couldn't remember the rest, they never could recall the other rules. Quackity didn't seem to care though, pressing down harder. The teen bit the inside of their cheek to stifle the whine that he wanted to release.

"It seems you need a refresher." The man growled out, his focus back on the teen under his foot. "Four; You listen to me only. Five; You're only alive because I let you live, so be fucking grateful. Don't forget them this time, understood?"

Before Ranboo even had a chance to answer Phil was yelling even louder, the teen could just barely see them from his position. The blonde was fuming, teeth bared as his hands gripped the bars. Wait, wasn't Phil wearing cuffs earlier?

Philza Craft wasn't a man who got angry easily, it took a lot for the blonde to lose his temper. But one thing that always had him fuming was when someone hurt his family, that's when Phil becomes the Angel of Death. Both Techno and himself snapped the chains that connected the cuffs together the second Quackity touched their child, it hurt like a bitch but that wasn't important at the moment.

Technoblade was in a similar state, hands around the bars in a white-knuckle grip. If he could he would have bent the bars like in those cartoons from the eighties, he could make a few dents though. His fury only grew the longer Quackity was hurting his kid, treating them even worse than a dog.

"Alex Pato, I swear that if you don't get your disgusting shoe off of my kid I will make you wish you had died in that warehouse."

"Zephyrus, I don't think you understand the situation. You two won't be able to even touch me, you're going to be behind bars for the rest of your goddamn pitiful lives. I will be taking back my property, and what I do with my things doesn't concern you."

"Q, any day now."

Quackity glanced over at the officer, a slight glare sent his way. The man huffed before removing his foot from the teen's head, Ranboo didn't move. They knew if he tried to move they would get much worse than a kick to the gut. He didn't want to know what Quackity was planning, they knew he didn't get a choice in the matter but still.

"Get up stray, we're leaving."

The tricolored teen flinched, that was the opposite of what he wanted. Leaving meant Techno and Phil wouldn't be here, any sense of safety would be ripped away from them. Leaving meant they would be taken again. Leaving meant going with Quackity. Leaving meant going back to that hell again. Leaving meant he would most likely die. They couldn't leave. He knew if he left with Quackity it was almost guaranteed they wouldn't be escaping.

"Really? You're really going to do this?" Quackity sighed, anger lacing his tone. His voice sent shivers down their spine, Ranboo was scared of Quackity but he was terrified of leaving their dads. "Fine, we'll do this the hard way then."

Their next action surprised even themselves, it was a fear-driven instinct, he hadn't meant to do it either. Quackity had been reaching to grab their hair, but before he could even touch their head Ranboo snapped at him. If the dark-haired brunette hadn't quickly yanked his hand away he would have surely been bitten. The man looked shocked, he was soon laughing but it was obvious he wasn't happy.

"You fucking piece of shit. You just tried to bite me, after everything I've done for you this is how you treat me?! You try to fucking bite me!?" Quackity was pissed, no the man was livid. "I see you're still a feral stray, you'll need even more training at this rate. If you want to act like a feral stray Belvoi then I'll muzzle you like one, now if you try any of that shit again I'll rip each and every tooth out of your mouth. Do you understand me? I said **do you fucking understand me!?** "

Ranboo was terrified, why did they do that?! He's never seen Quackity this upset, not even when he claimed to be betrayed by his men. The teen was positive if they didn't listen Quackity would surely kill them, and he wouldn't be merciful.

" **Y-Yessir.** "

"Good, now get the fuck up."

The teen could barely focus, their mind shutting down while his body moved robotically. He could see Technoblade and Philza yelling, they didn't just look angry they also looked terrified. Ranboo wasn't able to think much about that because an arm grabbed onto their upper arm, the tight grip would surely leave behind bruises. Part of them was still panicking, begging him not to leave, while the part in control was numb and obediently followed behind Quackity.

The last thing he saw as Quackity led them out of the cell, was Techno and Phil. They both were screaming, and yelling things Ranboo couldn't hear, they looked terrified.

And then the door slammed shut.

Chapter End Notes

:]

Summary::

Phil, Techno, and Ranboo are all confused and scared at the mention of Quackity. Techno says he knew Quackity was dead, that he sent men to check. He had even seen the corpse, a gold tooth was how they recognized it as Quackity. They spend an undetermined amount of time in those cells, all three of them lost in their panic and thoughts. Soon enough the door to ranboo's cell opens, revealing Dream and Quackity. Quackity greets Techno and Phil, just being his usual dick self. Dream tells Quackity to hurry up for he doesn't want others interfering in any of this. (This implies the other officers don't know about this) Quackity walks over to Ranboo, telling them to put their head up. Ranboo doesn't due to fear so Quackity pulls their head up by his hair. Quackity throws them to the floor before placing his foot on the teen's head, asking them; 'what are you?' Ranboo answers with;; 'A useless burden sir.' Quackity praises them before asking for the rules. Ranboo recites the three he remembers, Quackity isn't happy that Ranboo forgot two rules. He repeats the rules;; 'Four; You listen to me only. Five; You're only alive because I let you live, so be fucking grateful.'" Phil threatens Quackity to leave ranboo alone or else, Quackity states that Phil can't do anything to stop him, and states that ranboo is basically his property. Dream again tells Quackity to hurry up, reluctantly Quackity agrees and tells Ranboo to get up. Ranboo is terrified to leave with Quackity. Quackity gets upset that Ranboo isn't listening, going to grab their hair once more. Before he can though Ranboo attempts to bite Quackity, Ranboo hadn't planned on doing this it was a fear-driven response. Quackity is livid, yelling at Ranboo how they should be grateful for what he has done for them. He tells Ranboo he will muzzle them and remove their teeth if he tries something like that again. He asks if Ranboo understood, Ranboo replies with a;; 'yessir'. Ranboo disassociates and follows after Quackity. He is led out of the cell, and right before the door shuts they see Techno and Phil who both look terrified.

Prison Break

Chapter Summary

:]

Chapter Notes

TW's::

Gaslighting

Manipulation

Violence

Mentions of Death/Murder

Yelling/Arguing

Cursing

Police

Guns

Mentioned Kidnapping

Mentioned Torture

Mentions of Quackity

Choking/Suffocation

Summary in the end notes

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Their kid was gone.

The door had slammed shut, blocking the sight of his kid. He couldn't do anything to stop Quackity, the man had hurt his kid and Technoblade couldn't stop him. He threw every threat and curse at the man but it did nothing, none of it made Quackity falter. He had the nerve to step on his kid, to force them to answer his fucked up questions. When Ranboo attempted to fight back he felt a swell of pride, but it was consumed by terror when Quackity became even more hostile. Quackity took them, and forced his kid to follow after him out of fear.

Techno wanted to scream, he wanted to strangle Quackity with his own two hands until the life faded from his eyes. He wanted to sob, get on his hands and knees and beg for his kid back. He had failed again. He failed to protect his kid again. Ranboo was back under Quackity's thumb again because Techno wasn't strong enough to stop him.

The pinkette's legs gave out from under him, sending the man crashing to the floor as his breathing stuttered. His grip on the bars was loose, fingers barely wrapping around the iron. He was one of the strongest people in the state, and one of the bosses of the strongest family in the country. But that power meant nothing right now, it wouldn't get his kid back. And he couldn't break out himself, he'd been slamming against that door for hours before that bastard returned.

Arms pulled him into an embrace, one Techno clung to. Phil was shaking, out of fear, rage, or a combination of both Techno didn't know. The blonde ran a hand through his hair, trying to provide whatever comfort he could for his partner. While Techno sobbed into his shoulder, Phil wept silently. His mind was going through every single way they could escape this cell and track down Quackity. He wasn't going to let the man get away with this, he'd put a bullet through Quackity's skull at least eight times before burying him six feet underground.

Technoblade Craft was usually a stoic man, one who hid away his emotions behind humor or a cold expression. He was the rock of the Syndicate, he was supposed to stay strong when others could not. But bits of that stone started chipping away, breaking apart. The bottle he shoved everything down into was cracking, emotions spilling out of the cracks. He wasn't strong, it was all an act, a facade. And now that rock? It was nothing more than a pile of rubble. That bottle? All that was left was shattered glass.

Everything was going wrong, nothing he did would fix it. The first time Ranboo was taken he was distraught, terrified that they wouldn't find him. When they did, Techno was filled with rage. But underneath that rage was concern and fear, his kid was broken. Then he was devastated, Ranboo had been so different and hurt, that he wasn't sure if they could fix what Quackity did. And then Ranboo was slowly healing. But then Fundy showed up, then the police, and now Quackity.

His kid was back with their torturer because he wasn't strong enough to help them, to save him. Now he was sobbing into his platonic partner's shoulder in an empty jail cell, while Ranboo is probably being put through hell. He was pathetic, breaking down wasn't going to help anyone. He needed to suck it up and get his kid back, then he can break down, but first, he needed to find a way out of this cell.

Philza was a storm of emotions, his mind ran through every escape plan he could think of. He couldn't waste time on emotions, he couldn't act out on his rage or his despair. He needed to be calm and cold, he'd let out this pent-up rage on the man who stole their child. He'd make Quackity pay for coming after his family, he'd personally send that man to the deepest darkest depths of hell himself. But right now he needed to find a way out of this cell.

Phil pulled away first, not fully breaking his hold, just enough to press his forehead to Techno's. The pinkette inhaled, shoving down his emotions and replacing them with determination. He needed to be focused if he wanted to escape, he couldn't make any mistakes. Quackity was the priority, but he would gladly watch this station be consumed in flames. They were just as guilty. If Dream hadn't forged a warrant, then they wouldn't have been arrested. If they weren't arrested then none of them would have been trapped behind bars, and then Quackity wouldn't have been able to take their kid.

An opportunity for freedom presented itself in the form of a hostage. Both heads snapped to the door as it opened, one of the cops from earlier walking into the cell while looking at a piece of paper. The door shut right behind him, automatically locking. "Well, it looks like your hearing date is-" He didn't get a chance to finish whatever he was saying, Techno had charged and pinned the man to the wall. The pinkette's arm was against the officer's throat, and the brunette's hands were grasping at his arm in an attempt to pull the limb away from his windpipe.

"You're going to hand over the keys to this cell and I'll let you live, deal?"

Technoblade wasn't playing around, he was more than willing to murder anyone who tried to stop his warpath. The blonde came up to his side, pulling the officer's pistol out of its holster. Phil then started searching the man's pockets for the keys, he didn't get a chance to find them before the door was slamming open. The ravenette cop had stormed in, gun raised, and pure anger on his face.

"Release my partner and put your goddamn hands up!"

Phil leveled the man with his own gun, the two aiming at each other but not firing just yet. The cop still pinned to the wall was gasping, trying to kick Techno away from him but not succeeding.

"I'm giving you both one last chance to release us, I am not afraid to use force if needed." The blonde spoke with authority, his tone held no hesitance. He wasn't bluffing, as if to prove his partner's point Techno pulled back only to slam the brunette officer back against the wall.

"Now hand over the fucking keys."

"I can't do that."

"We weren't asking mate. We will be leaving and we will be getting our child back, now either give us the keys or we will pluck them from your corpses." The Angel growled out, hand tightening around the pistol as his finger hovered over the trigger. The Blade pushed his arm against the brunette's neck, the man gasping and whining as he struggled.

"Okay okay, let Karl go and I'll hand over the keys."

"Keys first."

The ravenette grumbled but used his free hand to reach into his back pocket, pulling out a set of keys. He tossed them over, the Angel caught them easily. Once the blonde had the keys the Blade released the other officer, watching him crumble to the floor. The man was gasping as he held a hand to his throat, coughs escaping him every few seconds.

"If you try to stop us I will put a bullet through both of your skulls and leave you here to rot."

The Angel would surely make due on his threat, the glare he held would leave anyone shaking in their boots. The Blade came over to his side, taking the keys from his partner. The ravenette moved aside, hand still holding his gun. The officer made it to his partner's side, standing slightly in front of the other as a barricade.

The Blade moved to unlock the door while the Angel kept his gun trained on the two officers.

"Wait!" The two paused, and the pinkette glanced over at the ravenette. The Angel glared harder, his expression cold and calculating. "You said... you said you're getting your child back. What-"

"Don't act dumb, it won't save you. You are lucky we haven't blown your brains out yet for even having a part in this. If it wasn't for you and the rest of those corrupt officers our kid would be home and safe! If it wasn't for you breaking into our home, our kid would still be here with us instead of in the hands of a psychotic duck! I should have this building burnt to ashes while each and every police officer in this precinct is locked inside! Be grateful we don't have time to do so, but I swear if you try and stop us I will make sure you pay ten times worse whatever Quackity is putting our kid through right now!"

The Blade's voice rose in volume as he yelled at the officer, he held back the tears that threatened to fall, he could cry after they get Ranboo back. The ravenette looked at him in shock, his gun lowering to point towards the floor instead of one of them.

"Wha- What do you mean?"

"Exactly what I said, our kid is trapped with a raging lunatic who is probably beating the absolute shit out of them as we speak!"

"You said Quackity, as in Alex Pato. That Quackity."

The Blade growled, "Of course that Quackity! There are no other Quackity's in the world, and soon there will be none!" The pinkette was done, they were wasting time that they couldn't afford to waste. He unlocked the door, pulling it open for himself and the Angel. Right before the two could exit the brunette cop, Karl, spoke up.

"Let us help you."

That had the two paused, that wasn't expected. The Angel glanced at the brunette, seeing a flame of determination in his eyes.

"Why should we believe you? We don't need your help, we don't want it."

"We know where he is!" No one spoke after Karl yelled, the ravenette looked to his partner before looking back to the two prisoners. "If what you're saying is true and Alex really does have your kid, let us help. If he's gotten bad enough to kidnap someone then we can't let him get away with that. We should have arrested him the second we knew what he was doing, let us make up for that."

"Karl-"

"No Sapnap, if there really is a kid out there being hurt by Alex we need to help!"

"You two know him." It wasn't a question, more like a statement. The Blade was glancing between the two cops, trying to see if either of them was lying. The pinkette's gaze flicked to

his partner, the Angel looked conflicted as he also looked at the officers. "How do we know you won't stab us in the back?"

"We'll quit." That shocked everyone, all eyes landing on the brunette as he spoke. "We'll quit being police officers, then we have no right to arrest you."

"What?" The Blade was confused, why would these two risk their jobs to help two of the most powerful crime bosses? "You can't be serious."

Karl wasted no time, ripping off his badge before throwing it across the room. "I'm honking serious, I'm not letting Alex continue hurting a literal child. Now let us help you or we will simply follow you and help anyway."

The two looked at each other, the extra hands would be helpful. There would still be the risk of betrayal, but the brunette seemed to not be lying about wanting to help. The two officers looked disturbed when he mentioned Quackity, the Blade was willing to take the risk if it meant he'd get his kid back.

"Fine, but if you even think of betraying us I will hunt you down and make you beg for death. Now get your asses up." The Blade nodded to the Angel, who stepped out of the cell, "We need weapons, a phone, a vehicle, and as many bullets as you can carry."

"We're going duck hunting."

Chapter End Notes

The next chapter is gonna be shocking, to say the least

:]

Summary::

Techno and Phil are locked in the cell, Techno has a breakdown about not being strong enough to stop Quackity. Phil hugs him, Techno pushes down his emotions and swears he is going to get Ranboo back. Suddenly the door opens, in walks Karl. Techno, taking the chance, attacks Karl. He pins the officer to the wall in a chokehold basically. Techno demands the keys to the cell while Phil takes Karl's gun. Sarnap busts in with his own gun, telling them to let Karl go. There's some yelling and arguing, lots of death threats, eventually Sarnap hands over the keys. Techno releases Karl, and goes to unlock the door while Phil keeps an eye on the two officers. Techno kind of explodes and blames the police for the reason why Quackity even had the chance to take Ranboo. Sarnap questions if he is talking about Alex Pato, aka Quackity. When confirmed Karl tells them to wait and let them help. He states he knows where Quackity went, neither

Techno nor Phil trust these two, for all they knew the officers will betray them. Karl says they will quit being cops, proving so by throwing away his badge. Karl states he can't let Quackity continue to escape the law, especially now that he has a hostage. It's implied Karl and Sapnap knew a bit about what Quackity was up too. Karl states if Techno and Phil don't let them help they will just follow the two and help anyway. Techno and Phil agree and let the two help, saying they need weapons, vehicles, a phone, and all the bullets you can carry. Techno then says;; "We're going duck hunting." And that's how the chapter ends

Retaliation

Chapter Summary

:]

((PLEASE BE CAREFUL WHEN READING THIS CHAPTER))

Chapter Notes

((PLEASE BE CAREFUL WHEN READING THIS CHAPTER))

TW's::

Kidnapping

Torture

Conditioning

Gaslighting

Manipulation

Wounds/Injuries

Violence

Electrocution

Dehumanization

Disassociation

Derealization

Major Character Injury

Branding

Burns

Knives

Mentions of Death/Murder

Yelling/Arguing

Cursing

Mentions of Gambling

Quackity

A summary can be found in the endnotes::

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Quackity kept a tight grip on their arm, tugging them along behind him. Ranboo wanted to run, to scream, to do anything but blindly follow after the man; but all those old rules kept

them compliant. He was terrified, they had no idea what Quackity had in store or where they were going.

The man had shoved them into a car, slamming the door shut as soon as the teen was fully in the vehicle. Ranboo had ended up slamming their head against the opposite door, vision dotting with black for a few seconds. They were still cuffed and he doubted Quackity would remove them until they got to wherever the man had decided.

The ride wasn't long, maybe fifteen minutes give or take a few extra minutes. Quackity got out as soon as he parked the car, pulling open the back door and yanking Ranboo out of it as well. The teen smacked their head against the roof of the car, Quackity didn't care and instead pulled the teen along.

It was only when they got close enough to a large building that things started to click into place, this is where Quackity was taking them. It looked to be a casino, filled with neon lights and drunk gamblers. The man led them towards the back door, the bouncer glancing over before opening the large iron door for the two.

The teen didn't want to enter, he knew if he did their chances of escaping would plummet down to zero. They hesitated, only for a second, but it was enough to get Quackity upset. The man whirled on him, grabbing their hair and yanking him forward.

"Do I seriously need to remind you of what will happen if you keep up with this shit?"

Quackity's voice held no amusement, only anger. Ranboo shrunk in on himself, the last thing they wanted was to piss the man off even more. Quackity still had a grip on his hair, forcing him to stumble after the man at an awkward angle. No one paid them any mind, only an occasional glance before their attention returned to whatever they had been previously doing. It was obvious they wouldn't help the teen, no one here would.

Quackity pulled them into an office room, yanking them forward before releasing his grip. The tricolored teen stumbled and fell to their knees, tangled hair masking their face as his gaze remained on the floor. He could feel himself trembling, they tried to stop it but that just seemed to make it worse.

Ranboo flinched as Quackity grabbed their arm again, this time unlocking the cuffs. He grabbed the handcuffs and strode past them, stopping at the large wooden desk. He leaned over and dug around in one of the drawers, the sound of paper and junk items rustling around practically echoed throughout the silent room.

"You know, I didn't expect you to actually try and bite me. You didn't do that before, and you better not do it again."

The man seemed to find what he was looking for, calmly walking back to the cowering teen. The closer Quackity got the more terrified Ranboo felt, their stomach was doing flips and the feeling of ice-cold terror ran through his veins. Quackity stopped in front of him, they could see their reflection on his shiny black shoes.

"Head up."

That was a command, and they were supposed to follow those. And yet they didn't move, fear locking their joints and keeping him still.

"I said; **Head. Up.** "

Before Ranboo could even think of complying a shoe was connecting to their side, sending them skidding across the floor. He cried out at the first burst of pain, curling up on their side to protect himself from any other attacks. Quackity merely clicked his tongue before moving back in front of Ranboo, using his foot to roll the teen onto their back before slamming his heel down into their stomach.

Air was forcefully pushed out of their lungs, his hands automatically going to try and remove whatever was hurting them. Quackity's foot just pressed harder, the teen whining and silently begging for him to stop.

"It seems you need a refresher. When I say jump, you fucking jump. If I tell you to do anything, you do so immediately. Don't test my patience Belvoi, do you understand?"

That was a threat Ranboo knew Quackity would follow through on, so they nodded quickly. The foot pressed even harder, the dark-haired brunette glaring down at the teen while snarling.

"I said; do you understand?"

" **Y-Yes, sir.** "

Quackity huffed before stepping off the teen, they didn't dare move from his spot. The man glanced over Ranboo, eyes full of disgust.

"Now, Sit and keep your head up."

Ranboo complied, pushing themselves up before kneeling. He raised their head but kept his gaze on the floor, not daring to look at the man approaching. Quackity gripped their chin, forcing their head up even more. The feeling of something wrapping around their neck had them freezing, it wasn't the choker or a dog collar like before. This time whatever it was had a piece of hard plastic and metal pressing into their jugular, the thing was pulled tight enough that Ranboo had trouble swallowing.

"Take this one off and I will break both your arms, got it?"

" **Yes sir.** "

Talking with this new collar on was making their already raw throat worse, the scratchiness almost burning. Quackity seemed satisfied with their answer, giving a muttered 'good' before walking back to the desk. Ranboo remained stationary, their gaze flicked to the door. He was closer than Quackity, they could attempt to run, to escape. They weren't sure how far they'd actually get, but he just needed to make it outside and then someone would see and they'd be safe.

It was a stupid risk, and he shouldn't have taken it.

The second Quackity turned around Ranboo pushed off the floor and bolted for the door, they knew Quackity didn't lock it so all they had to do was open it. If they could just outrun Quackity then they could get away, once the door was open he would bolt. He got his hand around the handle when they were brought to their knees, a scream escaping them as they crumbled.

It felt like they had been struck by lightning, electricity flowing through their veins as his body jerked and muscles spasmed. Tears were blurring his vision but he could see Quackity calmly walking towards them, he was shaking his head like he expected Ranboo to know better than this.

"Really? You really thought that because I left the door unlocked, you could escape?"

Quackity crouched in front of them, a disappointed frown on his face. He held a tiny remote in his right hand, thumb held just above a single button. Quackity hadn't just collared them, he put a shock collar around their throat. A hand was reaching for their head, and Ranboo reacted.

He hadn't planned to actually bite Quackity, but they also didn't try to stop themselves either. This time the man wasn't quick enough, the teen latched onto his hand and bit down hard. It didn't last long, bolts of electricity ran through his veins once again, causing them to release the man's hand to scream. Their body convulsed, writhing on the floor in pain.

" **You motherfucker! You fucking bit me!** " Quackity had stood up, thumb still pressing the button. "I was willing to overlook that little spurt of defiance at the station, but if you're just going to keep acting out then I'll have to treat you like the rabid dog you are. Now get up, and if you even try to bite me again I'll break your jaw, **understand?! "**

The man didn't even wait for the teen to respond, grabbing their hair and yanking them to their feet. Ranboo struggled to stand while Quackity had a hold of them, his whole body shaky while their legs wobbled under his weight. They were dragged over to the desk, the dark-haired brunette pushing a button on the phone that sat on the wood. The machine made a short buzzing noise before cutting off, the sound of footsteps growing louder from past the door.

The door handle was pushed down before another man entered the room, shutting the door behind him and locking it. The man was blonde, ice blue eyes flicked between themselves and Quackity. He stuffed his hands into the pockets of his white hoodie, gaze landing on Quackity.

"You rang?"

"I did, I figured you could help me out with a little something. Did you bring what I asked for?"

Ranboo didn't like the sound of that, but it was obvious they had no say in the matter. He was pulled forward, only stumbling a bit because of the awkward angle they were bent at. Quackity released his hold on the teen just to shove them at the stranger. The man caught the

tricolored teen, his eyes not leaving the dark-haired brunette. His grip was just as tight as Quackity's, maybe even tighter, and they knew they wouldn't be able to break out of it.

"I think this stray needs to learn that you don't bite the hand that feeds you."

Yeah, Ranboo really didn't like where this was going, wasn't the shock collar enough of a punishment? What else was Quackity planning then? The new man handed over an item to Quackity, an item Ranboo recognized immediately. That was a dog muzzle. Quackity was actually going to muzzle them.

The dark-haired brunette took the muzzle, smirking as he unlatched the small leather belts. "Now Ranboo you know I hate to do this, but I can't have you biting Punz or myself." Ranboo knew for a fact Quackity felt no remorse over any of this, no matter what he said. The teen struggled, trying to keep his head out of reach. It didn't work. The man holding him, they'd guess his name was Punz, grabbed the back of their neck and held them still.

Quackity had no trouble fitting the thing on them, pulling it tight before latching it. The muzzle kept their mouth shut, the metal bits digging into their cheeks. Quackity took a step back before smirking, taking pride in his work.

"Now I still need to punish you for trying to escape, we can't have you trying to run away all the time."

He looked almost excited about whatever he was going to do next. The dark-haired man walked over to a side door, a small closet near the back of the room. He pulled out a few different things; a baseball bat, a crowbar, a broom, and a walking cane.

He looked over the items before selecting one, the crowbar. Quackity swung the metal around a few times, getting a feel for it. He turned after the fifth swing, heading back to the other two.

"Punz, hold him still."

The grip on their arms was moved down to their wrists before they were being pulled back, his arm twisting unnaturally and pushing into their back. The teen had to straighten to ease the discomfort, he attempted to struggle but every movement just caused more pain.

Soon enough Quackity was in front of them again, crowbar resting on his shoulder like it was nothing more than a jacket. He was smirking, gold tooth on full display. Ranboo wanted to beg the man to not do this, but the muzzle kept their jaw locked and the collar felt like it was keeping their throat closed.

"Now mutt, don't move or else I might miss and you don't want that."

The teen didn't want any of this, they just wanted to go back to this morning before anything bad happened. Quackity lowered the iron bar, taking a step back before readying the crowbar. The grip on their arms tightened, the man pushing his feet apart right as Quackity swung.

Ranboo, of course, attempted to move out of the way which obviously didn't work. The iron connected, smacking right below his left knee. They couldn't stifle the muffled scream he let out, legs giving out and trying to force them down to the ground. Punz held onto them though, keeping the teen mostly upright.

"Now see, this is why I told you not to move. I'll have to try again, this time stand still."

Their leg was throbbing and shaking, the impact area was probably already turning a bright shade of red with hints of blues and purples. It hurt, they had to try and put all his weight onto their right leg. Quackity was winding up for another swing, this one hitting its mark.

The crowbar hit right against their kneecap, the vibration running up their leg. This hit brought even more pain than the first hit did, the area gaining even more colors. Another muffled cry came from him, tears flowing freely down their cheeks. This hurt so much more than when Quackity broke their arm.

The man barely gave the teen a chance to breathe before he was swinging again, hitting the same spot. Ranboo was seeing spots, their throat felt raw as another scream attempted to break through. He felt nauseous, their whole body was shaking by this point. He wanted to beg for Quackity to stop, that he understood and wouldn't attempt to escape again, that they could be good and listen. No words were able to be said though.

Another swing hit its mark, earning another cry from the teen. His vision was almost completely black now, chest heaving as their breathing picked up. Soon the restraining grip loosened and they were dropping to the floor, crashing right onto his knees. Even more, pain shot through them, he cried out once again. Someone kicked him back until they were laying on their back, not bothering to try and push themselves up.

He wasn't sure how long they were left on the floor, everything was fuzzy and dark. The next thing he knew there was ice-cold water being poured over their head, clearing his senses instantly. Their head was yanked up, water dripping down their face as it combined with his tears. Quackity was crouched in front of him, a satisfied smirk on his face.

"There we go, can't have you passing out just yet." Quackity sounded pleased, excitement still evident in his tone. Ranboo wanted to pass out, then he could stop feeling this pain and escape Quackity even if it was only for a short time. "We're just getting to the fun part."

Ranboo didn't want to know what the 'fun part' would be, if the knee bashing wasn't the main event then what was? His silent question was answered soon enough, the man releasing the teen's hair before pushing them over. Their gaze was now facing the ceiling, it was easy to focus on the cracking paint that littered the ceiling.

This momentary peace didn't last long, Quackity was soon looming over him. He had a small pocket knife in his hand, lowering it to their neck. The teen tensed up, eyes shut tight as he expected to feel the blade sliding against his skin. But that didn't happen.

Instead, the man cut at the collar of their sweater, slicing a decently sized section off before tossing it to the side. He motioned to someone off to the right, a lighter soon appearing out of

the corner of his vision. Right the other man, Punz, was still there. Ranboo didn't focus on him though, instead he was solely focused on whatever Quackity was doing.

The man smirked before the lighter produced a flame, the pocket knife's blade being held over the flickering fire. It took a few seconds before the metal started to turn red, this surely wasn't going to end well.

Quackity pulled the blade away from the lighter before looking back at Ranboo, they wanted to run but their body was limp and refusing to listen to them. His leg was still throbbing and they knew trying to move it would just make it worse. He was exhausted, they weren't even sure if he could get up let alone escape.

"Don't move. I don't want to mess up and have to start all over again."

Not like they could move even if he wanted to, Punz had moved closer and was currently holding them down. They wouldn't be able to break out of the man's hold even if they weren't exhausted. He soon understood why Punz was keeping them down.

Quackity lowered the blade before pressing it into their skin, the wound instantly cauterizing. It still burned and had the teen pushing against the hands holding him down, they didn't get very far, if at all. Quackity continued this, pressing before moving to a different section and repeating the process. He had to pause a few times to reheat the blade, giving the teen a few seconds to breathe. Ranboo was sure they were screaming again, but his ears were ringing and they couldn't hear it.

By the end of it, they were breathing heavily and in immense amounts of pain. The hands that held them down left quickly, Punz moving away from them. The sound of the door unlocking was the first thing Ranboo heard, then the door shutting right after. It hurt so much, their whole right shoulder stung. They risked a glance down, bile rising up his throat.

:|

The face was smiling back at them, it made him sick. Something snapped in their mind, a new emotion pushing down all the fear and pain; rage. No matter what Ranboo did it was never 'good enough', nothing was good enough for Quackity. It didn't matter if they listened or not, either way, Quackity would find something wrong with them. He's been kicked, punched, thrown, stabbed, cut, shot, shocked, burned, starved, degraded, treated as if they were nothing, told they deserved it, and now Quackity branded them like a literal animal.

If Quackity wanted to treat him like a rabid animal then Ranboo would act like one, if they were just going to get hurt regardless then it didn't matter. He was sick of it. He finally, finally had the family they had always wanted. And then Quackity ripped them away from it, putting him through literal hell for two months. But he got out, they were learning how to not jump at the slightest noise, relearning how to actually be happy. And when he finally feels loved Quackity just had to show up and rip that away too. They were done.

No more.

No one was coming to save them this time. Techno and Phil were stuck in jail, they had no idea where the others were, the police were obviously in on this so they wouldn't help, and not a single person in the casino's lobby even look at them twice when they first walked in. No, no one was coming for them. If they wanted to escape he'd have to save himself, that or die trying. Quackity wouldn't let them escape, he'd most likely kill them, but staying with the man would kill them anyway.

Ranboo knew he couldn't do much, they could barely move at the moment, but they swore he'd give Quackity hell the second he was able to. He was done being weak, done being a coward. Begging wasn't going to change anything, and neither were their tears. They weren't just going to roll over and die without at least trying to escape. He was still scared, terrified, of the man but what was the point of obeying if it would just leave them in agony? They'd end up dead anyway, and he refused to die like a dog.

He'd rather die than give Quackity control over them again.

No more.

They were done.

A hand ran through their damp hair, pushing it away from their face. The man ran his fingers through their hair, the hands were gentle with false comfort.

"I know, I know. That must have been painful, but it's over now. You know why I had to do this, this is all to make you useful. You know I don't want to hurt you, but you don't listen." The man sighed as if disappointed, his tone was overly sweet and dripping in honey. Ranboo knew he felt absolutely no remorse for this, for any of the pain he has caused. "But now with this, you can't be stolen away again, I'll be able to fix you properly this time."

The man smirked to himself, he'd had the teen back under his control. This time he wasn't going to let that be taken away from him again, this time he was going to gain more power and get his revenge. He took in the sight of the mark, looking over his work. It wasn't pretty, the skin was raised and red, but the mark was deep and would definitely remain a part of the tricolored teen. It was a sign, a brand, to mark Ranboo Belvoi as his property. A brand that sat right below their right collarbone.

:]

Chapter End Notes

:]

Summary::

Quackity takes Ranboo to a casino, dragging the teen into the building and then into an office. He releases Ranboo, dropping them to the floor. Quackity removes the handcuffs

before moving to a desk in the room, he starts rummaging around looking for something. Quackity brings up the fact that Ranboo tried to bite him, saying they better not try that again. Quackity finds what he was looking for, a shock collar, walking back to the teen. He tells them to raise their head, Ranboo doesn't move, Quackity kicks them. Quackity slams his foot down on their chest, telling Ranboo that they need to listen and not test his patience. He lets Ranboo up, taking the teen's chin to force their head higher. Quackity collars Ranboo once more, telling them if they take it off he will hurt them (badly). Quackity goes back to the desk, his back turned. Ranboo decides to make a break for the door, getting a hand on the handle before the shock collar is activated, sending them to their knees. Quackity walks over and basically taunts Ranboo, going to grab their hair again. Ranboo reacts and bites Quackity, the man activates the collar again to get them to release his hand. Quackity gets angry, saying if Ranboo wants to act like a rabid dog then he will treat them like one. Quackity goes back to the desk and pushes a button on the phone that is sitting on said desk. Soon someone else walks into the room, it's Punz! Quackity throws Ranboo at Punz, who catches them and restrains them. Quackity states that Ranboo needs to learn to not bite him. Punz hands over an item that Quackity had requested, a dog muzzle. Ranboo struggles but doesn't escape. Quackity states he still needs to punish the teen for trying to escape, getting excited over what he has planned. Quackity moves to a side closet and pulls out various items, choosing a crowbar. He comes back and tells Ranboo to hold still, Ranboo does not hold still. Quackity swings the crowbar to hit Ranboo's knee but misses because Ranboo moves. Quackity swings again and hits his mark, damaging Ranboo's knee badly. Eventually, Punz lets them go, dropping them to the ground. Ranboo is on the brink of passing out, they don't get a chance to, Quackity pours water over their head to wake them up. Quackity says Ranboo can't pass out yet for they haven't even gotten to the 'fun part'. Punz holds a lighter while Quackity holds a pocket knife. Quackity basically brands Ranboo with ' :]' ' When Ranboo sees the brand he snaps, rage taking over all the fear and pain. Ranboo comes to the conclusion that they have been put through hell by Quackity and that they are sick of it. They know it's unlikely for someone to come save them so he resolves to save himself or die trying, saying he'd die anyway under Quackity's control. Quackity goes to 'comfort' them, saying he did it because he had to and that he didn't want to hurt Ranboo. Ranboo knows he is lying. Quackity takes pride in the control he has over the teen. Quackity sees Ranboo as an item, something he owns, and now the teen has a permanent mark to show that they belong to Quackity. :]

Casino Royale

Chapter Summary

:]

The gambling begins

The wheel starts to spin

A house full of sins

But the house always wins!

((PLEASE BE CAREFUL WHEN READING THIS CHAPTER))

Chapter Notes

((PLEASE BE CAREFUL WHEN READING THIS CHAPTER))

TW's::

Quackity

Kidnapping

Hostage Situation

Torture

Conditioning

Gaslighting

Manipulation

Wounds/Injuries

Violence

Blood

Dehumanization

Major Character Injury

Branding

Restraints/Handcuffs

Burns

Mentions of Death/Murder

Yelling/Arguing

Cursing

Mentioned Abandonment

Mentions of Gambling

Weapons/Guns

Mentioned Taxidermy

((Summary in endnotes))

"And you're positive he will be in there?"

"One hundred percent."

The lights of the casino reflected off the puddles that littered the streets, and anyone who spotted the group was quick to leave the area. Six heavily armed people stood outside a building full of gamblers and drunks, they were smart to leave while they still could.

"Everyone remembers the plan?"

The Blade wasn't going to have anyone make any mistakes, they couldn't afford that. Everyone had a part to play, a job to perform. One mistake could have their plan crumbling in seconds, and that wasn't an option.

"We storm the lobby." Theseus replied, a smirk on his lips as he shifted his grip on the AK-47 in his hand. They never let the kid use those, he always went overboard, but they'd make an exception for today.

"We threaten anyone and everyone until they tell us where Quackity is." Harpocrates stood tall, his coat billowing out behind him. His form was littered in bombs, all homemade between himself and Peres. He'd be blowing this place up until nothing remained.

"We take out Quackity's men, leave no survivors." Nemesis was perched on one of the neighboring building's roofs, the scope on her sniper rifle was set on the rest of her family, she'd be providing air support and taking out anyone who tried to flee.

"If no one snitches we split up and find the bastard ourselves." Perses sat next to Nemesis, laptop sat on his lap. Hacking into the casino's security system was child's play, now he just needed to find out where the duck was hiding.

"Once we find Quackity, it's on sight." Zephyrus stood by Protesilaus' side, dual pistols in each hand. His signature green and white bucket hat was missing, the man's hair was pulled back in a small ponytail. Protesilaus held a silver blade at his side, he'd use his preferred weapon for this fight.

Once he got his hands on a phone he called Wilbur, telling him to get the others and meet them back at the house. Needless to say, when Techno and Phil showed up with two strangers and no Ranboo in sight, the others panicked. The two explained as they prepared, introductions were short and clipped as everyone ran around grabbing whatever they could. Techno was so grateful his past self decided an underground storage bunker would be a good idea, another great idea was filling the room to the brim in weapons, body armor, ammunition, and various types of poisons; each with varying lethality.

"I'd actually prefer if we didn't kill Alex." Karl held up his hands as the other four glared at him, "Or not, that's fine." The two were armed as well, wearing bulletproof vests and carrying loaded pistols. Sappnap had been silent the whole time they were preparing, he had been

conflicted at first but he had made up his mind in the end. Alex needed to be stopped, and he knew that could mean permanently.

"Let's go kill a duck."



They didn't know how long he was left on the floor, he's sure they've passed out at least a couple of times by now. Quackity was quick to leave, only staying long enough to push them over and re-cuff him, before moving to sit at his desk. Ranboo wasn't sure what he was doing, he hadn't been facing the desk, all they could hear were papers shuffling and the occasional buzz of a cell phone. Quackity would mutter to himself about something, his voice too low for the teen to make out words.

The throbbing of his leg slowed, the limb feeling numb as long as they didn't move it. Their right shoulder still felt like it was burning, it didn't help that it was also throbbing. The metal of the muzzle was digging into their cheeks, if their arms were free he'd remove the thing and the collar. As soon as their hands were free he was ripping those off, but until then he'd have to deal with them.

Footsteps started up behind him, and since there was only one other person in the room Ranboo could take a guess at who was approaching them. Sure enough, Quackity stepped into view, a smug smirk falling when he noticed the teen's expression.

"Are you- you are! You're fucking glaring at me!"

The man grabbed the front of their mangled sweater, pulling them up so he was in their face. Ranboo tried to stifle the instinctual cry his throat made, ignoring the screaming of their knee as they were manhandled. They didn't stop glaring though, baring their teeth at the man with a growl. Quackity said they were a feral dog so they'd act like one, there wasn't much he could do that Ranboo hadn't already dealt with.

"What is with you today? You try to bite me, you do bite me, and now you're giving me attitude! When did you grow a backbone Belvoi?!"

Quackity was practically spitting on them as he yelled, Ranboo was sick of hearing his complaints. The tricolored teen reared their head back before slamming it into the older man's nose, they were dropped instantly. He took a bit of pride in the fact that they startled Quackity enough to release them, the throbbing pain of his own head was just added to their growing lists of injuries. They managed to hit hard enough that the man's nose currently had blood streaming out of it, staining his hand and shirt red. Quackity looked from his hand to the teen, absolute rage in his eyes.

"You fucker, do you think you're some hot shit now?! Think you have the Syndicate's backing? Well news flash mutt, **you don't!**"

The dark-haired man wasted no time slamming his shoe into their stomach, forcing them to curl forward with a grunt. Quackity didn't stop there, instead he kicked the teen so they slid across the floor. Ranboo had landed on their side, a low growl vibrating their throat. He didn't care if growling hurt, they didn't care if this would ruin their already screwed up throat, he was pissed and they were going to make sure Quackity knew it.

"You fucked up big-time mutt, I see I'll need to get more creative in my punishments if you're going to act like this. That's fine, I'll just break you down again until you're a loyal obedient pet once more. But first, we need to correct this behavior."

Quackity pulled out his phone, hitting a few buttons before putting the device to his ear. He moved over to the teen, placing his foot on their head to keep them down. Ranboo glared up at the man, still growling and snarling at him. If moving his leg wouldn't hurt they would have kicked Quackity in the shin, but everything below his left knee felt numb and they knew that wasn't a good sign; so it would be best if he didn't attempt to kick the man even if he wanted to.

"Punz, get back in here. I need your help with the mongrel, it seems he didn't learn their lesson." Quackity ended the call, pressing down on the teen's head, the teen's growling louder. "Oh shut up already, or else I'll rip out your vocal cords next."

Someone knocked on the door before it opened, Punz stepped in before shutting it behind him. Quackity motioned the man over, and the blonde complied. "I need his hands bound in front of them, make sure they don't try anything." The dark-haired man kept his foot against their head as a Punz crouched down and reach over them, the teen growled at him as well.

As soon as the metal cuffs were off Ranboo moved to grab Quackity's ankle, they didn't get far before his arms were grabbed and yanked forward. The cuffs were soon back on, the metal biting into their wrists.

"You see that elk head?" Quackity pointed to the wall behind the desk, a large taxidermy elk head was hung on display. The blonde glanced from the mounted head back to the other man, hand wrapped around one of the teen's wrists as they attempted to escape his grip. "Take that down for me, then help me get them situated up there."

The blonde nodded before heading towards the mount, easily removing it from the hook that held it up. He had to stand on the desk to reach it properly, though he didn't have to reach far. Punz placed it down before walking back over to the two, "I'm guessing you want me to be the one to attach him?" The dark-haired man nodded, a sadistic smirk growing.

Punz stepped behind them, grabbing onto the collar of their sweater. Once he had a hold Quackity moved his foot, watching as the blonde dragged the struggling teen over to the hook. Ranboo, now with more mobility, attempted to reach back and remove the blonde's hold. This ended up backfiring, Punz merely switched hands, his grip now around the small length of chain keeping their hands bound.

He pulled them up by their arms, the teen yelping at the movement; the skin surrounding the brand pulling and sending a burning sensation up his right arm. In a matter of minutes, Punz had them dangling by their wrists from the hook, their toes barely grazing the floor. It was

kind of funny that the man needed to stand on the desk to reach the hook again since Ranboo was so tall.

“Anything else or can I go back?”

“One more thing, go grab some darts from the lobby. I need to work on my aim.”



Everything was going according to plan, the only problem they ran into was finding where Quackity had hidden away. Perses was switching through the security camera feeds, jaw clenched when he still hadn't found the correct feed. Getting into the system was pathetically easy, but this place was covered in cameras which made sense since it was a casino but it was an issue right now. It was even harder after the other six stormed the building, creating panic and causing everyone to scatter.

“Any luck yet?”

“No, I must have cycled through all the camera feeds but still no-“ The brunette paused, leaning closer to his laptop screen, the live feed he could see showed a hallway littered with doors, but the one at the end of the hallway had a plaque. “There's a door, give me a second to check something.”

“Well hurry it up!”

“Theseus shut the fuck up and let me work.” Perses ignored the muttered curses from the other side of his headset, leaning closer until his nose practically touched the screen. He forced the camera to zoom in, getting as close as he could. “There's a plaque on this one door on the fifth floor, it's blurry but I think I can figure out what it says.”

“Let us know when you figure it out, no one here is talking. I doubt they even know who Quackity is, I've yet to see someone who looks like they actually work here.”

The brunette listened to Harpocrates as he squinted, trying to make out the letters on the screen. It didn't help that the camera mirrored everything, plus his dyslexia was definitely not on his side today.

“Okay, uh... It's hard to make out but I am at least seventy percent positive the door says Pato that or Patio... I still think you should check it out.”

Zephyrus glanced over to his partner, nodding once before they both headed towards the stairs. “Theseus and Harpocrates you two stay here and make sure no one leaves until we find Quackity.” The two nodded at Protesilaus's words, and the two ex-officers followed after the blonde and pinkette.

“We’re coming too, if Alex is up there then we need to be there,” Sapnap replied at Protesilaus’ glare, sending one right back at him. The brunette at his side nodded as well, fingers tightening around his gun. “We are going whether you like it or not.”

They didn't have time to waste arguing, Harpocrates and Theseus could handle themselves down here. Having the extra backup would be helpful, no doubt Quackity had some trick or trap set up for them, hell maybe he wasn't even here to begin with, and they were back to square one. The group of four ran up the first set of stairs, Protesilaus paused at the top of the stairs. There were two options; an elevator and the emergency stairs. Taking the elevator risked wasting time, there was also the chance that Quackity would cut the power and leave them stuck inside. The stairs would also take time, and stamina as well, but they were a guaranteed way up to the fifth floor.

The pinkette headed towards the emergency exit, the other three following right behind him. Climbing four sets of stairs took a bit, maybe five minutes or so, but eventually they made it to the fifth floor.

"Which way Peres?"

"Take a left and then two rights. It's the one at the end of the hall."

Protesilaus nodded, he was pretty sure the teen was watching them on the cameras. None of them bothered to be stealthy, there was no point because knowing Quackity; he already knew they were here. Soon enough they were in the correct hallway, rushing down the corridor to get to the last door. A shiny gold plaque hung from the wood, 'Pato' engraved into the metal. This was probably where the man had been hiding out after their last confrontation.

He didn't even attempt the handle, merely slamming his boot into the wood. The door splintered as it swung open, the sight they were met with had them all freezing. Quackity had his back to them, arm pulled back with a dart in hand. He released the projectile a second after the door opened, and the dart flew through the air before hitting its mark. A muffled cry escaped Ranboo as the dart embedded itself in their thigh, dual-colored eyes glaring at the dark-haired brunette. On the teen's right, a man in a white hoodie stood, hands buried in his pockets.

"Now look what you made me do, I missed."

He was pissed, Quackity had his kid hanging from a hook like a slab of meat. There were small spots of blood scattered across their form, even a dart or two still stuck in his arm and side. Another collar was wrapped around Ranboo's neck, the bastard had even attached a dog muzzle to his kid's head. The pinkette noticed the shredded section of their sweater, the skin around the teen's right shoulder and collar bone was red and looked like it was somewhat swollen. His gaze locked on something in the center of the wounded area, was that?-

The Blade saw red. Quackity carved that idiotic smile he wore around like some insignia into his kid like they were some tree couples marked with their initials. He was livid, he wanted to carve the man up until he was unrecognizable, how dare he even consider marking Ranboo like they were cattle. Before the Blade could even move the blonde at his side raised his own weapons, aiming them at the man in front of them.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you Philza."

No one got a chance to even move, the man at Ranboo's side pulled out his own pistol, placing it under the teen's chin and forcing their head up. The dark-haired brunette turned around with a smug smirk which quickly fell as he noticed not just two people were there but instead four. Quackity's breath hitched as his gaze flicked between the two ex-officers, fists balling at his sides.

"Alex-"

"Don't call me that! Alex Pato died four years ago when you abandoned him! Alex died, my name is Quackity!"

Karl frowned, eyebrows furrowed in concern and fear. Sapnap stood at his side with a frown, eyes looking over his once fiancée. The two could hardly recognize the man they once loved, he changed so much. His hair was longer now, a jagged scar ran up the left side of his face, and burn scars were scattered across almost every part of visible skin, this wasn't the man they once knew.

"Why are you two even here and with the Syndicate of all people, this has nothing to do with the two of you. You hated when I got mixed up with the mafia, but now you're here being all buddy-buddy with the worse family out there!"

Quackity was pissed, two people he loathed were teamed up with the two people that betrayed and left him. He could see both Technoblade's and Philza's eyes flick from himself to the teen still dangling from the wall, a wicked smirk grew as he saw the worry literally leaking from them. With the kid under his control, he would also control two of the most powerful people in the country, the only issue now was the two extra players; Karl Jacobs and Sapnap Urso. The stray started growling again, Quackity was ready to break both their legs if he didn't shut the fuck up.

"You know what I don't care! I don't care what you two do anymore! And since you're here you might as well play the game!"

The pinkette glared at him, fury rolling off him in waves. No doubt the Blade was ready to tear him apart, but of course, he didn't move, not with their beloved mongrel in harm's way. They were weak, if all it took to control the Syndicate was one measly teenager then they didn't deserve to be in power. And now Quackity had them exactly where he wanted them, unable to fight back without the risk of damaging their precious pet. Now he could finally get his revenge, destroy the Syndicate, and rise to power. It was foolproof.

"Well gentlemen, let's do a little **gambling**."

Chapter End Notes

Summary::

The chapter starts out with the Syndicate and the two ex-officers in front of the casino many hours later, fully decked out in weapons. They go over the plan of finding Quackity and beating his ass. Everyone is set on the possible death of Quackity, except for Karl who states he would prefer them not to kill Quackity. Sapnap is conflicted but doesn't say anything about sparing Quackity or killing him. We skip to the office where Quackity and Ranboo are currently in. Ranboo was left on the floor, being restrained with handcuffs once again. Quackity walks past and notices the teen glaring at him, immediately growing angry and yelling at them. Ranboo growls and bares their teeth at the man as he holds them up by their sweater. Quackity is still yelling at Ranboo, wondering when the kid grew a backbone. Ranboo, getting sick of listening to Quackity, head butts the man; causing Quackity's nose to bleed. Quackity was not happy with this, of course, and kicked Ranboo across the floor. Ranboo is still glaring and growling at Quackity, wanting to make sure the man knew how mad they truly were. Quackity says if Ranboo wants to act like a feral dog he will break them and make him obedient again. Quackity calls Punz back to the room, having placed his foot on the teen's head to keep them down. Punz returns and helps Quackity move Ranboo to the back wall where a mounted elk head is hanging. Punz moves the elk, leaving the mounting hook behind. Quackity tells Punz to hang Ranboo, by the wrists and cuffs, on the hook. After the two are done Quackity asks Punz to go get some darts, implying he wants to play a round of darts but with a different target. The scene switches back to the Syndicate, specifically Perses aka Tubbo. Tubbo states he has been checking the cameras but hasn't found any sign of Quackity or Ranboo. Tubbo notices something on one of the camera feeds; a hallway that leads to a door with a plaque. He is unsure if it reads Pato or Patio, saying the others should still check it out just in case. Techno and Phil leave behind Wilbur and Tommy, telling them to make sure no one escapes. Karl and Sapnap tag along with the two, saying they are going as well whether they like it or not. Tubbo gives them directions on how to get to the hallway and door, the door does in fact say Pato. Techno doesn't attempt to open the door like a normal person, he instead kicks it open. The four are met with the sight of Quackity playing darts, using Ranboo as the dartboard. Punz is standing next to Ranboo, just merely watching. Quackity turns and is shocked to see his exs are with the Syndicate, stating that Alex pato is dead and he is Quackity now. Technoblade takes in the sight of Ranboo and gets pissed at the treatment of his kid, specifically at the brand. We get a look into Quackity's thought process, it's not pretty. Basically he wants power, and he figured out if he holds Ranboo hostage he has the Syndicate under his control. Quackity says screw it, saying he doesn't care why Karl and Sapnap are there and instead says they should all do a little gambling. That's where the chapter ends.

The Game

Chapter Summary

((PLEASE BE CAREFUL WHEN READING THIS CHAPTER))

You can blame the discord for angering the Beloved
Because of this, the original plan got scrapped and this is what it was switched with.
So if you yell at anyone, yell at the B0N3L1NGS.

Chapter Notes

((PLEASE BE CAREFUL WHEN READING THIS CHAPTER))

TW's;;

Quackity
Kidnapping
Hostage Situation
Torture
Conditioning
Gaslighting
Manipulation
Wounds/Injuries
Violence
Blood
Dehumanization
Major Character Injury
Branding
Restraints/Handcuffs
Burns
Mentions of Death/Murder
Yelling/Arguing
Cursing
Mentions of Gambling
Weapons/Guns
Electrocution

((Summary in the end notes))

"Well gentlemen, let's do a little **gambling**. "

Quackity couldn't be serious, was this all a game to him? Well knowing Quackity it probably was all just some twisted game, one he thought he was in control of. Philza was sick of playing his games, he was tired of playing by the man's rules.

"We're not gambling Quackity." The blonde growled out, heated glare focused on the dark-haired man. "No more games."

Quackity sighed dramatically, "Where is your sense of adventure!? Is it not worth it? Is the stray not worth the risk?" The man didn't wait for any reply, merely striding over to the teen and the blonde at their side. "Shame, I would have thought he meant more to you." He gripped the dart in their arm, ripping it out and twirling it in his hand. The tricolored teen flinched when the dart was removed, snarling at the man the second he got close.

"You know that's not true! Fine, you want to play a game? Let's play a motherfucking game Quackity!"

Phil was done, it was obvious Quackity wouldn't give up Ranboo easily, and if they wanted to make sure the man didn't hurt their kid they would have to play along. The blonde was ready to play whatever game Quackity wanted, he was sure Techno was thinking the same. All four of them tensed up as the dark-haired man made his way over to the teen, removing a dart before glancing back at them. Phil didn't miss the noise the teen made when Quackity came close, needless to say, it was unexpected. Ranboo had been glaring at the dark-haired man, only having glanced over at them occasionally.

"Wonderful! Perhaps I could interest you all in a game of darts?" Quackity smirked, holding up the dart in his hand. "First to hit a bullseye wins." The man tapped the teen's chest as he spoke, a crudely drawn target was drawn on a loose piece of blood-stained paper and taped to their chest. Quackity's smile grew wider at the looks of utter shock and pure anger from the four.

"Alex! That's a kid, a literal child! Why are you doing this!?"

Sapnap had an arm across the brunette's chest, keeping Karl from stepping forward. Karl had tears forming in his eyes, what happened to the person he once loved? The ravenette was watching both Quackity and the blonde in a white hoodie closely, the situation was highly dangerous. Quackity having a hostage made dealing with him ten times harder, any misstep could cause the kid their life.

"Why? **Why!?** " Quackity snarled as he yelled, slamming the dart back into the teen's arm. There was a muffled cry but the dark-haired brunette ignored it, instead he took a step forward. "Because Karl! Because things became personal when the Blade over there gave me this scar," He pointed to the long scar running down his face, he then gestured back at Ranboo. "I get a shiny new pet, trained them, and then these bastards steal him away! Now when I finally get them back he barely listens, I'll have to retrain them all over again! Do you know how long it took to get them to obey any command I give them?! It took weeks! And when I finally get them fully under control he is stolen from me, corrupted, and worse than before! I was mad at Technoblade before but now I'm livid, you and your Syndicate have

become a thorn in my side. So I'm killing two birds with one stone; revenge on Technoblade and his Syndicate and I get the mutt back. I'm done being walked on, but it's my turn now and I'm not letting it slip away."

No one spoke as the man ranted, by the time he was done Quackity was panting. Technoblade grew angrier at every word the bastard spoke, his knuckles turning white as he gripped the handle of his blade. He could see Phil was just as angry, his own weapons were held tightly. Sapnap and Karl were shocked, terrified even. This wasn't the Alex they knew, this was a deranged man who couldn't be saved.

"Now, will you play a round or are you going to see who pulls the trigger quicker? Any of you or Punz, my money's on Punz."

Quackity smoothed down his shirt, pushing his bangs back as well. He was still visibly upset but he wore a condescending smirk on his face, obviously knowing he was the one calling the shots. Neither Techno nor Phil were going to play Quackity's game, they weren't going to hurt Ranboo. Karl looked on the cusp of crying, hands wrapped around his gun but his finger was off the trigger.

"I'll play."

All heads snapped to Sapnap as he took a step forward, the ravenette's expression was cold and emotionless.

"You are not throwing darts at my kid!"

Phil was more than furious, this man was willingly volunteering to torture his child! Technoblade looked ready to use his blade on Sapnap now, and no doubt he would if given the chance. Karl on the other hand looked shocked, but then a look of resignation appeared on his face.

"Would you rather they get shot at point-blank range? At least this way the kid is still alive. Neither of you two will do it and I'd rather Karl didn't have to do it, so that leaves me."

Techno knew Sapnap was right, there were no other options that didn't risk his kid dying. He hated every second of this, what kind of father just stands by while some guy throws darts at their kid? A horrible one that's who, and that's all Technoblade could do. Phil was in the same boat, everything inside of him was screaming to protect Ranboo, to not let any more harm come to them. But if he shot this Punz guy, and his bullet wasn't fast enough, then there would be no Ranboo to save. There was nothing he could do, he hated that Sapnap was going to be throwing darts at his child like this was some carnival game, but he couldn't stop the man either since that would result in Ranboo getting killed anyway.

Quackity's smirk grew, turning to yank out the two darts from the tricolored teen. Ranboo hissed when both were removed, heated glare still on the dark-haired brunette. He hated that they were being used as a hostage, they knew he wasn't a hostage, even if Quackity lost there was no way he was just going to admit defeat and give up. Ranboo knew the only winner here would be Quackity, he didn't know who the two new people were but they were here with his dads so that meant something.

"Well then Sapnap, let's place our bets. If you win I hand over the stray, but if I win... you leave Belvoi with me and I take control of the Syndicate. Sound fair?" The ravenette didn't bother answering with a verbal reply, he just held out his hand for the darts. Quackity walked over and dropped three bloody darts into his hand, "You just need to hit one bullseye, I'll even let you go first."

Sapnap tried not to react when Quackity handed over the darts but just looking at the blood that was staining his hand had his stomach dropping. He didn't want to do this, but if they pushed Quackity too much then the kid could die and if they refused that just brought the same risks. The ravenette inhaled before slowly exhaling, he could do this. Just one bullseye, one dart, and then this would be over.

The ravenette pulled his arm back, throwing the projectile and praying it hit its mark. The tricolored teen flinched when the dart hit them, stifling a cry that wanted to break free. He didn't want to show how much it hurt, not in front of Techno and Phil, they'd be even more worried. Even through the angry glares and controlled expressions, Ranboo could see the worry and concern in their eyes whenever they looked over at him, he could remain quiet.

He didn't hit the bullseye, his dart landed an inch to the left of the middle circle. Sapnap had two more shots, he couldn't miss again. He'd have to apologize when this was all over, make sure the kid knows he didn't want to do any of this. Sapnap aimed once more before throwing the dart, begging for it to just hit the center.

It didn't.

The dart wedged itself right on the edge of the bullseye, just barely missing. Shit. A quick glance over showed a smug Quackity, his hands crossed over his chest as he watched the game play out. He was radiating confidence, knowing he already won. Sapnap had one final dart left, he couldn't afford to miss this shot. If he lost then it wasn't just Ranboo's life on the line, no doubt both Technoblade and Philza would skin him alive; judging by the somewhat controlled glares they were sending his way.

The ravenette slowly inhaled, holding the air in his lungs for a few seconds. He pulled back his arm, releasing the dart right as he exhaled. Everyone was silent, anxiously watching the dart fly through the air towards its mark.

It hit.

But it didn't hit the bullseye.

The dart pierced into Punz's hand, forcing him to drop the gun. Sapnap pulled out his own pistol, firing a shot into the male's leg, forcing the man to kneel. Technoblade and Philza acted the second the dart hit, the blonde aiming his guns on Quackity while the pinkette sprinted over to their kid. Karl followed after Sapnap, keeping his gun trained on the blonde that sat on the ground.

The second Techno got to Ranboo he cupped their cheek, looking over the kid for any obvious wounds. Thankfully other than the brand and the dart holes nothing else seemed

wrong. The teen leaned into the touch, letting their eyes close as he relaxed. His dad was here now, everything would be fine.

"I need you to stay awake okay? Just until we get out of here yeah?" The pinkette tapped them on the cheek, concerned his kid was passing out when there was the possibility they could have a concussion. The teen whined but obliged and opened his eyes, Techno was trying to give them a comforting smile but it was obviously forced. "Okay Boo, don't move while I get you down okay?"

Ranboo gave a hum of approval, they were upset his dad's hand left their cheek but, seeing as he was using the sword he brought to stab the handcuffs chains that were holding them up they understood why he needed both hands; one for the sword and the other to catch them. The second the chain snapped Ranboo crumbled, trying extremely hard to stifle the scream that wanted to tear its way out of him the second their leg attempted to hold them. The best they did was muffle it, Techno looked at them with concern and worry.

Techno was muttering curses under his breath as he held up the teen, he hadn't seen any injuries near or around their legs so he had assumed they were fine, but he was very wrong. The pinkette did his best to catch his kid, keeping them mostly upright, but when they instinctively went to catch themselves their knees buckled and they screamed. Techno wasted no time picking the teen up, making sure he didn't jostle their legs too much. Tears were gathering at the edges of their eyes, threatening to fall any second.

"You didn't win the game! You can't claim your prize if you lost!" Quackity yelled, glare switching from Phil to Techno. "If this is how you want to play the game, by cheating, then I'll cheat as well!" The man pulled out a small remote from his pocket, it was completely blank except for a small dial and a single button. He spun the dial all the way up, slamming his thumb down on the button with a sadistic smirk.

The second Ranboo saw that remote they acted, pushing off of Techno. The pinkette tried to hold onto them but the teen squirmed until they were dropped, milliseconds later their body seized. They screamed as jolts of electric current that were a lot worse than the other times Quackity used the shock collar. He wanted to rip the thing off and stop the agonizing electricity from running through them, but their limbs refused to listen to him.

Technoblade had been confused when Ranboo started trying to get away from him, desperately pushing him away until he dropped them. The pinkette automatically went to reach for them but froze when his kid started to thrash, teeth grit and bared behind the bars of the muzzle while their eye screwed shut. He had no idea what was causing this, one second Quackity pulls out a remote and the next Ranboo is writhing on the floor in pain.

Philza had his gun trained on Quackity, readying to shoot the fucker if he tried anything. He wanted to shoot the guy now, but that was too quick a death for someone like him. Things changed when he heard a thump and then his child's scream, the next thing he knew he was rushing over to them. Ranboo was thrashing around, breathing quickly as their body jolted. It wasn't hard to figure out what was happening, his eyes scanned for any obvious sign of something that could produce a current of electricity.

"The collar! Shit Tech, it's a fucking shock collar!"

The blonde yelled out the second his eyes landed on the collar, a black box with a bright red flashing light sat right on Ranboo's jugular. Now he needed to remove it, but if he touched the teen at all he would also get that electricity. He couldn't focus on that though, not when his child was currently being electrocuted. Once the latch was located he reached for it, gritting his teeth when the current ran into him. As quick as he could Phil unlatched the collar, once it was free he chuckled the thing as far as he could.

Phil looked over the teen, huffing as he felt his muscles tense and loosen randomly. Ranboo was jerking, not as bad as before, and they had stopped screaming. Phil felt the whine in his throat as he tapped their cheek, getting no response. The blonde was muttering as he desperately searched for a pulse, begging to whatever god he needed to that his child wasn't dead. It took a second but there was the fluttering of a pulse under his fingers, it was unsteady and quick but it was there and that's all that mattered at the moment.

His relief was short-lived, the sound of a gun going off silenced the room. When the blonde looked over at the two ex-officers and the guy in the white hoodie he didn't see a smoking gun, all he saw was Punz with his hands up while Karl and Sapnap had their guns pointed to his head. His head snapped over to Techno, the pinkette had moved in front of himself and Ranboo, creating a barricade between them and Quackity.

"Tech?"

Philza felt his heart stop, Technoblade hadn't brought a gun, he brought his sword and a few daggers but no guns. His partner wasn't the one who fired the gun. The pinkette placed a hand on his chest, pulling away a blood-covered hand and simply looking at it. It was maybe a second later when his knees buckled and he crashed to the ground.

"TECHNOBLADE!"

Chapter End Notes

Summary::

The chapter starts out with Quackity wanting to gamble, Phil refuses to play, saying that there will be no more games. Quackity goes straight into gaslighting, claiming they don't want to play because Ranboo isn't worth the risk. Phil falls for it and agrees to play the game. Quackity gets excited and suggests a game of darts, with Ranboo as the dartboard. Karl yells at Quackity, demanding why he is doing this. Quackity goes on to say he first wanted revenge on Techno, but then he got a new 'pet' that he worked hard to 'train' but that they were stolen away from him. And when he finally gets them back all the training he worked hard for was basically useless. He says he is getting revenge on the Syndicate and getting his 'mutt' back, that he is done being walked on. Quackity then asks if they will play the game or will they test who can shoot faster; Punz or any of them. Sapnap volunteers to play, Phil yells at him for even thinking of hurting Ranboo. Sapnap explains that Techno and Phil won't do it and he doesn't want Karl to do it either.

There are no other options except to play Quackity's games. Techno knows this but still feels guilty because his kid is being hurt in front of him and he can do nothing to stop it. Phil is angry and feels like he isn't enough to save Ranboo, that if his bullet was just a bit faster he could maybe save his child, but he can't test it in case his bullet isn't faster. Quackity gives Sapnap three darts, letting Sapnap go first. Sapnap feels horrible about what he's doing, he wants to get this over with as quickly as possible. He just needs one bullseye and then they win the game. He throws the dart and misses the target by an inch. He throws another, this one hitting the edge of the bullseye area without actually being a bullseye. He has one last chance to win, he takes the shot. He hits what he was aiming for, but this time it wasn't Ranboo. Instead, his dart hit's Punz's hand, forcing him to drop the gun. Sapnap then shoots Punz in the leg. Phil aims at Quackity while Techno rushes over to help Ranboo. Techno gets Ranboo down, the teen crying out when they try to put pressure on their leg. Techno picks them up, not knowing what exactly was wrong but knowing his kid couldn't walk at the moment. Quackity starts yelling about how they cheated, and now he can cheat. He pulls out the shock collar remote, turning the dial all the way up before hitting the button. As soon as Ranboo spots the remote they start pushing themselves out of Techno's hold, succeeding right before they are shocked, screaming at the pain. Techno had no idea what was going on, unsure how to help. Phil had a chance to shoot Quackity but didn't take it because he believes Quackity deserves much worse than a quick death. He hears Ranboo scream and books it over there, parental instinct and all. He figures out what is causing this, aka the shock collar. He removes it and gets a bit of a zap himself. He tries to check on Ranboo but the teen doesn't respond, he desperately searches for a pulse and finds one. His relief is short-lived, a gunshot goes off a second later. Looking over he sees that Sapnap and Karl have Punz at gunpoint, he then looks over to see that Techno had put himself in front of Phil and Ranboo; blocking them from Quackity. Technoblade puts a hand to his chest, pulling it away reveals blood. He then crashes to the ground with Phil screaming out his name. That's how the chapter ends.

Howdy! Little author note here!
Surprise Adoption Pog is ending soon,
In about two chapters actually.
I know I know it's very sad

B U T

It's getting a sequel!
The sequel will be titled Mafia Pog and can be found in the Pog series tab
((When I post it :)))

Together

Chapter Summary

You get a bit of fluff
As a treat
You're welcome
:)

Chapter Notes

TW's::

Mentions of Quackity
Mentions of Brief Character Death ((Very Minor))
Aftermath of Kidnapping
Aftermath of Hostage Situation
Aftermath of Torture
Conditioning
Wounds/Injuries
Violence
Blood
Dehumanization
Major Character Injury
Burns
Mentions of Death/Murder
Yelling/Arguing
Cursing
Weapons/Guns
Mentions of Needles/IV
Hospitals
Mentions of Surgery
Electrocution

((Summary and Author Note in the end notes))

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Everything happened way too quickly, one second he had his kid in his arms, and then the next they were convulsing on the floor. And the worst part was that he didn't know how to help, and he didn't want to risk hurting the teen even more if he did something wrong. Thankfully a blur of green rushed over, his partner taking charge of what to do.

"The collar! Shit Tech, it's a fucking shock collar!"

The pinkette scowled, his gaze turning towards Quackity while Phil did whatever he needed to help their kid. It was then he noticed the blonde wasn't carrying his gun, instead it was resting in Quackity's hand. The bastard smirked as he raised the weapon, eyes locking on Techno but his aim was a bit too low.

As soon as Technoblade realized where the man was aiming he moved, blocking his partner and son. He wasn't going to let the man kill either of them, but he also knew he wouldn't be quick enough to charge Quackity before he fired. So all he could do was become a shield, he'd been shot before what was one more bullet hole? But of course, the bastard would shift his aim so it sat higher, shooting half a second later.

"Tech?"

He didn't feel it at first, either shock or adrenaline keeping his body from reacting to the pain. Technoblade raised his hand to his chest, and removing it revealed sticky blood coating his hand. He just barely caught sight of Quackity running out of the room before his knees buckled and he collapsed.

"TECHNOBLADE!"

The pain was starting to set in, a burning sensation spreading out from the left side of his chest. Quackity, the bastard, had aimed for his heart with the plan to kill him. Techno's vision was growing cloudy, everything was becoming a blur of shapes and colors. The pinkette heard his partner scream for him, he heard the muffled conversation above him, and then he heard nothing as darkness overtook his vision.



Phil was pacing, nervous energy too pent up to just sit still and wait. The ride to the hospital was a blur, everyone too focused on getting there and not letting any of them die in the process. He's pretty sure they gave the staff a scare as he and Tubbo carried in Ranboo while Wilbur and Tommy had Techno, leaving Niki to park the car. Sapnap and Karl volunteered to drop Punz off at the police station before meeting up with them at the hospital, Phil could care less about Punz right now though.

They took Techno back for surgery three hours ago, he still hasn't heard any news. And from what he knew about Ranboo's condition it wasn't good but it wasn't horrible. The teen's heart

had stopped for almost a minute before the doctors managed to revive him, when they told Phil this he was sure his own heart stopped. They were now thankfully stable, hooked up to an IV drip and a heart monitor.

When Ranboo woke up they automatically assumed the worst, hand going to their newly bandaged neck. The collar was gone, the muzzle was as well, and their hands were free. There was an uncomfortable feeling in their arm, when he figured out what was causing that feeling they nearly ripped the thing out of him. No way was he letting Quackity inject things into them, the man should have left them restrained if he didn't want Ranboo messing with it.

There was a clatter off to his left, it was probably Quackity coming to either restrain him or to beat the crap out of them, maybe even both. The teen ignored whatever the man shouted at them, gripping the tiny tube and ripping it from their arm. Next thing he knew a hand was coming into view, they didn't think and just bit down on the limb. Quackity flinched but instead of prying the teen off or just hitting him until they let go, a second hand appeared.

Ranboo tensed, waiting for the hit that never came. The second hand didn't hit or try to pry them away, it merely cupped their cheek gently. Did Quackity really think they'd fall for the fake comfort again? He opened his eyes to glare at the man but his expression dropped when it wasn't Quackity they were biting, but instead Wilbur. The teen released the brunette's hand immediately, guilt slamming into them. Ranboo hadn't meant to bite Wilbur, they could have sworn it was Quackity who had approached him.

"Hey, hey it's okay. You're safe now, no one's going to hurt you Ran."

Wilbur should have been yelling at them for biting him, not trying to comfort them like he was. The brunette's wiped away a tear, they hadn't even realized they had started crying. The teen sighed in relief, leaning into the brunette's touch, if Wilbur was here then that meant the others weren't far behind.

"Can you lay back down? Your chest was covered in wounds and your leg is all kinds of fucked up."

Ranboo nodded before lowering themselves back onto the hospital bed, now that he wasn't so focused on escape they could recognize this place as a hospital and not some new torture room. The mention of the injuries seemed to jumpstart his nerves, a dull ache starting up as they moved. He tried to think back on what had happened; they remembered being with Quackity, being subjected to various types of torture, a very painful game of darts, his dad's showed up at some point, but everything else was blank. So something must have happened or he ended up passing out again, honestly either was possible at this point.

When Wilbur walked into the room he hadn't expected to see Ranboo awake, he also didn't expect to see the teen trying to remove their IV. He had called out to them, trying to calm them down but Ranboo ignored him. The last thing he expected though was getting bit, he forced himself to not jerk away, that would just end badly for both of them. His stomach clenched when his sibling tensed at the sight of his other hand like they expected to get hurt by it. Only after he had his other hand against their cheek did they look at him, it was shocking to see Ranboo glare like that; the only times he'd ever seen the kid angry was over a

video game and it paled in comparison to this look. But just as quickly as it appeared it also vanished, being replaced with fear.

The brunette moved to sit on the edge of the bed, his hands moved to hold onto the teen's. He ran his thumb across the back of their hand, humming some random tune softly. He got the basics of what happened from Phil, but Ranboo had been with that bastard for almost the whole day and no one but the teen could explain what truly happened. Wilbur wouldn't ask them though, his brother was exhausted, having been held prisoner by a psychotic duck.

He'd wait. For now, he'd just watch over his sibling until they fell asleep again.



"Philza Craft?"

The blonde's head snapped up, at some point he had taken a seat in one of the uncomfortable chairs that lined the walls. It's been five hours now, Wilbur texted him an hour ago to let him know that Ranboo woke up. The teen had seemed generally okay, though the nurses wanted to keep them a night or two just in case.

"Yeah, is Techno..."

Phil's voice filtered out, unable to ask the question that's been running through his mind since they arrived at the hospital. The doctor that called out held a clipboard, looking over it before replying.

"Technoblade Craft correct?" At the blonde's nod, the doctor continued. "Mr. Craft is a very lucky man, if the bullet had entered half an inch to the left then he would have been dead instantly, thankfully it didn't and we were able to remove it without causing more damage. We'd like to keep Mr. Craft for a few days to make sure everything is healing correctly, but as of right now he is stable and lucid. Would you like to see him now?"

Phil couldn't reply, feeling as if his heart had lurched up his throat and got stuck, so he nodded quickly. He'd never gotten out of a chair quicker, rushing to follow after the doctor. The blonde was led down multiple twisting hallways before they stopped at a door. He inhaled before entering the room, spotting Ponk standing beside a bed. In the hospital bed was a disheveled but very alive Technoblade, he could feel himself tear up even as a relieved smile formed on his face.

He made his way over quickly, tension leaving him when his partner looked over with a tired smile. Ponk smiled before sliding out of the room, letting the two reunite in peace. The pinkette opened his arms for Phil, the blonde curling into his side instantly. He was careful to not jostle Techno around too much, but he would be making sure the pinkette knew how upset he was.

"Never do something like that again."

"You mean get shot? That's kind of a hard thing to promise given our line of work."

"I'm serious Tech, what the hell am I supposed to do if you die? We're a team, a duo, we have to go out together or not at all."

The pinkette snickered, cutting it off shortly after with a muttered 'ow'. He placed a kiss on the top of the blonde's head, pulling the other closer.

"I'm not going anywhere Phil, you know why?"

"Don't you dare say it."

The blonde grumbled out, though there was no heat behind his words. A smile sat on his lips, his system flooded with relief at the fact all of his family were alive and safe.

"Technoblade never dies."



"Ponk is going to give us hell for this you know?"

"That's their own fault, he should have made sure the rooms were closer."

The teen huffed, they were tired and their pain medication hadn't kicked in yet, couldn't Techno and Phil quiet down just a bit? The first night was spent with the tricolored teen mostly asleep, the next day they were awake and utterly bored, except for when Tommy and Tubbo showed up to hang out. And now he had migrated, with the help of Phil and a borrowed crutch, to Techno's room. The pinkette had a double room with no roommate, so Phil decided it would be best if they just stayed in here for the night.

The blonde had pushed both beds together, stealing pillows from Ranboo's room to shove in the small empty space where the beds connected. Somehow Ranboo ended up in the middle, not that he minded but they would have figured since Phil was the smallest he'd be automatically volunteered for the middle. Their dads had been talking for about an hour now, quietly bickering with each other.

"Are we keeping you up Boo?" The tricolored teen hummed, peeking an eye open to look at Phil. The blonde gave them a fond smile, "We'll be quieter okay?"

The teen had his back to Phil while Techno had them pulled close, hand running up and down their back slowly. The two went back to talking, a bit quieter now thankfully, but Ranboo was restless. He just wanted to sleep, why did the universe hate them?

His dad's hand just barely brushed their hair and they tensed, the other two became stiff as well. "Sorry kid, won't happen again."

Ranboo shook their head before grabbing the pinkette's wrist, Techno let them easily move the limb until his hand was placed on their head. He didn't move, the last time he messed with their hair the teen broke down in tears, yet Ranboo was the one to move his hand. Techno wasn't sure what to do, his kid was trembling but had a firm hold on his wrist and kept his hand on their head. Slowly and oh so gently he moved his fingers, burying them in the tricolored locks.

Ranboo tensed but relaxed a second later, they were terrified of hands in their hair but he wanted Techno to play with their hair like before. He knew their dads wouldn't hurt them or pull his hair, neither Techno nor Phil would act like Quackity. The pinkette's hands were gentle as they tangled in the teen's hair, moving slowly.

"Is this okay?" Techno's voice was soft, as if he spoke any louder it would scare Ranboo away. The teen gave a hum of approval, releasing the pinkette's wrist to instead bury themselves into his chest. "When you want me to stop just let me know and I'll stop." He got a short nod from the teen, gaze moving from his kid to Phil. The blonde was watching the interaction with a worried smile, though there was a bit of fondness peeking through.

He wasn't sure how long Phil and he whispered conversations to each other, but it must have been longer than two hours at least. Techno still had his hand tangled in his kid's hair, fingers gently scratching their scalp. Ranboo never moved to remove the pinkette's hand, eventually the teen drifted off and was now sleeping peacefully. Phil wasn't far behind, slipping into the realm of sleep as well. His eyes traced the healing burn scars that wrapped around his kid's cheeks and under their neck, apparently when they were electrocuted the current ran into the metal parts of the muzzle, burning their skin. The collar also left two circle-shaped burns on Ranboo's throat, which was currently hidden away under bandages just as the brand was. Sometimes he thinks about how different all of their lives would be if Ranboo never helped Phil or him, how his kid's life would probably be a lot easier. But he's a selfish man, he'd never want things to change if it meant he got to keep his family safe and at his side. He would like to change some parts if he could; specifically ones involving a certain duck, but there were memories he'd never be able to give up. He could feel his own eyes getting heavier with each blink, sleep calling for him as well.

His last thoughts before the darkness engulfed him were of his family and how much he loved them.

Chapter End Notes

Summary::

The chapter starts off with Techno's POV from the ending of the last chapter. Quackity had been aiming the gun that Phil dropped in his haste to reach Ranboo, at Phil and

Ranboo. Techno moved in front of them as a barrier, getting shot instead. He sees Quackity run off before passing out. The scene switches to Phil pacing in a hospital hallway, Techno has been in surgery for a while, we also find out that Ranboo was technically dead for a minute before being revived. We switch to Ranboo as they wake up, they automatically assume they are still with Quackity and go to escape; ripping out their IV. 'Quackity' 's hand comes into view and Ranboo bites it, turns out it's Wilbur, not Quackity. Ranboo lets go immediately, feeling bad about biting Wilbur. Wilbur stays with Ranboo as they fall back asleep. We switch back to Phil, who gets news that Techno is stable and how he is lucky to be alive since he was shot so close to the heart. Phil follows the doctor to Techno's room, we get a very brief Ponk cameo. Phil chastises Techno about getting shot, explaining how he doesn't know what he would do if Techno died. Techno says his iconic line;; Technoblade never dies. It helps ease the tension, bringing the mood up. We switch one last time to the next night; Techno, Phil, and Ranboo are all camping out in techno's room since he had a double room. They are all relaxing in bed, Ranboo wanting to sleep but is unable to. Techno accidentally touches Ranboo's hair which has everyone freezing, Techno apologizes but Ranboo takes Techno's hand and places it on their head. Ranboo feels conflicted about having his hair played with, the fear of Quackity is still present but the need for attention is higher. Techno runs his fingers through their hair, telling ranboo that if they want him to stop to just let him know. Eventually, Ranboo falls asleep with Techno still messing around with his hair, Phil also falls asleep shortly after, leaving Techno awake. The pinkette is getting tired as well and slowly drifts off. His last thoughts are of his family and how much he loves them. That's how the chapter ends.

Author Note::

Wow!

One more chapter and then Surprise Adoption Pog is done.

That's crazy!!

But fear not, a sequel is in the works!!

Be on the lookout for it!!~

Finale

Chapter Summary

It's the end,
But it's also the beginning of a whole new chapter in Ranboo's life.
(🌸´•̥ ˘ •̥)

Chapter Notes

TW's::

- Mentions of Quackity
- Mentions of Torture
- Mentions of Kidnapping
- Wounds/Injuries
- Cursing
- Mentions of Hospitals
- Mentions of Surgery
- Mentions of Death/Murder
- Mentions of Intrusive Thoughts
- Mentions of Abandonment
- Minor Gaslighting

Little note::

Whenever Ranboo 'speaks' it is in italics to symbolize a difference since he is signing their replies

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"There's no way you won! You must have cheated!"

"Or you just suck."

The blonde grumbled as he fell back down onto the couch, having stood up with his accusation. Tommy huffed as he crossed his arms, a playful glare sent to his friend next to him. The tricolored teen next to him smirked, sticking their tongue out at the blonde.

It had been nearly two weeks since the second Quackity incident, both Techno and Ranboo being cleared within the first week. The teen had ended up staying longer due to their knee, Ponk had told them on the third day that they wanted to proceed with surgery; having only waited to make sure Ranboo wouldn't end up dying on the operating table. That was a terrifying thought.

But everything went well and now the tricolored teen had a black cast keeping their leg straight, he was also given crutches. Both Tommy and Tubbo were disappointed their friend didn't get a wheelchair, their dreams of running down the hospital's hallways while pushing their friend in a wheelchair were shot down. Ranboo was even offered one but declined it, even though the two begged their friend the teen refused, stating he didn't want to be crashing into walls or running people over anytime soon.

"It's because you always choose Yoshi dude, who mains Yoshi?"

"You're one to talk Tubbo, you main Toad!"

"Toad is so much better than Yoshi! At least I don't main Boo solely because of his name!"

"You leave King Boo out of this, he is royalty and you will respect him."

Ranboo's attitude change was quite jarring at first, everyone was cautious of what they said around the teen at first until he snapped at them. Well snapped isn't the right word, more like sighed before telling them to knock it off. The teen was also a lot more talkative, or well conversational, actively engaging in conversations or starting new ones. They were also joking around a lot more, though some of the jokes were concerning. Tommy never knew if he should laugh or be concerned when Ranboo joked about what happened with Quackity, no one else knew what to do either when that happened.

"Is he though? Where's his castle then?"

"He has a mansion."

"Not a castle though."

Ranboo glared down at the brunette who was using their lap as a pillow, eyes glued to his phone as he scrolled through Twitter. Everyone had been staying home since the hospital; Niki and Wilbur closed their shops, Tommy and Tubbo took an extended break from their school, Techno and Phil were already working from home before so that didn't really change. Moving around with crutches was hard and annoying, so most of the time they spent either in their room or on the couch, they did visit Carl once or twice though.

The tricolored teen huffed before flipping the brunette off, an offended gasp coming from him as he dropped his phone on his chest.

"Phil! The beloved swore at me!"

A blonde head poked out of the kitchen with a raised eyebrow, Niki had insisted the four adults make a large Christmas dinner since they hadn't gotten the chance to celebrate because

of everything that had been going on. There were winter decorations hastily thrown around, even a tiny tree in the corner of the living room. Niki had also brought over six dozen cookies, no one knew when she had the time to make them all.

"Did you deserve it?"

"No!"

"Dadza's playing favorites again!"

"You're just mad he likes me more."

The brunette huffed, picking up his phone again before ignoring the other two teenagers. Tommy and Ranboo went back to playing their game, the blonde complaining every time he lost and celebrating whenever he won. Dinner was eaten out in the living room, Techno confiscated the television to put on a random movie instead of watching the start menu for Mario Kart.



"You can't use Ranboo to attract raccoons to form an army, Tommy. Why do you even need an army of raccoons?"

Phil was more disappointed than mad, he had found the three teens out by the garbage cans at three in the morning trying to bait raccoons into getting close, the worst part was it was working since Ranboo was there. The tricolored teen's ability to get any animal to love them had gotten worse, now the kid could barely go outside without attracting a few birds or squirrels; there was once a whole ass deer just laying next to Ranboo when he was out with Carl. Tommy said it was because Ranboo was a 'Disney Princess', a title which the tricolored teen wore with pride.

"Phil think of it! We bust into a bank, the cops show up, and they expect us to fight them right? They would never expect a bunch of raccoons to attack them right? Imagine if we trained them to hold daggers or something-"

"We are not training a bunch of raccoons to rob a bank." Phil pinched the bridge of his nose with a sigh. "And Ranboo please put the raccoon down, we aren't keeping it."

"But Phil!" Tubbo had whined as he pouted, "Little King Trashmouth is so nice and soft! They'll make a perfect addition to the family."

The brunette had been sitting on the porch next to Ranboo, a very large raccoon curled up in the tricolored teen's lap. Both Tubbo and Ranboo had been petting the creature, the large mammal was more than content to remain where they were. Before Phil had caught them Tommy had been feeding LKT, a nickname because Little King Trashmouth was way too long, pieces of chicken that had been left over from dinner.

"Again no. We already have three animals in the house and one outside, we do not need any more pets."

"Techno would let us keep them."

The blonde sighed, "I know, and that's why I'm the one out here and not him." He had no doubt his partner would cave and allow the raccoon into the house, Techno had a soft spot for animals and if Ranboo was the one asking then he'd agree in less than a second. "Now you little shits get back inside and go to bed, without the raccoon."

LKT ended up becoming a somewhat normal occurrence to see around the property, the raccoon would sit patiently at the back door until one of the teens went out and fed them. The mammal basically became another pet, though thankfully they were only snuck into the house three times before Phil said LKT could stay as long as they stayed in the barn and not the house. The three teens had decked out one of the empty stalls, making a sign on the door that read:

' Little King Trashmouth

Ruler of all raccoons '

Phil even started growing soft for the creature, feeding it bits of chicken or ham whenever he spotted LKT on the porch watching him cook. Though he wasn't soft enough to let the raccoon in the house or on the couch, he did get them a dog bed for their 'castle'. Tommy had insisted they call the stall for LKT a castle, saying he was even going to get a crown for the raccoon.

These kids would be the death of him one day.

It was honestly surprising how well-behaved LKT was, they never bit any of them and only scratched Wilbur once, which the brunette deserved. Wilbur had been teasing LKT with a piece of bacon, trying to get them to sit up and reach for the meat, LKT didn't like that very much and ended up scratching the brunette's hand so he dropped the bacon. Wilbur didn't tease LKT anymore after that.

Needless to say, the blonde knew his house would soon become a zoo. It was only a matter of time before Techno or one of the teens brought home a polar bear or something else crazy like that. He'd never blame Ranboo for attracting the animals, it wasn't the kid's fault after all, but he would have to be on guard for any new pet one of the three teens would bring back.

Tommy and Tubbo were another story, the two were actively looking for animals. It started with a walk around the block, the blonde finding a lost pet poster that offered a reward. The two then dragged Ranboo and Steve through the neighborhood looking for Mitzy the calico cat, who they did find after thirty minutes of searching. Mitzy clung to Ranboo as they walked, Tubbo being the one to call the cat's owner so she could be returned.

Once Mitzy was back with her family Tommy suggested looking for any other pets, saying they could make a 'crazy amount of money' by just walking around until the animal came to them; thanks to Ranboo. They had to stop after Wilbur found them, practically dragging them

back home saying they had been gone for hours and making Techno and Phil worried since neither Tommy nor Tubbo answered their messages or calls. That was also the day Ranboo got a new cell phone since his old one got destroyed back when Quackity first kidnapped him. Quite literally, the man smashed it with a hammer before throwing the pieces at Ranboo.

But hey, new phone!



Everyone had been running around all day, it seemed like everyone had something to do. Well except for Ranboo, they were sat on the couch and told to just relax. Now he knows they can't do much with his leg in a cast and having to use crutches to get around, but they could help at least a bit with something.

The teen was bored, they felt utterly useless right now. Just because Ranboo had been acting happier and as trauma-free as he could didn't mean their previous mindset was gone, he just got better at ignoring it or pushing past it. Though sometimes those intrusive thoughts that just screamed he was worthless snuck up on them, making him doubt himself a lot. Like right now for example; he knew he wasn't useless and that the others were just busy but the nagging voice that sounded a bit too much like Quackity would try and feed them lies.

They glanced over at the kitchen, seeing Phil and Niki running around baking something. The pinkette had enlisted Phil's help early this morning, the two holing themselves up in the kitchen and chasing out anyone who entered. When he asked if they needed help Niki merely handed him a spoon covered in batter while Phil just said they were okay and didn't need any help.

There was a crashing noise from outside, the teen's gaze flicking to the window facing the backyard. Wilbur had dragged Tommy and Tubbo out there an hour ago, saying they needed to finish something. It was very vague. Before they left Ranboo offered to help them but the three denied him, saying they had everything handled and it would be boring anyway.

They had no idea where Techno went, he wasn't there when Ranboo limped his way out of their room. When he asked Phil the blonde just said he ran out to get something and would be back later, telling the tricolored teen to not worry about it. So even if they wanted to help the pinkette they couldn't since he wasn't even here.

Enderchest had curled up on his lap at some point, providing a bit of distraction and getting the teen out of their own head. Maybe they could take a nap, while sleeping had gotten easier due to the pain reliever he got from the hospital making them drowsy, he still didn't have the greatest sleep schedule. Last night was one of the rougher ones, they woke up from at least three nightmares and he then had trouble falling back asleep afterward. Deciding he'd at least try to nap for a bit they shifted until they were laying on the couch instead of just sitting, the feline moved from his lap to their chest, curling up again and purring softly.

He had his eyes closed for maybe ten minutes before the front door opened, peeking an eye open they could make out a head of pink hair and a broad frame; Technoblade. The pinkette paused as he walked past the couch, ruffling their hair gently. Ranboo had been getting a lot more comfortable with his dad's touching their head or hair, they were still a bit uncomfortable with the others doing it, he was currently working on fixing that though.

"You tired Boo?" The teen closed their eyes as Techno buried his hand in their hair, gently scratching their scalp, a hum of acknowledgment vibrating their throat. The pinkette chuckled fondly, "You can take a nap if you want, I'll make sure to wake you up before dinner." They nodded slowly, already feeling sleep trying to drag them under.

Ranboo was woken up by the couch dipping, the movement stirring them awake. They opened their eyes to see who woke them up, spotting Wilbur who smiled at them. The brunette had a hand raised, probably going to wake them up by shaking his shoulder or something.

"Morning sleeping beauty, Techno said he'd wake you up for dinner but I wanted to talk to you before that."

Wilbur moved over as the teen sat up, rubbing their eye, a yawn escaping them.

"What's up?"

The brunette smiled fondly before reaching for something on the coffee table, a wrapped box was handed over to them. What? The expression on Ranboo's face as he looked from the box to Wilbur must have shown his confusion, they had no idea what this was for.

"It's for you, figured you might want it back."

Ranboo raised an eyebrow before looking back to the box in his hands, slowly unwrapping it so he didn't rip the paper too much; no need to make a mess. He froze when he saw what was in the box, placing the cardboard on their lap, reaching a hand in, and pulling out their choker. The tricolored teen looked up at Wilbur, the brunette rubbed the back of his neck before answering Ranboo's unsaid question with a sheepish smile.

"It took a while to fix, you wouldn't believe how annoying working with metal really is. Anyway, I was hoping to finish this earlier but after Phil asked Karl to get it back from the police station and searched various websites on how to fix chains, it took longer than I'd like to admit to fix this."

The teen was shocked, he honestly didn't think they'd be getting this necklace back; figuring it was either thrown away or locked away somewhere for evidence by the police. They traced the metal heart with a finger, glancing from the choker to Wilbur and then the choker again. He needed to check, to make sure the most important items hadn't been lost or taken out. The teen popped open the heart, the brunette's eyes widened as he looked at the locket and then at Ranboo.

"I didn't know it could open... you still had those though?"

The last sentence was whispered out but Ranboo heard him clearly, nodding once as he looked over the two images. They have been ripped, crumpled, and stained but he could still make out the note from Phil and the photo from the zoo.

After Quackity destroyed their first locket he never picked up the pieces, leaving the dented metal on the floor. Ranboo had managed to pry it open to retrieve the images, keeping them hidden away from Quackity the whole time. Even when Quackity convinced them they were abandoned by the others, Ranboo kept the items, unable to part with them. And when Wilbur gifted him the new choker they were surprised to see the tiny latch on the heart, opening it while wearing it was difficult but he managed. They dug out the photo and note from under their pillow, having hidden them there for safekeeping. The tricolored teen then kept them locked away in the new locket, not showing anyone.

The teen glanced back up at Wilbur, eyes widening at the sight of the forming tears at the corners of his eyes. The brunette sniffed in an attempt to keep from crying but the tears still ran down his cheeks.

"I- Ranboo, I-I'm so sorry we didn't come sooner."

The tricolored teen sighed softly before moving the box and spreading his arms out, the brunette crashed into them immediately. Ranboo knew they all felt bad about that still, even though it wasn't any of their faults, and Ranboo wasn't mad or upset at them for it. But they understood feeling guilty for stuff out of anyone's control, and he didn't want his family to feel like that.

"Do you want me to help put it on?"

Ranboo glanced at the brunette, Wilbur wiped his cheeks with his sleeve voice a bit raspy from crying. The teen closed the locket with a quiet click before handing it over to their brother, he was getting used to referring to the others as siblings after Niki told them he was their favorite brother. Wilbur took the necklace, his eyes lingered on the two circle scars for a second before he wrapped the choker around Ranboo's throat, latching the tiny chain together. He then pulled the tricolored teen into another hug, which they reciprocated, the brunette kissed the top of their head with a soft sigh.

That was how Technoblade found them; Wilbur was clinging to Ranboo, with the teen merely hugging him back. The pinkette managed to pry Wilbur off his kid before having them both follow him back into the kitchen, leaving a second later to go grab the other two teens from where ever they ran off to. Once everyone was situated dinner was served and eaten, small talk being shared across the table. It was only after dinner that everyone got quiet, Tommy and Tubbo were practically vibrating in their seats.

"Ranboo." The teen glanced over at Phil as he spoke, the man was wearing a fond smile. He folded his hands on the table, leaning forward slightly. "We have something for you that's way overdue."

Now Ranboo was extremely confused, Wilbur had given them a gift; even if it was technically theirs to begin with, it was the thought that counted. So what could Phil be talking about? The blonde nodded to Niki, the pinkette stood before walking toward the fridge.

Ranboo wasn't sure what he had been expecting but whatever it was it wasn't a cake, they were sure their confusion was obvious. Niki carried the cake over before placing it down on the table, Wilbur pulled out some candles from his pockets. Why did he have candles in his pockets?

Wait a second... was this?

"We know it's not your birthday anymore, but-"

"Since you spent your birthday with a psychotic pri-"

"We wanted to give you a proper birthday,"

Well, that explained why everyone was running around, not letting them help at all.

Tommy huffed after Phil cut him off, sure he could have said it better but he wasn't wrong. Wilbur placed the candles around the cake, counting to make sure he had enough. Tubbo was holding the lighter, why did they give him the lighter? Phil and Techno were watching with smiles, and Tommy was attempting to get the lighter from Tubbo; again were those two the smartest people to give a lighter to?

"So, Happy Birthday Ranboo."

There was a chorus of 'happy birthdays' from the others, Tubbo managed to wrestle the lighter from Tommy and lit the candles. Ranboo wasn't sure how to feel about this, he never really had a birthday party, well at least none they can remember. It just wasn't something their family did, which was fine Ranboo didn't mind and was used to it. But now his new family was throwing him one because they thought it was an important thing to celebrate, he would be lying if they said they didn't start tearing up.

After blowing out the candles everyone migrated to the couch, eating cake while watching some dumb cartoon. Techno glanced over to his partner, Phil looked over as well before nodding. The two had a plan they needed to execute, even if they both felt their nerves vibrating under their skin.

"Ran, can we steal you for a second?"

The teen glanced over at Techno as he spoke, head tilting to the left. They still stood and limped towards the kitchen, following after their dads as they all sat at the table. Ranboo could feel the tension in the air, were they mad? Upset? Did he end up doing something wrong? Did they forget something important? He knows their memory is shot and it had gotten worse after everything with Quackity, but the others knew that too so that couldn't be it right?

"Is everything okay? Did I do something?"

"No, no you didn't do anything it's just..."

Techno and Phil looked at each other, the blonde nudged the other. The pinkette shuffled before pulling out a folder from his jacket, how long did he have that tucked in there? He

placed the folder on the table, steepling his hands in front of himself.

"So we uh, man this is awkward..." Techno grumbled, avoiding looking at his kid and instead looking down at the folder in front of him. "We may have uh had a talk with your parents... Nothing bad or anything we just needed to ask them some things."

"What Tech is trying to say is, we already discussed this with your parents and everything is all ready to go, we just need your consent to this..." The blonde pushed the folder across the table so it was in front of Ranboo. "Now we know you're seventeen, and it might seem kind of pointless, but we kind of want to make it official you know? Of course, you can say no, nothing will change and no one will be upset-"

The teen couldn't focus on Phil's words anymore, their eyes were too busy scanning the papers in front of them. Specifically adoption papers. He wasn't that surprised their parents signed off on this, they may not remember their parents' faces but he did know they weren't the greatest people. Definitely nothing like Techno and Phil, his dads were much better than their biological parents. Huh, would this mean Techno and Phil would actually be their dads?

"-and we know this is really sudden, but we just thought this would be the best time since everything just got cleared and all..."

"Pen?"

Ranboo chuckled as he watched Techno fumble around for a pen, finally finding one in his jacket's breast pocket. If they were guessing right then the reason Techno was wearing a suit and where they went this morning had something to do with this, but this wasn't a one-day kind of thing. How long had they been planning this?

The pinkette handed over the pen, Ranboo would pretend he didn't see the man's hand trembling. The tricolored teen had to ask where to sign a few times, not wanting to mess anything up. A hand was placed on their own, pausing their writing. They looked up to see both Phil and Techno staring at him, a slight look of concern on their faces.

"We just want to make sure we aren't pressuring you into this or anything..."

Ranboo sighed fondly, he still wasn't over how nice these two were, how much they cared about him. They placed the pen down before sliding their hand out from under Phil's, *"You're not, I want to."* The tricolored teen then picked up the pen, signing on the last line. *"Does this mean I have to change my last name to Craft?"*

That got a snicker out of the both of them, "Only if you want to, but even if you do we are still going to call you beloved." The blonde said with a smile, hand ruffling the teen's hair gently. The two opened their arms and Ranboo gladly crashed into them, he was pretty sure all three of them were crying as they held onto each other.

Needless to say, this was the best birthday Ranboo ever had.



The grey storm clouds could be seen out the car's window, no doubt it would rain later today. Ranboo yawned before leaning back in their seat, his dads were finally bringing them to the Syndicate Headquarters. He'd be lying if they said they weren't somewhat excited. The other four were going to meet them there, saying they wanted to clean up the place a bit before he and his dads got there.

Ranboo didn't mind, the extra time was spent brushing through both Steve and Enderchest's fur. He may have also gone to check on LKT in their castle, taking a few minutes to brush their fur as well. Just because the raccoon lived outside didn't mean they didn't like getting pampered in attention. The teen also gave Carl a bunch of attention, the miniature donkey kept trying to eat his hair though. They would need to ask Techno to help re-dye their hair, maybe he should also get a trim; his hair was way past mullet now.

The tricolored teen was pulled from their thoughts, dropping the strand of hair they had been twisting as he zoned out. The car stopped in front of a large building, they must have been on the other side of town because Ranboo didn't recognize this place whatsoever. Technoblade put the car into park as Phil turned to look over the seat, back at them.

"You ready to see the Syndicate Ranboo?"

They nodded, adjusting the mask that sat on the lower half of their face. The teen had dug out one of the split masks from their closet a while ago when they started going out into public more. One reason was due to the burn scars running across their face, he wasn't a huge fan of the stares those brought. Once safely at home though they would remove it, his family never stared or commented about them or the brand. The second reason was simply that he liked wearing one.

The pinkette rushed over to the trunk, pulling out the teen's crutches before handing them over to Ranboo. The cast may have been gone but having the thing on for close to two months killed whatever muscle he had, meaning they needed to go through physical therapy to build it back up. Without the crutches, Ranboo would have to hop around on one leg or risk faceplanting the second their left leg gave out, so the crutches were kind of important.

He was thankful their dads didn't walk quickly, keeping a slow pace to not leave Ranboo behind. The teen had gotten used to the crutches, if needed he could probably run a short distance before crashing, they could also swing the things into Tommy and Tubbo's shins when they tried to steal any of the pastries Niki gave him. They were very helpful tools.

The inside of the building was overly fancy, there was even a chandelier hanging over the receptionist's desk. People were rushing about, each of them dressed in either suits or very nice outfits. Ranboo felt undressed in their sweater and jeans, thankfully no one really paid attention to him. Techno and Phil didn't bother stopping at the desk, merely walking past it. The lady behind the desk didn't stop them, though she did look at Ranboo with confusion and a very light glare. He didn't blame her, to her they were probably some random person

following after her bosses, but she didn't say anything to stop the teen from following after their dads.

"Our offices are located on the top floor, so it takes a few minutes to get up there."

The blonde smiled at his child as he explained while Techno hit the elevator button, they'd have to give Ranboo a proper tour later. The teen's eyes flicked from one thing to the next, curiosity and awe clear in their eyes. Phil couldn't put into words how overjoyed he was that Ranboo was becoming much more expressive these days, he didn't realize how much he missed their smile or laugh.

The elevator dinged before the doors opened, two people slipping out before the three of them entered. The teen leaned back on the wall, shaking out their arms so they wouldn't cramp up. When Techno asked if they were okay he gave a thumbs up, reassuring his dad they were perfectly fine. Phil had offered the chance to take a break which Ranboo declined, he could manage walking for five minutes without needing to catch their breath. After a minute or so the doors opened back up, revealing a hallway full of doors.

The two led him down a few hallways, turning a couple of times before reaching a door. A jet black plaque hung on the door, 'The Syndicate' was engraved with gold and written fancily across the plaque. The two look back at him with warm fond smiles, Techno pushed open the door to reveal the rest of their family.

"Welcome to the Syndicate, Lethe."



EDIT::

I totally didn't forget to add the picture of the locket, what are you talking about??

Welp, there it is

The end of Surprise Adoption Pog.

Man, it's been a crazy ride, so much pain.

Now I know you must all be sad this is the final chapter,

BUT

Fear not, a sequel is in the works as we speak!

Link to sequel:: [HERE](#)

Thank you all for reading this fic!

All your comments, kudos, bookmarks, and subscriptions have brought so much happiness into my life!

I hope that all the SAP enjoyers will also enjoy the sequel just as much!

Again thank you all so much!

(ಥ~~~~ಥ)

End Notes

Thank you for reading my fics!

If you'd like to follow me on other social media platforms, here you go::

ALSO::

If you want to follow me on other social media my card can be found [HERE](#)

Works inspired by this one

[Once You're In, You Can't Get Out](#) by [EnderIris](#)

[Lethe](#) by [Forge_Makes_Stuff](#)

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!